

shall be at least two Londons, receiving, distributing, and controlling the commerce of the world?

3. We can only add, that great cities are to be greater curses or greater blessings to mankind than they have yet been. Every conceivable element of influence is found in them; but all know that the actual influence put forth will correspond strictly to the character of governing minds. What vast benefit to the race would be the wealth, the talent, the industrial skill, of great cities, if they were swayed by the principle of righteousness! But we confess to serious apprehension that the history of cities in modern times, will be but a reproduction of their history in all ages. Wealth with us is already working out that luxury, licentiousness, indolence, selfish indifference to all interests, human and Divine, which more than once has overthrown the noblest cities of the world. There is a growing tendency in them all to neglect the places of prayer, and there is a fearful increase, every year, in vice and crime. The great want of cities now, as of man, wherever found, is that of a controlling religious sense. The salt of the Gospel alone can purify the fountains already so corrupt.

Who will pray for our cities? Who, dwelling in them, will labor for the triumph of the Gospel?—*American Pres.*

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

It is remarkable how a change of very great importance in our system of government was brought about by pure accident. The custom of the king's being present in a Cabinet Council of his ministers, which was the obvious, and had always been the usual state of things, was put an end to when the Hanoverian princes came to the throne, from their ignorance of the English language. The advantage thence resulting of ministers laying before the sovereign the result of their full and free deliberations—an advantage not at all originally contemplated—caused the custom to be continued, and so established, that it is most unlikely it should ever be changed.—*Dr. Whately.*

SEA GRANDEUR.

There is a peculiar charm about the sea; it is always the same, yet never monotonous. Mr. Gosse has well observed that you soon get tired of looking at the loveliest field, but never of the rolling waves. The secret, perhaps, is that the field does not seem alive; the sea is life abounding. Profoundly mysterious as the field is, with its countless forms of life, the aspect does not irresistibly and at once coerce the mind to think of subjects so mysterious and so awful as the aspect of the sea does—it carries with it no ineradicable associations of terror and awe, such as are borne in every murmur of old ocean, and thus is neither so terrible nor so suggestive. As we look from the cliffs, every wave has its history; every swell keeps up suspense; will it break now, or will it melt into that larger wave? And then the log which floats so aimlessly on its back, and now is carried under again, like a drowning wretch—is it the fragment of some ship which has struck miles and miles away, far from all help and all pity, unseen except of Heaven, and no messenger of its agony to earth except this log, which floats so buoyantly on the tide? We may weave some such tragic story, as we idly watch the fluctuating advance of the dark log; but whatever we weave, the story will not be wholly tragic, for the beauty and serenity of the scene are sure to assert their influences. O mighty and un-

fathomable sea! O terrible familiar! O grand and mysterious passion! In thy gentleness thou art terrible when sleep smiles on thy scarcely quiet-heaving breast; in thy wrath and thunder thou art beautiful! By the light of rising or of setting suns, in gray dawn or garish day, in twilight or in sullen storms of darkness, ever and everywhere beautiful; the poets have sung of thee, the painters have painted thee; but neither the song of the poet, nor the cunning of the painter's hand, has more than caught faint reflexes of thy incommunicable grandeur and loveliness inexhaustible!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MAGNITUDE OF A NEW YORK HOTEL.

The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel have published a description of their immense establishment, from which we quote a few statistics:—The St. Nicholas has a front of 275 feet on Broadway, and a depth of 200 feet, thus covering an area of one acre and a quarter in the most valuable part of the city. The building cost 1,200,000 dollars, and the entire cost of building, furniture, &c., was 1,900,000 dollars. The area of the front wall, which is of marble, is 13,000 feet. The building will accommodate 900 guests, and has frequently contained over 1,000. It was completely finished on the 1st of March, 1854. The number of rooms in the house is 600, all well lighted, and provided with hot and cold water. These include 100 complete suites of rooms, with baths, water-closets, &c., attached. The three largest dining-rooms in the house aggregate 9,000 superficial feet, and can accommodate 600 guests. The cost of the mirrors distributed about the house was 40,000 dollars, and of the silver-ware and plate 50,000 dollars. The proprietors are Messrs. J. P. Treadwell, J. P. Acker, Peter Acker, and Virgil Whitcomb. The number of servants averages during the year about 320. The hours for meals range through nearly the whole twenty-four, excepting from midnight to five o'clock, a. m. There is a regularly organised fire department in the building, with steam-power for forcing water to any portion of it. Eighteen plugs, with 200 feet of hose to each, enable the engineers to flood the building in six minutes from the time the alarm is sounded. The house consumes 18,000 to 30,000 feet of gas nightly from 2,500 burners. The gas is made on the premises. The laundry employs seventy-five laundresses, and can wash and iron 6,000 pieces per day. Steam is the great agent in this process, and is extensively used in the St. Nicholas for boiling, washing, mangling, drying, turning spits, heating water, &c. We are happy to learn that the talent and enterprise, as well as capital invested in this magnificent hotel, are being liberally rewarded. The proprietors are making both money and reputation.—*New York Mirror.*

OCCUPATION.

Occupation! occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent! rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters, that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present,