THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.

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Thursday, April 9, 1891.

Bishop Keane wants to know what the coming American will be. Well, your reverence, there be people who believe that the coming American will be a woman.

Gen. Miles is still of the opinion that the Indians will take to the warpath in the spring. The Indians, then, have not been awed by their late visit to the Great Father at Washington, which is strange.

Mr. Ingalls carries as a souvenir the last dime paid to him by the government in his salary for senator. It is understood that Uncle Sam is content to let this particular ten-cent piece be the very last Mr. Ingalls ever gets from him in the way of salary for alleged services rendered.

Andrew Carnegie has given $2,000,000 to Pittsburg for a public library, but the city council will not allow him to have anything to say about where it shall be located. David Sinton made a gift to Cincinnati, and when he encountered this same spirit in the council he promptly withdrew his gift. Pittsburg should be careful that Mr. Carnegie hasn't a string to his two millions.

When excavations were made recently for the foundation of the twenty story Masonic temple, which is rapidly going up at the corner of State and Randolph streets in Chicago, an eighteen ton mass of iron, copper and other metals was discovered. A wholesale hardware store stood on the lot at the time of the great conflagration of 1871, and this mass or iron represents a portion of the stock which was melted by the intense heat and precipitated into the sub-basement. It will be exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The following is an approximate statement of appropriations made at both sessions of the Fifty-first congress, prepared by the clerk of the senate committee on appropriations. Amount of regular bills, including deficiencies and miscellaneous appropriation for the first session, $361,700,000; amount of regular bills, including deficiencies and miscellaneous appropriation for the second session, $405,000,000; permanent appropriations for 1892 estimated at $122,000,000. This makes a grand total of $989,700,000.

Now that the protracted senatorial struggle in the Illinois legislature is over, the question of an appropriation for the state's exhibit at the World's Fair will be taken up and disposed of as speedily as possible. As the fair is to be held at its metropolis, Illinois feels called upon to set the example for other states by making a handsome appropriation in aid of its exhibit. An appropriation of $1,064,000 has been asked for, and it seems very probable that the amount, large as it is, will be voted. Besides the amount named above, the lady managers intend to ask for $50,000. Illinois enjoys the enviable distinction among the states of being entirely out of debt. Its resources are scarcely second to those of any other state, and it is felt that it can well afford to do what state pride prompts and what may naturally be expected, namely, spend a million dollars or more on the exposition. According to the plans already adopted, $360,000 will be spent on the state building at the fair, more than $200,000 in furnishing and maintaining it, and the rest of the appropriation on the exhibit.

It is a mistaken idea, that many people have been led into from a lack of trustworthy information, to suppose that all the men elected to the fifty-second congress, by the farmers alliance, are uneducated. Just the reverse is true! Senator Peffer, of Kansas, while not well up in the dead languages and classical lore, is nevertheless an educated man and as an authority upon matters relating to the United States government and its domestic affairs, he has few superiors. Representative John Davis from the same state, will be one of the best educated men that will sit in either house of the fifty-second congress. Indeed, he is so close a student that he has earned the title of "crank." But he is the kind of crank that the government can always find room for. He is the originator of the idea of state agricultural colleges, and the author of the bill passed by the Illinois legislature establishing the first one of those colleges in that state. He will be heard from in the house, and any member that tackles him under the impression that he doesn't "know beans" will get badly left.

Where has Oregon's summer gone to?

THE RIGHT KIND OF TARIFF.

The rows created by unnaturalized foreigners in this country are becoming more frequent every day and it is about time that the people of this country called for a new protective tariff in which the citizen of the United States is the protected article. The justice of the killing of the Italian assassins in New Orleans has never been questioned except by Italy, nevertheless, the killing almost precipitated war with their mother country. Future killings of this nature can be stopped now and all international difficulties arising from them be cared for, by this country putting better laws in force regarding the landing of foreigners on our shores. America for Americans and all good citizens of foreign countries, but preserve us from the rag-tag and bob-tail of Europe. The Huns of Pennsylvania have been desirious of running things in the coal mines of that state for some time and last week they attempted to do so, and now some fifteen of them lie dead for violating the laws of our country. Not one of them was a citizen of the United States; not one of them was fit to be a citizen, but they enjoyed all the freedom that is given a citizen of this country and repaid the labor of our forefathers by an attempt to violate our laws. Fifteen of them are dead; that is some satisfaction, but not enough. Let us have a protective tariff so large on this class of foreigners that not one of them can enter this country.

THE SURPLUS IS DEAD.

Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, who was chairman of the appropriations committee in the late house of representatives, has published as a supplement to the Congressional record the report of a post mortem on the surplus. His conclusions are buried up in a pile of language and a fog of figures, but still the careful reader will learn from his statement the essential fact that the surplus is no more. The day of its decease it may be difficult to fix, but it was sometime in the month of February, Mr. Cannon proves that it was already dead on the 28th of February.

Mr. Cannon gives a statement of the net cash balance in the treasury, plus the national bank redemption fund, on the first of March for each year from 1885 to 1891. On March 1, 1891, he states the sum of these two items at $42,714,840.45. He does not say how much of this is net cash and how much is the redemption fund, and he doesn't tell why the redemption fund, which does not belong to the government, should be added to the net cash, but we shall presently see the reason. A careful search of the public debt statement for March 1, 1891, will result in the discovery that the redemption fund is a liability of the government, and that it amounted on that date to $47,165,816.25

Now if the net cash plus the redemption fund amounted on March 1 to $42,714,840, and the redemption fund amounted to $47,165,816, how much was the net cash? It must have been just $4,450,974 less than nothing. In other words the surplus was gone; there wasn't any net cash, and the treasurer of the United States hadn't enough to meet his current liabilities by four and a half million dollars.

On Monday last the treasury gave out the statement that the surplus was $13,000,000, but as the redemption fund is now counted in the cash in the treasury this means that there is a deficit of over $30,000,000. Mr. Cannon's explanations about the reasons for the vastness of the appropriations become unimportant in view of the fact that the surplus has been wiped out, not only by reducing taxation but by increasing expenditures.

Mr. Cannon's figures were compiled in the treasury for a purpose, which was to give the reader the impression that the management of the finances by the republicans compares favorably with that of the democrats. Notice, therefore, the way he states the figures for two dates:

	March 1, 1889.	March 1, 1891.
Net cash balance in treasury.....	$48,036,158	$42,714,840
Fund held for the redemption of national bank notes	82,577,250	(*)
Total net cash, including national bank fund.....	$130,673,408	$42,714,840

*The fund held for redemption of national bank notes was deposited in the treasury and added to the general cash in July, 1890.

The first thing this shows is that in two years the republicans have spent $88,000,000 more than the revenue.

But why doesn't Mr. Cannon state the amount of the redemption fund on March 1? Simply because he had to take the whole of it to make up the cash deficit and leave an apparent "net cash balance." If he had stated that the redemption fund was $47,165,815, he would hav been obliged to confess that there was $4,450,975 less than no net cash balance at all. That is the fact he was trying to conceal.

While the population of the United States has increased 40 per cent., the expenditures of the government have increased 189 per cent.

No more silver dollars will be coined after July 1, owing to the fact that the silver law enacted by the last congress authorised the secretary of the treasury to discontinue the coinage at that time, with discretionary power to resume whenever it becomes necessary to redeem the silver certificates. The 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion purchased each month thereafter will be paid for in treasury notes. The mint will put in a big part of its time for quite a while after the first of July in recoining the mutilated and abraded fractional currency, now in the treasury, which amount to several millions of dollars. The total number of silver dollars now in existence is 397,000,000, of which 67,000,000 are in actual circulation, 306,000,000 are represented by silver certificates in circulation, and 24,000,000 are held by the treasury for which no certificates have even been issued.

While there is a dispute as to whether the United States senatorship in California, which has just been secured by Mr. Felton, was bought and paid for or not, there is no question in regard to the fact that the Pacific railroads have got another representative in the senate who will obey their commands at all times. Whatever money was expended to secure Felton's election doubtless came from the treasuries of these companies.

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?

NEW YORK, April 5.—Continuing his course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," Rev. Dr. Talmage today 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 expounder 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 today 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.

AGNOSTICS ATTACK THE VERY LIFE.

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, mental health, moral 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 judgment. 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 morphine and 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."

ALAS! FOR THE SORROWING.

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 goepel 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 right before us a world of reunion and ecstasy 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.

Have you heard of the conspiracy to put out all the lighthouses on the coast? Do you know that on a certain night of next month, Eddystone lighthouse, Bell Rock lighthouse, Sherryvore lighthouse, Montauk lighthouse, Hatteras lighthouse, New London lighthouse, Barnegat lighthouse, and the 640 lighthouses on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are to be extinguished? "Oh," you say, "what will become of the ships on that night? What will be the fate of the one million sailors following the sea? What will be the doom of the millions of passengers? Who will arise to put down such a conspiracy?" Every man, woman and child in America and the world. But that is only a fable. That is what infidelity is trying to do—put out all the lighthouses on the coast of eternity, letting the soul go up the "Narrows" of death with no light, no comfort, no peace—all that coast covered with the blackness of darkness. Instead of the great lighthouse, a glowworm of wit, a firefly of jocosity. Which do you like the better, O voyager for eternity, the firefly or the lighthouse?

