RURAL TOPICS.

INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Practical Suggestions for the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Housekeepers.

THE FARM.

Magnitude of Truck Farming.

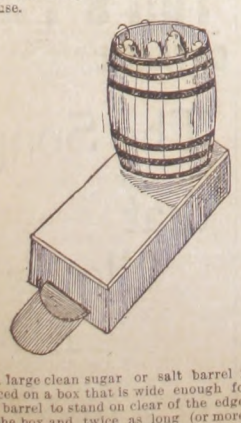
THE census office has published highly interesting statistics of truck farming in the United States, as distinguished from market gardening, which is conducted so near to the local market that the farmer depends on his own team for transportation. The average truck farm is situated at a great distance from the market in which its produce is disposed of. It is a new feature introduced within the last few years, except the little which used to be possible by canal. It is the modern railroad that has rendered possible the truck farm, and this partly accounts for the fact of its neglect in previous census compilations. Not that there was no truck farming in 1880, but the volume of it was vastly less than now.

It is estimated that upwards of $100,000,000 is invested in the industry in the United States, the annual production being three-quarters of this amount, or $76,500,000, realized from 534,440 acres of land. In the work are engaged 215,765 men, 9,264 women, and 14,074 children, who are aided by 75,868 horses and mules, and use nearly $9,000,000 worth of agricultural implements. The industry is carried on in nearly all the States, but the principal districts are a narrow belt on the South Atlantic coast and along the Mississippi Valley. The more fertile soils are chosen; labor and the railroads do the rest. The big cities are the best customers of the truck farmer, the wants of the people in the smaller centers of population being to a large extent supplied from the immediate neighborhood, and they take less per capita of that grown in other climates than their own. What they do take of the latter is mostly obtained from the dealer in the city, and in this respect Chicago drives a tremendously large business in catering to the truck wants of the people over an important part of the United States. In reality the trade embraces a much greater variety and takes a far wider range than appears to have been included in the census statistics, which deal mostly with vegetables, unless the melons be supposed to belong to some other category. The merchants of Chicago draw hither the fruits of Georgia, Florida, the West India Islands, and Central America, the peaches and berries of Illinois and Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and Missouri, apples, grapes, and pears from New York State, strawberries from Baltimore, oranges, lemons, grapes, peaches, and pears from California, and cranberries from the marshes of Wisconsin. And the range of their distributive work is almost equally wide. They send Northern produce to the Southern States and vice versa, and the extent of their trade with the Southwest may be inferred from the estimate made a few years ago that the railroad strike in that section, by cutting off trade beyond St. Louis, reduced for a time the shipping business of South Water street by nearly one-fifth.

Few people have a correct idea of the effect this business has on transportation. In the season for most of the fruits special trains run each day from the producing districts to this city, the peaches and strawberries load down the boats which ply regularly between Chicago and the ports on the opposite shore of Lake Michigan, and hundreds of persons are employed here in the work of receiving besides thousands who find employment in handling the material at other points while it is being collected and distributed after having been raised by an army of workers. And, as previously stated, all this is of modern origin. The vast increase to human comfort permitted by the enjoyment of the products of other areas than those which surround the consumer, and the concomitant benefit to the many who in this direction minister to the supply of what may be called necessary luxuries to their fellow-creatures, is the outgrowth of the present generation, which, by making railroad transportation far-reaching, speedy, and cheap, has permitted the interchange of commodities on a scale that would never have been dreamed of by the people of fifty years ago.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Good Smokehouse.

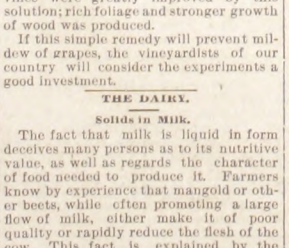
I have noted hundreds of smokehouses, from the hollow log to the elegant brick affair, says a writer in the *Ohio Farmer*, ranging in price from a dollar or two to a hundred or two dollars; and have seen nothing in my experience that would compare favorably, either in utility or economy, with the kind I invented and have used for years. It is easily constructed and so cheap that any family can have a new clean one every time there is occasion for use.



