

veyed to the left auricle of the heart, thence to the left ventricle, whence it is taken by the pulmonary artery, which divides into two branches, leading to the lungs; there, by the action of the atmospheric air, it is vitalized or oxygenized; immediately the new-made blood is taken by innumerable vessels to the right auricle, thence to the right ventricle, where it is thrown into the aorta, and thence distributed by numerous arteries throughout the system—these terminate in veins, which return what remains of the blood to the heart, to go through the same process.

Who would suppose a similar elaboration takes place in the humble plant, upon which we tread with such lordly heedlessness?—When the seed is placed in the ground, the cotyledons or lobes impart moisture and oxygen to the heartlet, which sends forth two radicles, the ascending and descending; the descending is the root, which is composed of small fibres, to which is attached at their extremities small vessels, called spongioles; these spongioles are the proper roots or lacteals which absorb the blood, (water,) the water is conveyed by means of small vessels, the arteries, by which means nourishment is conveyed into every section of the plant—when the water arrives at the leaves, (which are the lungs,) it is oxygenized, as in the animal—from thence it is taken by another set of vessels, (the veins,) and carried down the trunk, between the cuticle and the inner bark. How striking and beautiful is this analogy!

MISCELLANEOUS.

VALUE OF LEARNING.

The skill of any liberal art is valuable as a handsome ornament, as a harmless divertisement, as a useful instrument upon occasions, as preferable to all other accomplishments and advantages of person or fortune—for who would not purchase any kind of such knowledge at any rate—who would sell it for any price—who would not choose rather to be deformed or impotent in his body, than to have a misshapen and weak mind—to have rather a lank purse than an empty brain—to have no title at all, than no worth to bear it out? If any would, he is not of Solomon's mind—for of wisdom, he saith—"The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,

and the gain thereof than fine gold—she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

The visible works of God speak to us with a commanding eloquence. The sun, that fountain of life and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty—the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams—the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament—the air giving breath to all things that live and move—the interchanges of light and darkness—the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitude of seasons—the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them—the bow bent—by the hands of the Most High—which compasseth the heavens above with a glorious circle—the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightening—the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals—the great and wide sea, with its innumerable inhabitants—all these instruct us in the mysteries of faith and the duties of morality.

THE SAINTS OF OLD OUR EXAMPLERS.

In their public privileges, they must, indeed, be like the stars, and dwell in constellated grandeur, far above our reach and measurement—companions only to each other,—Elijah, in his chariot of fire—Moses, on the heaven-enveloped Sinai—Job, herkening to God in the whirlwind—Jacob, met by the host of God, and John, traversing the new Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl. They are unapproachable—not one with us, and we not one with them. But Elijah, and Moses, and Job, and Jacob, and John, as followers of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation—in their tears and prayers, temptations and infirmities—yes and in their spiritual consolations and enjoyments, are our brethren and our friends, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Their God is our God; their Father, our Father: their Lord, our Lord.

CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Many a Christian, who is now a pillar of the temple of God in heaven, was on earth a bruised reed.