

Under its influence we witness alike the elevation of the ocean into oscillating waves, and the fluctuation of the least ripple upon the surface of a bason of water—the eruption of a volcano, and the effervescence of a mixture—the spherical shape of the earth, and of the globules of quicksilver, scattered on a table—the rotation of a planet, and the opening of a tetotum—the limitation of the equatorial sea, and of the pendulum of a clock—the tremblings of Mount Vesuvius, and the vibrations of the Æolian harp. So you see upon a summer's morning, the verdure of the fields glittering with dew drops, as with oriental pearl; and in the house of mourning you see drop after drop distilled by sorrow, rolling, globule after globule down the cheek. Hence the Poet, without indulging in mere fiction, has justly and beautifully said,—

“That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course.”

“Man is fearfully, wonderfully made,” said a divine philosopher of old. But the hand of the same great artist is seen in the plants we eat and trample on. Like us, they resist putrefaction while they live. Like us, they maintain their temperature. Like us, they may be said to eat and drink. Like us, they have a vascular system carrying on an active circulation. Like us, they breathe. Like us, they propagate. Like us, they sleep. Like us, they shed their usefulness about them. Like us, they die. It is the immortal part of man, which alone exalts him above the tree that shades him.

When we thus behold the vegetable kingdom, equally as our own, imbued with the same characteristic properties of life, all contributing to the beauty of creation and

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