A large clean sugar or salt barrel is placed on a box that is wide enough for the barrel to stand on clear of the edges of the box and twice as long (or more) as wide, and eight or twelve inches high. Three or four auger holes must first be bored through the box on the end where the barrel stands, to allow the smoke to come through. Strong wire nails are to be driven through from inside close to top of barrel. Place the barrel on the box over the holes and chink tight with clean clay mud around the bottom of barrel. Box stands on the ground. Hang your hams on the wire nails, some with short string, others with long ones, if you wish to utilize all the space in the barrel. Place a strong clean paper or canvas over the top of the barrel, and enough gunny sacks or blankets can be added to keep the smoke in. A depression should be made in the ground under the front edge of the box, so that when the fire is made upon a piece of sheet or tin, the whole can be shoved under the box. Leave the fire close to the front end of the box. A half head of a barrel can be crowded down by the end of the box, closing the fire hole when the loose earth is banked around it. The cut shows the half head in place. With this contrivance you need only to have the smallest possible amount of fire, and yet owing to the construction, the smoke is bound to be reasonably cool even if there is considerable fire. If one is afraid thieves will carry off hams, smokehouse and all, cut a hole in the front end of the box to put the fire through, and place the smokehouse on the cellar floor.

A New-Zealand Flood-Fence.

The wire and picket flood-fence represented below is furnished us by Charles Goulter, Marlborough, New Zealand. The pickets are four feet long, and of any convenient thickness. A hole is bored through each one, five inches from the top. They are then strung upon a steel-wire rope. When adjusted at uniform distance apart they are fastened in



by winding a flexible No. 8 wire around pickets and the wire rope upon which they are strung. The lower wire is attached to the outside of the pickets eight inches from the lower ends. At every fourth picket a strand of the flexible wire is wound spirally around the picket and fastened to the upper rope and lower wire to hold the latter from slipping off. The wire rope to which the whole is suspended is firmly attached, by staples or otherwise, to the posts on either bank of the stream.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE HORTICULTURIST.

Mildew on the Grape Vine.

During the summer of 1890 experiments were tried with various compounds of copper-sulphate, for the treatment of mildew of the grape.

These experiments were carried on throughout the summer, with several kinds of grapes, in different localities, all under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture. The report of these experiments has just been published.

The remedies tried for mildew generally produced good results. In some cases this was true with the remedies tried for black-rot, but not generally.

The wide range of area over which the experiments were made and the different climatic conditions under which they were conducted, add much to their value. Comparing the various remedies used and the results obtained, the copper mixture of Gironde, or Bordeaux mixture, may be considered the best for mildew. It is made as follows: Dissolve in a wooden vessel eight pounds of sulphate of copper in fifteen gallons of water; warm or hot water is best. In another vessel slake ten pounds of lime in five gallons of water. When both the copper solution and the lime mixture are cooled to the ordinary temperature of the air, pour the latter slowly into the former, taking care to mix the fluids thoroughly by constant stirring during the operation.

When ready to apply to the vines, again stir it thoroughly. A pump for this purpose is the best, but many use a common whisk broom. Care must be used to keep it from flesh and clothes. If strong enough to burn the foliage, dilute with water. The application should be made in cloudy weather, or late in the afternoon.

This experiment, in which the labor was estimated at ten cents per hour, costs less than two cents per vine. Sulphate of copper costs from five to seven cents per pound by the barrel, at retail ten cents.

Besides the benefit to the fruit, the vines were greatly improved by this solution; rich foliage and stronger growth of wood was produced.

If this simple remedy will prevent mildew of grapes, the vineyardists of our country will consider the experiments a good investment.

THE DAIRY.

Solids in Milk.

