HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Good Seed, Good Soil and Good Cultivation Requisites to Success—Live Stock Notes—A Dairy Well—Household and Kitchen.

Three Requisites.

GOOD seed, good soil, and good cultivation are the three requisites toward attaining success in agriculture. All three of these are largely within our own control, and if we neglect any of them we have no right to complain at the result. It is easy to determine whether seed is good by testing a small quantity before planting. A small box of moist earth placed in a warm corner will tell the story quickly. The seeds should be counted before they are placed in the soil, and if at least 75 per cent. do not germinate the seed should be discarded.

Good soil is also within reach of all, to at least some extent. However poor the farm may be as a whole, we can find some portion that we shall be able to bring up to a good state of fertility; then upon this portion it would pay to expend our major effort, practicing intensive cultivation thereon until we could find means and opportunity for improving the balance. And good cultivation is within the reach of any able bodied man, for a good, short, and simple rule for the farm is to not attempt to cultivate more than you can cultivate well. Whether it shall be a large farm half-tilled, or a small farm well-tilled, is the question before the great majority of our farmers to-day. We believe time will prove the latter to be the best.—Farm Journal.

A Cheap Silo.

"You may build a small silo in the basement of a barn at a little expense," says The Country Gentleman.

"The inner wall, separating it from the rest of the basement, should be a stiff frame or studding to which the boards may be nailed; and if the rest of the basement is but little exposed to the frost, a single thickness of boards would be sufficient, provided it is made air-tight by matching, or by a good cover of tar building paper; but a more thorough and safe way would be to apply two thicknesses of boards with the building paper between, which would afford protection from frost in all ordinary instances. The boards would last longer if a heavy coat of petroleum is applied to them on both sides. The bottom of the silo must be well drained; and it should be on a level with the adjoining cow stables as a matter of convenience in feeding. Any good fairly durable lumber will answer, and the contents may rest on a dry, well-drained and well-leveled and beaten bottom, or the bottom may be of hydraulic cement."

LIVE STOCK.

Warm Barns for Fattening Stock.

In an experiment made in feeding two lots of pigs of equal age and weight, one being in pens in a warm barn, and the other being in open pens out of doors, the following results were obtained: From Nov. 27 to Feb. 5, in the warm barn one pound of pork cost 4.78 pounds of corn, and in the outside pens one pound of pork cost 5.92 pounds of corn, a difference of about 25 per cent. But during the very severest weather for four weeks, in the warm barn one pound of pork cost 5.71 pounds of corn, and in the outside pens it cost 11.32 pounds of corn, or nearly double the amount. Experienced feeders say that the effect of cold weather upon fattening stock is more marked upon other animals than it is upon swine, and if it takes twice as many pounds of corn to make a pound of pork out of doors as it does in the barn, it will certainly require as much more, and perhaps twice as much, to make a pound of beef in a stable where water will freeze as it will in one where there is a moderate temperature, not lower than 50 degrees, and also that the same amount of feed given before the weather is very cold will make much more fat than it will later in the season.

Good for Sheep.

Sweet ensilage and roots in moderate quantities are good for sheep or cattle. But give them just as much sweet, early cut hay or clover in addition twice a day as they can eat, with just as much provend as though they had no ensilage. Green corn or clover ensilage, like turnips, is a good appetizer if fed in warm barns, or when the weather is mild out of doors. As for feeding it to any stock entirely and making a success, I believe it is impossible. Don't think I condemn ensilage. I do not any more than turnips, but do not put too much confidence in and expect too much from ensilage. It is impossible to get any more out of a jug than is put into it or to have your check honored at the bank for more than you deposit. Sheep should never be pastured on the same land more than three successive seasons, unless they are pastured with cattle. The better way to manage sheep in the summer is, unless your pasture is entirely free from coarse or water grasses and bushes, to let a few young cattle run with them. Have the pasture so arranged that you can give the sheep a fresh pasture, at longest every third year. Let the cattle, or the plow, follow the sheep, and so keep up the rotation.—H. C. Burleigh, in Farm and Home.

Some Horse Don'ts.

Some one has compiled the following regarding the care of horses under the supposition that if a horse could talk he would say to his master:

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I wan't by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron, weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time, and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time: Run up hill with a big load.

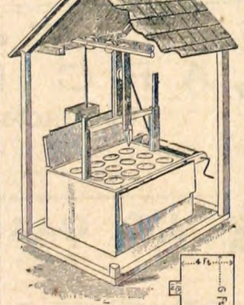
Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

THE DAIRY.

A Dairy Well.

For ordinary use, the well should be dug six feet by four square, with a gutter or groove down one side eight-een inches square. It should contain two or three feet of lasting water. It should be in easy reach of the kitchen, and attached to the house if possible. The curbing should be no larger than the well. A platform, which fits inside of the well, slides up and down between two timbers, which rest on the bottom of the well, and are long enough to reach up three feet above the curb. These two timbers should be planed.

