

## THE MARVELS OF A SEED.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be plants yielding seed;" and it is further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signified all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest seed of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants, and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle of Geneva described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after, it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards,

when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergerac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies, there was found a small, square stone or brick with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps 1500 or 1700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them; and what do you think was seen to spring up from the dust of the dead? beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.—Gaussen.

SELFISHNESS.—"Selfishness always travels towards self. 'The selfish man says 'I will give nothing to foreign missions, I am in favor of home missions.' Ask him for home missions, he will then be in favor of associational missions. Ask him for this object, and he will be in favor of supporting his pastor. Ask him to support his pastor, and he will refuse, saying he must support his family."—[Biblical Recorder.]

There is nothing that God is so tender of as he is of his glory; and nothing that his heart is so much set upon as his glory; and therefore he will visit his suffering people in a prison, and feast them in a dungeon, transact with them in the fiery furnace, show kindness to them in a lion's den; so that every one may shout and cry, "Grace! unto it."