The fact that milk is liquid in form deceives many persons as to its nutritive value, as well as regards the character of food needed to produce it. Farmers know by experience that mangold or other beets, while often promoting a large flow of milk, either make it of poor quality or rapidly reduce the flesh of the cow. This fact is explained by the chemical analysis of milk, which shows only 85 per cent. of water, while the mangolds have 90 per cent. Fodder corn when green has 80 per cent. of water, but it contains even less proportion of nitrogenous matter than the mangolds. Good milk is rich in two important and valuable elements. Its carbon is in the form of fat, and is shown in cream and butter. Its nitrogenous matter shows when the milk is soured, making curd and cheese. Unless both these elements are furnished in the food, the milk can only be good at the expense of the cow.

Dairy Notes.

GOOD butter can be obtained only from sound milk—the yield of healthy cows and produced from suitable food and proper surroundings; and in proportion to the care observed to secure these essentials, will the success in making good butter depend.

IF you have ten or twenty cows in your dairy treat each one and care for each one of them as though she was the only one you had, and see if the dairy don't pay better than it has. But you say "I can't do it, it takes too much time." Then get rid of enough of them so you can.

CALVES should be fed liberally with the best of food. They should be kept growing, for if they are stunted in growth every part of them is stunted and the milk organs suffer the most. A poorly fed calf will make a poor cow. Give each calf a quart of corn meal twice every day.

THERE is no question about the advisability of dehorning, if it occasions the animal but little pain and does not produce a serious sore. There are objections not altogether ill-founded to dehorning mature animals, but these objections do not apply to the use of chemical dehorners on quite young calves.

WHEN a cow is found to be licking itself or another cow it indicates that the card and the brush are needed. The use of these instruments of cleanliness is indispensable for the comfort of the cow and the cleanliness of the milk. Where they are used every day there will be no hairs in the butter.

THE GARDEN.

Improved Garden Trowel.

Sometimes a slight change in the form of an implement or tool will make it more convenient and better adapted to the work for which it was intended. This is very prominently proven by simply grinding or filing away the end of a common trowel. All who have had experience in that line know how extremely difficult it is to cut off with the common garden trowel a weed that has a strong taproot. By using a trowel modified as shown in the engraving, the work is readily accomplished. Grind down until it is three-quarters of an inch from point to point, leaving the edge concave. It is plain that inpressing into the soil any root coming in contact with the trowel between the two points is readily severed. This does not in the least detract from the common use of the implement but greatly adds to its usefulness. Should the concave surface be kept sharp it will prove more effective in every way.—*American Agriculturist.*

IMPROVED TROWEL.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

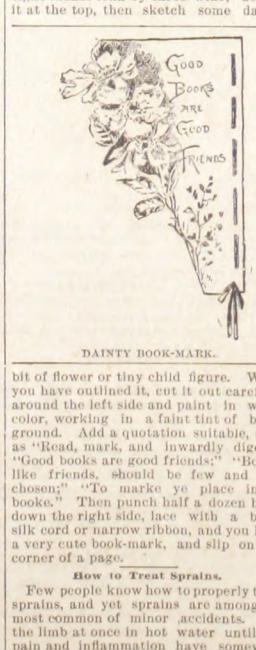
Cure for Diphtheria.

We publish the following because the experiment may be safely tried, and it is worth trying. Diphtheria is becoming a dreadful scourge, and the writer of what is here said saw the working of this cure in the hands of an English physician, at a time when the disease was prevalent in an English town. Speaking of the physician's application, the writer says:

"All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every case without exception. He put a spoonful of the flour of brimstone into a wine glass of water, and stirred it with his fingers instead of the spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed, he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, or plant, in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommends the swallowing of it. In extreme cases in which he has been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closed to allow the gargle, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation, the patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes with doors and windows shut. The plan of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of cold in the head and chest."

Corner Book-Mark.

Take a bit of water color paper about eight inches long by three wide; double it at the top, then sketch some dainty



DAINTY BOOK-MARK.

bit of flower or tiny child figure. When you have outlined it, cut it out carefully around the left side and paint in water color, working in a faint tint of background. Add a quotation suitable, such as "Read, mark, and inwardly digest;" "Good books are good friends;" "Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen;" "To marke ye place in ye booke." Then punch half a dozen holes down the right side, lace with a bit of silk cord or narrow ribbon, and you have a very cute book-mark, and slip on the corner of a page.