The framework of the platform has a board nailed on each side of it, forming a groove which fits on the upright timbers at each end of the well. This makes it rigid and keeps it level. The circular black spots on the platform represent openings for vessels. The piece that holds the wheel, over which the rope passes to the windlass, is prolonged so that when the platform is just even with the top of the curve, an iron pin is inserted through it and the top bar of the platform frame, and holds it there. There is another rope and two wheels. The rope has a heavy



weight attached to assist in raising the platform from the bottom of the well with heavy loads. These weights go down into a box formed of four wide planks, which occupy the gutter, or grove. One lid opens up against the weight-box, and fastens with a thumb-button. The other is hinged so as to hang down by the side of the curb when open.—Gleanings in Bee Culture.

Dairy Notes.

If you have no pigs, no poultry, no calves on the farm feed the skim milk back to the cows.

DON'T fail to get in some early corn near the feeding place. When the pasture fails you will find use for it.

UPON the premises of the successful dairyman will be found thrifty cows, suitably bred and adapted for the work required of them.

A CANADIAN farmer, who lost a small pig, after long search found him drowned in the cream can. "So," he said, "poor piggy's creamated."

HOARD'S Dairyman says: Creamery butter is that made from the milk or cream of two or more herds of cows. Dairy butter is that made from the milk or cream of a single herd.

THE income from the cows furnishes the farmer cash receipts steadily throughout the entire year, which cannot be said of any other branch of farming, excepting perhaps the poultry.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Two Breeds in a Pen.

It is a fact that the great number —millions—of fowls in this country may be found in small flocks, mainly, from ten to fifty in number, says Poultry World. To be sure, there are large establishments where fowls may be counted by the thousands; but the villagers and small farmers, each keeping a small number, make the aggregate poultry census swell to large figures.

Many of these small-scale poultry breeders, having limited room at command, desire to keep one of the non-sitting breeds—Leghorns or Spanish —for eggs; but cannot raise chickens with these, and are somewhat troubled about getting sitters. It is an easy matter to manage this affair. There need be only one apartment and one flock. Obtain a sufficient number of Brahmas or Cochins for sitting and let them run with the Leghorn hens and cocks. The eggs of these sitters being brown, may be readily sorted out from the white ones and used for cooking. The pure white eggs of the Leghorns or Spanish may be used for incubation when the instinct moves the Asiatics to sit —and that will surely come to pass.

These sitters may, preferably, be of small size for the breed; large hens being more clumsy and more liable to break the eggs. Plymouth Rocks hardly ever lay eggs so white as not to be distinguished from Leghorn eggs, and they may serve the purpose of sitters; only they do not come to time quite as surely as Asiatics; but they are faithful and careful. A Cochin mother has the very best intentions, yet she may trample out the life of her young. Late hatched pullets are best for this purpose, on account of their small size.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Cider Without Apples.

The National Druggist gives the following formula for imitating apple cider as closely as possible:

Powdered catechu	3 parts.
Alum	5 parts.
Yeast	32 parts.
Honey	640 parts.
Water	12,800 parts.

Let ferment for fifteen days in the sun (or other warm place,) then add

Bitter almonds	8 parts.
Cloves	16 parts.
Burnt sugar	32 parts.
Good Bourbon whisky	384 parts.

Let stand a day or two, and rack off. If it be too sour, add honey, and if too sweet, add acetic or citric acid to suit. The above makes a "cider" difficult to tell from that made naturally from apples. A good cheap imitation may be made as follows: Twenty-five gallons of soft water, two pounds tartaric acid twenty-five pounds of brown sugar and one pint yeast are allowed to stand in a warm place, in a clean cask with the bung out, for twenty-four hours. Then bung up the cask, after adding three gallons of whisky, and let stand for forty-eight hours, after which the liquor is ready for use.

Hints to Housekeepers.

THE oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake the lighter the cake will be.

A SMALL piece of sulphur placed in the cupboard or drawer will drive away ants.

THE flesh of fresh fish should be firm, the gills should be light red, and the scales silvery.

IN making a mustard plaster for a patient with a delicate skin, use white of egg instead of water.

WASH mirrors with warm suds, then dust with whiting from a muslin bag, and polish with chamois skin.

HARD soap lasts much longer if dried for several weeks before using it. It is also less hurtful to the skin.

TO PREVENT the smell of cabbage permeating the house while boiling, place on the stove a dish containing vinegar.

BROOMS dipped for a few minutes in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise would.

THE KITCHEN.

How to Cook Water.

The late Charles Delmonico used to talk about the new hot-water cure. He said the Delmonicoes were the first to recommend it to guests who complained of having no appetite. "Take a cup of hot water and lemon and you will feel better," was the formula adopted. The lemon juice takes away the insipidity of hot water. For this antibilious remedy the caterers charged the price of a drink of their best liquors (25 cents or more), and it certainly was a wiser way to spend small change than in alcohol. "Few people know how to cook water," Charles used to affirm. "The secret is putting good fresh water into a neat kettle already warm, and setting the water to boil quickly, and then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere and the lime and iron dregs only left in the kettle, bah! that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all." Every lady who reads this valuable recipe of a great and careful cook should never forget how to cook water.

Mental Kitchen Scales.

TEN common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

SOFT butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

ONE pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

ONE quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.

