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"Oh," said Mr. Erwin, "I think I would just conclude with some kind of an appeal to come to Jesus. And perhaps I might cite one or two cases, either from my own knowledge, or from Scripture, of those who did come and were not disappointed.

(To be Continued.)

Pagodas.

It is not to China only that pagodas are confined, says the Builder's Journal. At Kew Gardens there is a large pagoda. It was erected in 1762 by Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. His own description of the pagoda as it appears in his work, "The Gardens and Buildings of Kew," is interesting. He says:—"The tower commonly called the Great Pagoda, was begun under the direction of William Chambers in the autumn of the year 1761, and covered in the spring of 1762. The design is an imitation of the Chinese Taa. The base is a regular octagon, 49 feet in diameter, and the pagoda is composed of ten stories, all of them octagonal in plan. The lowest is 26 feet in diameter, exclusive of the portico which surrounds it, and is 18 feet high. The second is 25 feet in diameter and 17 feet high, and all the rest diminish in diameter and height in the same arithmetical proportion to the ninth story, which is 18 feet in diameter and 18 feet high. The tenth story is 17 feet in diameter and with the covering 20 feet high, and the finishing on the top is 17 feet high, so that the whole structure from the base to the top of the 'Fleurion' is 163 feet." It is not generally known that at Osborne there is a garden cottage in the shape of a pagoda, where none may enter except Her Majesty. This cottage holds nothing but mementoes of the late Prince Consort and relics of the Queen's youth, as well as the toys and games of all her children, many of which the Prince Consort made himself. The pagoda at Pootah is the most curious in China, and is regarded with great veneration by the Chinese, for it is the only pagoda on which trees may be seen growing. The Chinese have a leaning pagoda at Ningpo.

Ventilate the Clothes Closet.

It is the usual thing to have one or more closets for clothing opening into each bedroom. Often these are in inner walls; that is, do not have a window opening out of doors, and are consequently dark, unventilated pockets. This is exceedingly objectionable for closets anywhere, and especially so for closets opening into a bedroom. An outer garment which has been worn for several days—the frock of the woman, the coat and trousers of the man—is taken up and hung up in this dark, unventilated box of a place. The garments are more or less impregnated, even with the most cleanly people, with effete matters which it is the function of the skin to remove from the body. These are of organic matter and must decay, adding impurities to the atmosphere. Where such closets already exist care at least may be taken to thoroughly air all clothing before putting it in the closet, and the closet door may be left open while the bedroom is being aired and sunned, as it should be for several hours each morning.—American Journal of health.

There are those who seem to think that there is a better and speedier way of bringing the world to Christ than by the plain, faithful preaching of the Gospel.

Mary Unwin.

It has been said that with the single exception of Shakespeare, Cowper is the English poet who has given the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Then he was, together with John Newton, the author of those wonderful "Olney Hymns," which have been sung all over the world. For her mentions that even Roman Catholics are laid to be seen sometimes poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of those hymns, while for himself he confesses that they come back from time to time unbidden into his mind. Why do I say all this? For these reasons: Cowper was a hopeless invalid; and it was a saintly lady named Mary Unwin who became a ministering angel to him; it was Mary Unwin who sweetened his life; it was Mary Unwin who suggested the first volume of his poems; it was Mary Unwin who nursed him for nearly twenty years; it is to Mary Unwin that the church owes a debt of gratitude which can never be forgotten. If you want to read something, I will not say pathetic, but pathos itself—read Cowper's lines addressed "To Mary." What constrained Mary Unwin to do all she did? She was not the most distant relative. Why did she sacrifice her life to brighten Cowper's? There is only this answer. It was love. "One of our most brilliant of modern story-tellers writes the story of that French woman who gave up every hope in life, sacrificed her youth her beauty, her prospects, and immured herself in a lonely cottage in Cornwall that she might alleviate, by a long-life ministry, the sorrows of her sister, who was a leper." Why? "Her sacrifice was love's necessity."—The Preacher's Magazine.

The Difference.

Some murmur when the sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

Trifles a Fruitful Source of Friction.

Altercation about trifles is a fruitful source of friction, and stock subjects of disputation beget a chronic "touchiness." One seldom convinces by an excited and voluble argument, and when a suspicion of temper appears—good-bye to success. Politeness compels a conciliatory manner, an open-minded hospitality to the views of others—which will be more effective if the object be to influence, rather than to vent our irritation.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Plants Require Plenty of Fresh Air.

Sometimes plants fail to do well because they are not given air enough. Plants breathe, just as human beings do, and unless they can have a sufficient amount of pure oxygen to answer the demands of their nature they will not grow, because they cannot grow. Make it a rule to admit cool, fresh air every pleasant day into the rooms in which your plants are growing. Very often plants fail to grow because they are small, young specimens which have been planted in large pots. Small plants are injured greatly by this treatment—indeed they are often killed by it, because their few, young, tender roots are not able to appropriate the nutriment contained in a large amount of earth, and, as a natural conse-

quence, the tender plants are overfed. They cannot digest all the food forced upon them, and vegetable dyspepsia results. Use small pots for small plants, and shift, from time to time, to larger sizes as the old pots are filled with roots.

Christian Science in Court.

The pope of Rome, in claiming for himself the prerogatives of the vicar of Christ, has made no such assertions of Christ's miraculous power as have been made by the Christian Scientists. Our contemporary, North and West, says: A Mrs. Holden has been brought into court as an expert Christian Scientist witness in the contest of a will in New York City. Some of her statements will be startling to those who have regarded that cult as a harmless hypnotic fad. She stated, under oath, that cancer, consumption and other diseases which have baffled medical science are curable by Christian Science. When asked by the lawyer whether she thought the raising of Lazarus from the dead was miraculous, she said she did not, but that it was simply a supreme manifestation of the love of God. Did Christian Science claim the power to raise the dead? "Christ did it. We believe that Christ was infinitely better and purer and had a far better understanding of the mercy of God than any one of these days. We believe that the power is the same." We must be prepared for the logic of the claim that Christian Science can raise the dead. The effluence of this cult will be followed by as speedy a decay.

Nobody ought to have the blues, girls least of all. And yet girls do suffer from moods of depression, and are miserable because they are misunderstood, or because their lives are vague and indefinite, or because they are hedged in by circumstances, and cannot see their way out. When we are young we cannot realize that we cannot force affairs as we choose; this is a lesson which we learn as we grow older. There is great peace in living for a single day as it comes.

How Ants Talk.

M. Ferel, a Frenchman, has discovered that ants converse in a language thus far known only to the world which dwells in ant-hills. The ingenious naturalist confined a large bunch of ants between two plates of glass separated by a rim of putty, and then on placing his ear against the glass he could hear what he claims to have been the conversation, or rather, the insects holding an indignation meeting. The sound was similar to that made by boiling water in an open vessel, although now and then a higher note would be struck by one or more of the ants. On applying a powerful magnifying glass, he discovered that at the side of the body of the insect there is a set of scales like the teeth of a saw, and with this the insect can make what the scientist described as a "terrible noise." The modulations of the ants' mode of expression were plainly heard by the scientist.

It is said that a young preacher, once desiring to get the opinion of Prof. Jowett as to a sermon he had preached, asked him what he thought of it. The professor looked at him a moment, and then slowly added: "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better sermons." That is a criticism not likely to be easily forgotten.