

centre is the principal dome, fifty-eight feet in diameter, and eighty feet high, at each angle a smaller dome, surmounting a two-story apartment, twenty-seven feet in diameter. The light comes to this central apartment through double screens of white marble trellis-work of great beauty of design. This tempers the glare of the blinding sun of India. The effect of this subdued light on the beautiful stones of which the mosaic of vines and flowers is composed, bears the imagination away from the Hindoo burial-place to "the city that has no need of the sun, neither the moon," and whose foundations are "garnished with all manner of precious stones." In the centre of the dome of this wonderfully beautiful building, the softened light of the tropical sun falling gently upon their sleeping-place, these true, life-long lovers lie side by side. No other Emperor of India, it is said, has been buried beside a woman. There is a remarkable echo beside the tomb, which the natives in their superstition, think is the voice of the good gods who hover over the faithful pair who repose there. Akbar did not live to see his ideal finished, but his son completed the work which his father so lovingly began, and there, beside the Jumna River, stands this wonder of architectural beauty, the one only testimonial to a Hindoo woman of a true equality with manhood.

To the women of our own day, and in lands where Christianity has given them so many rights and privileges unknown to their Oriental sisters, it ought to be an added incentive to all grand and great things, that out of such darkness and degradation, one woman could rise to such a height of character, that it was the inspiration of a work which has elicited such emotions of delight and wonder from men of all climes and civilizations.

Says a recent traveller: "There are some subjects too sacred for analysis or even for words, and I now know that there is a human structure so exquisitely fine or unearthly as to lift it into this holy domain. Till the day I die, amid mountainstreams or moonlight strolls, when all that is most sacred, most elevated and most pure, recurs to shed its radiance upon the tranquil mind, there will be found among my treasures the memory of that lovely charm—the Taj Mahal."—*Advance*.

Mr. SPURGEON preaching at the Tabernacle a short time since, from the text: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," etc., began his discourse by remarking: "I was very greatly surprised the other day, in looking over the list of texts from which I have preached, to find that I have no record of ever having spoken from this verse. This is all the more singular, because I can truly say that it might be put in the forefront of all my volumes of discourses as the sole topic of my life's ministry."

DO GOOD.

We all might do good
Whether lowly or great;
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate,
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for heaven.

—Selected.

THE BIBLE.

Study it carefully,
Think of it prayerfully,
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell;
Slight not its history,
Ponder its mystery,
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith that's unfailling,
And love all prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life ever more.

With fervent devotion,
And thankful emotion,
Hear the blest welcome, respond to its call;
Life's purest oblation,
The heart's adoration,
Give to the Saviour, who died for us all.

May this message of love
From the Triune above,
To every nation and kindred be given,
Till the ransom'd shall raise
Joyous anthems of praise—
Loud Hallelujahs on earth and in heaven!

WHATEVER may be said of the merits of the arguments for Augustinianism, Jansenism and Calvinism, as against Pelagianism, Jesuitism and Arminianism, there is no escape from the fact that those views of religion which exalt the Divine energy, rather than those which insist chiefly on human duty, have always proved to be the most powerful in swaying the minds of men.—*British Quarterly Review*.

WHEN visiting a gentleman in England, I observed a fine canary. Admiring his beauty, the gentleman replied: "Yes, he is beautiful, but he has lost his voice. He used to be a fine singer, but I was in the habit of hanging his cage out of the window; the sparrows came around him with their incessant chirping; gradually he ceased to sing and learned their twitter, and now all that he can do is to twitter, twitter." Oh, how truly does this represent the case of many Christians! They used to delight in the songs of Zion; but they came into close association with those whose notes never rise so high, until at last, like the canary, they can do nothing but twitter, twitter.—*D. L. Moody*.