ONE pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

TWO TEACUPS (well heaped) of coffee weigh one pound.

TWO TEACUPS (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

TWO TEACUPS of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

ONE and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

TWO TABLESPOONS of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

ONE tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

ONE pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

FOUR teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

TWO AND one-half teacups (level) of powdered sugar weighs one pound.

TEASPOONS vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an oldfashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a dram.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES ABOUT PAUL IN THE CITY OF ATHENS.

A Wonderful Oration Before the Greek Wise Men Which Told Them the Greatest Truths Their Ears Had Ever Listened To.

Given Up to Idolatry.

The sermon is the sixth of the series Dr. Talmage is preaching on the subject, suggested by his tour in Bible lands. His text was taken from Acts xvii, 16, "While Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock, and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history.

That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and Secretary of State will take a man where an army could not.

Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the Queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne room. No formal bow, as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we passed through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many an impertinent Epicurean.

The market place was the center of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat; but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for exercise. The Platoeans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters.

The market place was a space 350 yards long and 250 wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise and lounging and philosophizing. All you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium which is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot races occurred.

Paul had been out there no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us, "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we are an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is 680 feet long, 130 feet wide and held 40,000 spectators.

There is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the Emperor, sat on yonder height, 1,000 beasts were slain in one celebration.

But it was chiefly for foot racing, and so I proposed to my friend that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says, "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat and my friend's freedom from such incumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of "laying aside every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and 1,000 feet in circumference at the top and 300 feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterwards a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all things—Greece, the center of the world; Attica, the center of Greece; Athens, the center of Attica, and the Acropolis the Center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it.

Lord Elgin, the English Embassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of $800,000. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it and all was lost.

The Turks turned their buildings into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis the monarchs of all ruins, and below it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it, that I needed no magician's wand to restore it.

At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889 it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it and Ictinus planned it and Phidias chisled it and Protogines painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps the propylæa, which Epaminodas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle.

In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost $2,300,000. See its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory Without Wings."

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times.

The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hilltop. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the nighttime, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice; but there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others.

A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology.

Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation, and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athenia, the god and the goddess whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant looking man rose to speak.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandrocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis, to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of Heaven and earth, and he the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of the auditors; they are turning pale, and then red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region, but that was the severest shock these men ever felt.

The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, "have we been hauling with many yokes of oxen for many centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Pentelicum, and have we had our architects putting up these structures of unparalleled splendor, and have we had the greatest of all sculptors, Phidias, with his men chiseling away at those wondorous pediments, and cutting away at these friezes, and have we to find the nation's resources in the utmost, now to be told that those statues see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?"

Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at this interesting landscape and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erecntheium, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey? "No more!" responds Paul, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which to them is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others as he cries out: "Hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates and Plato and Demosthenes and Solon and Lycurgus and Draco and Sophocles and Euripides and Eschylus and Pericles and Phidias and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Now, that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now he will close by hurling two at once. The little old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up and the stoop has gone out of his shoulders, and he looks about three feet taller than when he began, and his eyes, which were quiet, became two flames of fire, and his face, which was calm in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurls them at the crowd now standing or sitting aghast —the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were: "Because He hath appointed a day which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained, whereof He had given assurance unto all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative; that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before Him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard. The ancestors of some of those Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his oration on the Crown, had heard Æschines in his speeches against Timarchus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his deathbed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great to bear, had in the theater of Dionysius, at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled up amphitheater and the marble floor of its orchestra still there), seen enacted the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill, or themselves, ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment, the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces.

The record says, "Some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned gesticulation, and they cried out: "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak. You had better go back to your business of tent-making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back, and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of Resurrection and Judgment. Now, little old man, climb down the side of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.

As in Athens, that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel. I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My lawgivers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again see a column lifted. I shall never again behold a goddess crowned."

Mars Hill responded: "I, too, have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who went out again unsheath the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past. The words that missionary, Paul, uttered that exciting day in the hearing of the wisest men and the populace on my rocky shoulders have only begun their majestic roll; the brotherhood of man, and the Christ of God, and the peroration of Resurrection and Last Judgment with which the Tarsian orator closed his sermon that day amid the mocking crowd, shall yet revolutionize the planet. O Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boreas could not control the winds. Your Neptune could not manage the sea. Youl Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your god Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightnings. But God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astounded assemblage on my rough heights is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land, and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever." Then the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self defense, "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors."

"Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously argued at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul, divinely inspired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue, but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound ignominiously gotten in after defeat. But my Paul challenged all earth and all hell with fact to battle shout, 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, and then on the 29th of June, in the year 66, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of martyrdom.'"

As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, I thought what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have full swing; and I thought that night that no nation or religion it would take could absorb a zero like him whom we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pygmies or homunculi compared with him; and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confront the great apostle and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, of asking him what was the greatest occasion of all his life.

He may say, "The shipwreck of Melita." He may say, "The riot at Ephesus." He may say, "My last walk out on the road to Ostia." But I think He will say: "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant Areopagites and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of the Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinities of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. My spirit stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to idolatry!"