How to Treat Sprains.

Few people know how to properly treat sprains, and yet sprains are among the most common of minor accidents. Put the limb at once in hot water until the pain and inflammation have somewhat subsided; then bandage it snugly and keep in an elevated position when possible. Vinegar and water, alcohol and water, witch-hazel and water, or arnica make good lotions during the inflammatory stage. When the pain is all out, a little rubbing and passive exercise are good, and in two or three days a plaster of paris bandage may be applied, and when an ankle is affected the person may get around with a cane. By this treatment a rapid cure results. —*Albany Press.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

WHEN dress silk becomes wet, pat it between the hands to dry quickly.

APPLES that are not properly looked after will decay in the barrels very fast.

IF ribbons need renewing wash them in cool suds, made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover with a clean cloth and iron over it.

TO CLEAN straw matting, boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

A PLAGUE OF UNBELIEF

THE MOVING CAUSE OF ALL THE PLAGUES OF CITIES.

Dr. Talmage's Masterly Contrast of the Effects of Christianity and Agnosticism—The Glorious Results of a Living Faith—What Has Infidelity Done?

Continuing his course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "The Plague of Infidelity." The discourse was delivered to large and appreciative audiences at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the forenoon and the New York Academy of Music in the evening. The text was Romans iii, 4, "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, Paul would accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared arraign the Almighty for falsehood. Infidelity is not only a plague, but it is the mother of plagues.

It seems from what we hear on all sides that the Christian religion is a huge blunder; that the Mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes; that the church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, the skeptic, said, "The Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility; that when Theodore Parker declared in Music Hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak-minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot that John Adams, the father of American independence, declared, "The Bible is the best book in all the world;" and that lion-hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a sniveling coward when he said, "That book, sir, is the rock on which our Republic rests;" and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great exponder of the constitution and the great lawyer of his age turned into an idiot when he said, "My heart assures and reassures me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet or on my father's knee I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever growing influences of the Bible;" and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of uncounted multitudes and put it under our feet, to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing contempt; and that your old father was hoodwinked and cajoled and cheated and befooled when he leaned on this as a staff after his hair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave; and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her aches and pains, and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache, so that she could read no more until she took off her spectacles and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. Alas! that for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the vile page might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting house where they sleep to-day waiting for a resurrection that will never come.

This book, having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the court room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, those newly bound, and those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the plowshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book, which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and woman's honor, and the world's happiness.

Now that is the substance of what infidelity proposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about which more mirth is kindled than about the Bible. I like fun; no man was ever built with a keener appreciation of it. There is health in laughter instead of harm—physical health, spiritual health—provided you laugh at the right thing. The morning is jocund. The Indian with its own mist baptizes the cataract Minnehaha, or Laughing Water. You have not kept your eyes open or your ears alert if you have not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests clap their hands, or the orchards in blossom week aglee with redolence. But there is a laughter which is deathful, there is a laughter which has the rebound of despair. It is not healthy to giggle about God or chuckle about eternity or smirk about the things of the immortal soul.

You know what caused the accident years ago on the Hudson River railroad. It was an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the string of the air brake and stopped the train at the most dangerous point of the journey. But the lightning train, not knowing there was any impediment in the way, came down, crushing out of the mangled victims the immortal souls that went speeding instantly to God and judgement. It was only a joke. He thought it would be such fun to stop the train. He stopped it. And so infidelity is chiefly anxious to stop the long train of the Bible, and the long train of the churches, and the long train of Christian influences, while coming down upon us are death, judgment and eternity, coming a thousand miles a minute, coming with more force than all the avalanches that ever slipped from the Alps, coming with more strength than all the lightning express trains that ever whistled or shrieked or thundered across the continent.

