

means of which the thistles spread in myriads are due to degeneration of floral parts; the very instruments of man's punishment, the very goads that prick him to exertion, being thus, like himself, failures on the part of nature to reach an ideal perfection, and thus witnesses to him in nature of his own degradation and of the imperfection of his life. The thorns and thistles of the wilderness without are faithful emblems of the thorns and thistles of unsatisfied desires and unfulfilled hopes in the waste ground of the heart within. Their singular association with him, unwelcome as it is, is thus not altogether an unmixed evil. For, just as labor, the great curse of the world, has proved its greatest blessing, developing out of its cares, and toils, and duties the highest civilization of man—as the thistle itself develops out of its prickly stem and foliage a rich purple blossom of beauty—so in the ever-renewed contest which man is obliged to wage with those persistent invaders of his fields and gardens, so that his table is literally furnished in the presence of his foes, he acquires habits of patience, perseverance, and steady industry, and learns lessons which, if he will only pay heed to them, will make him wise for this world and the next.—*In "Two Worlds are Ours."*

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#### POWER OF THE MICROSCOPE.

LET me ask every gentleman here to look to-morrow morning at the unsharpened edge of his razor in order to form a distinct idea of what the one-thousandth part of an inch is. I suppose a thousand dull razor-edges put side by side might make an inch. Now, under our better present microscopes, how much breadth may such a razor's edge be made to appear to have? We can magnify the one-thousandth part of an inch to the breadth of three fingers, or, exactly speaking, to the length of that line (referring to colored diagrams exhibited on the platform). The one-thousandth part of an inch, or the dull edge of your razor magnified twenty-eight hundred times