

SCOLDING.

Two thriving farmers, A and B, lived near neighbors, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness, etc. Each had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A proved to be a termagant, while that of B had not spoken petulantly since her marriage. These men were once in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the dinner horn from the house of Mr. A was sounded, and he said to B: "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture."

"I really wish," replied B, "that I could hear my wife scold as yours does for five minutes just to see how it would sound, for she has never uttered a crooked word since our marriage."

"O!" said A, "get for your wife a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forest to prepare his years supply of wood, he cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve so as to preserve it entire, and threw all such sticks in a separate pile subject to his order. When his old stock of wood was consumed, he collected an entire load of crooked sticks and deposited them at his door, and said nothing.

When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy; but the meal as usual, was well-cooked and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficent smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to him:

"Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted, and if you have any more like the last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had it fits round to pots and kettles so nicely."

SAFE TO STEER BY.

When the great Teacher first pronounced the memorable comparison of a good man with a conspicuous city, his eyes may have been looking to the ancient town of Shaphet, which stood upon a lofty elevation high above the waves of Galilee. It was in full sight, and seen from afar. It was as if He had said, "Ye are like yonder city of Shaphet set

upon a hill." That city is always there, always in one place, lifting its domes to the morning sun, and flashing back his evening rays from his high battlements. It is an object to take the compass by—an object of which the traveller from Syria and Lebanon may guide his steps. The fisherman, as he pushes his light shallop over the placid bosom of Genesereth, knows which way to steer his little craft, for yonder looms up Shaphet, the "city on a hill." The dwellers hard by knew which way was south, by looking out toward the lofty city. It was always on a hilly throne.

So it is with a man of Bible principle; he is a moral Saphat. Other men can steer by him. Other men often judge of the wisdom or rightfulness of things by the position which he occupies. He is on a hill—firm, well established, not seeking to be conspicuous, but yet not ashamed to be seen. It requires a sound conscience to be all this. It requires holy and consistent living. The controlling, and directing godliness of character is not attained but by prayer, watchfulness, self-denial, and careful walking with God.

LONDON.

Every one takes his own particular view of the metropolis. The antiquary, besides stately Westminster Abbey, the massive tower, and other old buildings, notes in nooks and corners things of great value which many would overlook. The man of commerce lingers amongst the vessels in the river—a fleet—the warehouse to which the products of world, of costly kind, have been brought, and takes an interest in buildings which may possess no great external attractions, but where operations are carried forward which have influence in shaking or establishing thrones and kingdoms. The military man, comparatively heedless of other matters, wanders to the neighboring arsenals, inspecting the vast stores of arms, the preparation of the munitions of war, and the making of those "arms of precision" which will pave the way, although by present deadly effects, to a more intelligent manner of contest between nations. The medical professor, the lawyer and the man of letters have each their peculiar views. The mechanist finds pleasure and instruction in spots which others would

pass over without note. The artist has his views. He sees the phases of this great life-mass according to the guidance of his fancy; and the tasteful architect, in his way, looks with feelings of mingled satisfaction and regret at the marvelous extent of the work of human hands which covers so many miles of space. Fewer look at it as a whole—as the home of nearly 3,000,000 of inhabitants, and as the great centre of the world's civilization.

Viewed from the highest points of sight from Highgate or Hamstead, the Monument, or the upper gullery of St. Paul's Cathedral, even when the atmosphere is clear, the extent of London is such that great districts teeming with life vanish into a hazy distance, which prevents any complete picture. Seen from over the dome of St. Paul's the appearance is singular. The men and women, the horses and carriages, appear like mere specks. The houses and buildings are dwarfed to the size of children's toys. That moving figure which looks like a pigmy in contrast with the great statues on Wren's church, may be a lord mayor of London, a capitalist whose means are boundless, a chief minister of state, or one of those lions of literature who have a world-wide fame. How small is the figure in comparison with the extent and movement around! How great is the praise due to those who, amongst such a multitude, rise to distinction! Many thoughts are caused by the sights presented from this spot, and the mind forms pictures of times gone by, running over 2000 years, during which the capital has been growing to its present size.

There are some sights in London which are familiar to most visitors. The venerable Abbey, the palace of the Parliament, the galleries of pictures, sculptures and antiquities, the parks, St. Paul's Gog and Magog, the Thames Tunnel, Greenwich Hospital, and the public offices, are looked at by most strangers, be they hurried as they may, and who generally leave in a bewildered state in consequence. Nor is this surprising, when these who have made the various parts of the metropolis a study for life, each day wonder afresh at its marvels. By constantly looking at it, the huge whole seems to expand, and important interests, powerful operations, which were at first invisible, become evident.

Like the ebb and flow of the tide,