Now in this jocularity of infidel thinkers I cannot join. And I propose to give you some reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and so I will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck with the awful plague of skepticism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the consolation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book. What would you think of a crusade of this sort? Suppose a man should resolve that he would organize a conspiracy to destroy all the medicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is done. The medicines are taken, and they are thrown into the river, or the lake, or the sea.

A patient wakes up at midnight in a paroxysm of distress, and wants an anodyne. "Oh," says the nurse, "the anodynes are all destroyed; we have no drops to give you, but instead of that I'll read you a book on the absurdities of all remedies." But the man continues to writhe in pain, and the nurse says: "I'll continue to read you some discourses on anodynes, the cruelties of anodynes, the indecencies of anodynes, the absurdities of anodynes. For your groan I'll give you a laugh."

Here in the hospital is a patient having a gangrened limb amputated. He says: "Oh, for ether! Oh, for chloroform!" The doctors say: "Why, they are all destroyed; we don't have any more chloroform or ether, but I have got something a great deal better. I'll read you a pamphlet against James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and against Drs. Agnew and Hamilton and Hosack and Mott and Harvey and Abernethy." "But," says the man, "I must have some anæsthetics," "No," say the doctors, "they are all destroyed, but we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun." Fun about medicines. Lie down, all ye patients in Bellevue hospital, and stop your groaning; all ye broken hearted of all the cities, and quit your crying; we have the catholicon at last!

Here is a dose of wit, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm, here is a bottle of ribaldry that you are to keep well-shaken up and take a spoonful of it after each meal, and if that does not cure you here is a solution of blasphemy in which you may bathe, and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the skeleton of death with a repartee! Make the King of Terrors cackle! For all the agonies of all the ages a joke! Millions of people willing with uplifted hand toward Heaven to affirm that the gospel of Jesus Christ is full of consolation for them, and yet infidelity proposes to take it away, giving nothing absolutely nothing, except fun. Is there any greater height or depth or length or breadth or immensity of meanness in all God's universe?

Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know." Is there a God? Don't know! Is the soul immortal? Don't know! If we should meet each other in the future world will we recognize each other? Don't know! A religion of "don't know" for the religion of "I know," "I know in whom I have believed," "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Infidelity proposes to substitute a religion of awful negatives for our religion of glorious positives, showing the right before us a world of reunion and ecstacy and high companionship and glorious worship and stupendous victory, the mightiest joy of earth not high enough to reach to the base of the Himalaya of uplifted splendor awaiting all those who on wing of Christian faith will soar toward it.

Furthermore: I cannot be an infidel, because of the false charges infidelity is all the time making against the Bible. Perhaps the slander that has made the most impression and that some Christians have not been intelligent enough to deny is that the Bible favors polygamy. Does the God of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did He? How many wives did God make for Adam? He made one wife. Does not your common sense tell you when God started the marriage institution He started it as He wanted it to continue? If God had favored polygamy He could have created for Adam five wives or ten wives or twenty wives just as easily as He made one.

At the very first of the Bible God shows himself in favor of monogamy and antagonistic to polygamy. Genesis ii, 24, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." Not his wives, but his wife. How many wives did God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two the birds; two and two the cattle; two and two the lions; two and two the human race. If the God of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of wives He would have spared a multiplicity of wives. When God first launched the human race He gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the human race He spares for Noah one wife, for Ham one wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one wife. Does that look as though God favored polygamy? In Leviticus xviii, 18, God thunders His prohibition of more than one wife.

God permitted polygamy. Yes; just as He permits to-day murder and theft and arson and all kinds of crime. He permits these things, as you well know, but He does not sanction them. Who would dare to say He sanctions them? Because the Presidents of the United States have permitted polygamy in Utah, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they patronized it, that they approved it, when, on the contrary, they denounced it. All of God's ancient Israel knew that the God of the Bible was against polygmy, for in the 430 years of their stay in Egypt there is only one case of polygamy recorded—only one. All the mighty men of the Bible stood aloof from polygamy except those who, falling into the crime, were chastised within an inch of their lives. Adam, Aaron, Noah, Joseph, Joshua, Samuel, monogamists. But you say, "Didn't David and Solomon favor polygamy?" Yes; and did they not get well punished for it?

