

to moral culture, Dr. Warneck finds on every hand the evidences of how much missions have done and are doing for *that*. Respect for human life, charity, moral purity, have all been taught where formerly principles exactly the opposite held sway. The human sacrifice and child-murder of Polynesia have passed away; and in India it is the mission which has opposed, and with success, polygamy, the evil of child-marriages, the sale of women, and the suttee. Then there is the moral action of the mission on female life, and its constant effort to raise the social standing of women—an influence of supreme importance. Dr. Warneck has shown with great force and clearness how the mission is really the best promoter of culture—not of culture in any narrow sense, as restricted to æsthetics or philosophy, but of that truest and noblest culture which is bound up with Christianity. His papers form a convincing answer to those, both in England and Germany. Who would decry the efficacy of Christian Missions in advancing civilization.

Beautiful Tribute to Women.

We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely women, but the following is the finest we ever read:—Place her among the flowers, toster her as a tiny plant and she is a thing of fancy. waywardness and folly, annoyed by a dewdrop, tressed by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or the rattle of a window sash at night, and is overcome by the perfume of the rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fibres of her heart, and mark her then! how strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of the battle—give her a child, a bird or anything to protect— and see

her in a relative instance, lifting her own hand as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for her own life to protect the helpless. transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune hurts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untried, in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

The Seven Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood, and yet it is a remarkable fact that ninety out of one hundred who might be asked the question could not name them. They are:—1. The pyramids—the mystery of the past, the enigma of the present, and the enduring for the future ages of the world. 2. The temple, the walls, and hanging gardens of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, and the residence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Nineveh. 3. The Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold, and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple which was seventy feet high. 4. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building and which was 425 ft. in length and 220 in breadth, and supported by 127 marble columns of the Ionic order, sixty feet high. 5. The Mausoleum at Helicarnassus, erected to the memory of Mausolus, the king of Caria, by his wife Art.