What a mission infidelity has started on! The extinguishment of lighthouses, the breaking up of lifeboats, the dismissal of all the pilots, the turning of the inscription on your child's grave into a farce and a lie. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," chisel in hand, went through the land to cut out into plainer letters the half obliterated inscriptions on the tombstones, and it was a beautiful mission; but infidelity spends its time with hammer and chisel trying to cut out from the tombstones of your dead all the story of resurrection and heaven. It is the iconoclast of every village graveyard and of every city cemetery and of Westminster Abbey. Instead of Christian consolation for the dying, a freezing sneer. Instead of prayer a grimace. Instead of Paul's triumphant defiance of death, a going out you know not where, to stop you know not when, to do you know not what. That is infidelity.

THE FALSE PLEAS OF INFIDELITY.

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 shall cleave unto his wife." Not his wives, but his wife. How many wives did God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two she 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 plurality 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 today's 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 polygamy, for in the four hundred and thirty 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 Ziklag. 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 in all the empire married to the plainest Jewess was happier than the king in his marital misbehavior. How did Solomon get along with polygamy? Read his warnings in Proverbs; read his self disgust in Ecclesiastes. He throws 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 Persia, 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 abborred polygamy.

THE GLORY OF CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD.

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overcome of this plague of infidelity. Is the Bible the enemy of woman? Come into the picture gallery, the Louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see which pictures are the more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman; as perfect a woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red sea. Here is motherly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess halt, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight of a water lily, a dew drop dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth putting to shame all the modern slang about mothers-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile and death that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother. Ruth, the queen of the harvest fields. Ruth, the grandmother of David. Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. The story of her virtues and her life sacrifice is the most beautiful pastoral ever written. Here is Vashti defying the bacchanal of a thousand drunken lords, and Esther willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal fame gilding her philanthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ, the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple immortalized for her Christian behavior. Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes of all the ages, while here comes in slow of gait and with careful attendants and with especial honor and high favor, leaning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother, Grandmother Lois. Who has more worshipers today than any being that ever lived on earth except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform his first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the silence of the tomb, and tear off the shroud, and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkle faced woman, a woman who in other days had held him in her arms, his first friend, his last friend, as it is very apt to be, his mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Does the Bible antagonize woman?

A CALL FOR THE WITNESSES.

If the Bible is so antagonistic to woman, how do you account for the difference in woman's condition in China and Central Africa, and her condition in England and America? There is no difference except that which the Bible makes. In lands where there is no Bible she is hitched like a beast of burden to the plows, she carries the hod, she submits to indescribable indignities. She must be kept in a private apartment, and if she come forth she must be carefully hooded and religiously veiled as though it were a shame to be a woman. Do you not know that the very first thing the Bible does when it comes into a new country is to strike off the shackles of woman's serfdom? O woman, where are your chains today? Hold up both your arms and let us see your handcuffs. Oh, we see the handcuffs. They are bracelets of gold bestowed by husbandly or fatherly or brotherly or sisterly or loverly affection. Unloosen the warm robe from your neck, O woman, and let us see the yoke of your bondage. Oh, I find the yoke a carcenet of silver, or a string of carnelians, or a cluster of pearls, that must gall you very much. How bad you must all have it.

Since you put the Bible on your stand in the sitting room, has the Bible been to you, O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why is it that a woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you not go for comfort to some of the great infidel books, Spinoza's "Ethics," or Hume's "Natural History of Religion," or Paine's "Age of Reason," or Dedro's Dramas, or any one of the 260 volumes of Voltaire? No, the silly, deluded woman persists in hanging about the Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled," "All things work together for good," "Weeping may endure for a night," "I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still."

Furthermore, rather than invite I resist this plague of infidelity because it has wrought no positive good for the world and is always a hindrance. I ask you to mention the names of the merciful and the educational institutions which infidelity founded and is supporting, and has supported all the way through—institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet pronounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian commission, or the sanitary commission, for Christian George H. Stuart was the president of the one, and Christian Henry W. Bellows was the president of the other.

COMPARE THE HOSPITALS AND COLLEGES.

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 positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelberg, 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 imbecile; 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 is 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.

WHERE ARE YOUR FRUITS, AGNOSTICS?

"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 memorandum book and ask you 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 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."

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