Read the lives of those two men and you will come to the conclusion that all the attributes of God's nature were against their behavior. David suffered for his crimes in the caverns of Adullam and Massada, in the wilderness of Mahanaim, in the bereavements of Zikiag. The Bedouins after him, sickness after him, Absalom after him, Ahithopel after him, Adonijah after him, the Edomites after him, the Syrians after him, the Moabites after him, death after him, the Lord God Almighty after him. The poorest peasant married to the plainest Jewess was happier than the king in his marital misbehavior. How did Solomon get along with polgomy? Read his warnings in Proverbs; read his self disgust in Ecclesiastes. He holds up his hands in loathing and cries out: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." His seven hundred wives nearly pestered the life out of him. Solomon got well paid for his crimes—well paid.

I repeat that all the mighty men of the Scriptures were aloof from polygamy, save as they were pounded and flailed and cut to pieces for their insult to holy marriage. If the Bible is the friend of polygamy why is it that in all the lands where the Bible predominates polygamy is forbidden, and in the lands where there is no Bible it is favored. Polygamy all over China, all over India, all over Africa, all over heathendom, save as the missionaries have done their work, while polygamy does not exist in England and the United States, except in defiance of law. The Bible abroad, God honored monogamy. The Bible not abroad, God abhorred polygamy

Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by infidelity and supported by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Infidelity is so very loud in its braggadocio it must have some to mention. Certainly, if you come to speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as exceptions? I have to tell you that all the German universities to-day are under postive Christian influences, except the University of Hidelberg, where the ruffianly students cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy. Do you mention Girard College, Philadelphia, as an exception, that college established by the will of Mr. Girard which forbade religious instruction and the entrance of clergymen within its gates. My reply is that I lived for seven years near that college and knew many of its professors to be Christian instructors, and no better Christian influences are to be found in any college than in Girard College.

There stands Christianity. There stands infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbicile; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath schools bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is infidelity; no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of infidelity to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges, and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by infidelity and supported alone by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet in favor of making the world better. "Oh," you say, "a ream of paper is too much for the names of those institutions." Well, then, I throw you a quire of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that's too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a sheet of letter paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter with the names of the merciful institutions and the educational institutions founded by infidelity and supported all along by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor of humanity.

"Oh," you say, "that is too much room. We don't want a whole sheet of paper to write down the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my memorandom book and ask you to fill up both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say, "that would be too much room. I wouldn't want so much room as that." Well, then, suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much room as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh," you say, "we don't want quite so much room as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institution founded by infidelity, supported entirely by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet toiling to make the world better. Not one! Not one!

Is infidelity so poor, so starveling, so mean, so useless? Get out, you miserable pauper of the universe! Crawl into some rathole of everlasting nothingness. Infidelity standing to-day amid the suffering, groaning, dying nations, and yet doing absolutely nothing save trying to impede those who are toiling until they fall exhausted into their graves is trying to make the world better. Gather up all the work, all the merciful work, that infidelity has ever done, add it all together, and there is not so much nobility in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark alley of the town, put a jar of jelly for an invalid appetite on a broken stand, and then knelt on the bare floor praying the mercy of Christ upon the dying soul.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded; bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, gilds no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of this old-fashioned Bible—blessed be His glorious name forever! our Christ stands this hour pointing to the hospital, or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a couch, I was lame and ye gave me a crutch. I was blind and ye physicianed my eyesight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountains and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me."

ALICE WILSON PRYOR, to whom Guiteau, assassin of President Garfield, paid attention and proposed marriage, died at Jasper, Tenn. It is stated that she was of good family and a beautiful girl, gay and spirited, but that she became a recluse, with shattered nerves, after the trial and execution of Guiteau.

ALL the girls who lead their classes in Wellesley College are blondes.