

being necessary for the reproduction of its species, what a remarkable provision is made for its preservation and succession! What but the wisdom of a Deity could have devised that the seeds which are most exposed to the ravages of the inhabitants of the forest, should not only be doubly, but some of them trebly enclosed! that those most in request as articles of food, should be so hardy and abundantly produced; and, that seeds in general which are the sort of so many casualties, and exposed to injury from such a variety of accidents, are possessed of a principle of lasting vitality, which alters it indeed no easy matter to deprive them their fructifying power. Plants are also multiplied and propagated by a variety of ways, which strengthen the provision made for their succession.

Nor is the finger of providence less visible in the means of diffusing or spreading abroad the seed, than in the provision made for keeping up their succession. The earth may be said to be full of the goodness of the Lord; but it comes it to pass that, in parts untrod by man, and on the tops of ruinous buildings, so many varied specimens of the vegetable creation are to be found?—Is it not from the manner in which Nature's great husbandman scatters his seeds about? While the seeds of some plants are made sufficiently heavy to fall down and settle up their abode nigh the place of their nativity; and others, after having been swallowed by quadrupeds, are deposited in the neighbourhood of soil; some are carried by the fowls of the air to places more remote, or being furnished with a soft plumage, are borne on the winds of heaven to the situations allotted for them. To prevent some from pitching too near, they are kept up in elastic cases, which bursting when they are ripe, the prisoners fly abroad in all directions: to prevent others from straying too far, they are furnished with a kind of grappling-hooks that arrest them in their flight, and attach them to the spot most congenial to their growth.—These are some of the doings of the Lord, and are wondrous in our eyes!

In the construction of plants we observe a considerable difference in the consistence of the three classes. Compared with the Shrubby tree, low hard, firm, and tenacious is the trunk of the majestic Oak; and compared with the herbaceous tribe, how woody, tough, and elastic is the hawthorn Twig;—but for this, how would the mighty monarch of the wood have been able to withstand the fury of the tempest;—and, while the more humble and lowly shrubs stand in need of such firmness of texture, their flexibility and elastic toughness, together with a prickly coat of mail by which they are enveloped, render them less susceptible of injury in their exposed situation.

Softness, united with a greater degree of flexibility, are the distinguishing characteristics of the herbaceous order; and has this been ordered for the various purposes for which they were created; with the firmness of trees, to support a prickly stubble must Nature's soft and downy carpet have given way? with the tenacity of Shrubs, how would it have answered for food for our cattle?

There are besides a number of other properties and peculiarities in the vegetable kingdom; which the wonderful working of Divinity makes pre-eminent.—How strange, for instance,

that if a seed is sown in a reversed position, the young root turns of itself downwards, while the stem refuses to sink deeper in the soil, and bends itself round to shoot up through the surface of the earth—How surprising, that when the roots of a tree or plant meet with a stone or other interruption in their progress underground they change their direction, and avoid it. How amazing, that the numerous shoots which branch out from the root in quest of moisture, pursue as it were by instinct the tract that leads to it,—will turn from a barren to a more fertile soil; and, that plants shut up in a darksome room, bend or creep to any aperture through which the rays of light may be admitted.

In these respects the vegetable tribes may be said to possess something analogous to animal life; but here the reser blanco does not drop—how surprising the phenomenon of what is called the sleep of plants, and the sexual system of Linnæus, founded on the discovery that there exists in the vegetable, as well as in the animal kingdom, a distinction of sexes.

What amazing variety of size, of shape, and of hue, do we discover among this multitudinous order of things!—What different properties do some possess from others!—and, what a near approach do a few make to that superior order immediately above them, in the scale of existence!—The Sensitive plant, when slightly touched, evinces something like the timidity of our harmless animals—the *Hedysarum Gyranz*, or moving plant of the east, exhibits an incessant and spontaneous movement of its leaves during the day, in warm and clear weather; but in the night season, and in the absence of light and heat, its motions cease, and it remains as it were in a state of quiescence—and the American *Venus Flytrap*, like an animal of prey, seems to lie in wait to catch the unwary insect.—These are wonderful properties of vegetable creation, but these are necessary in the infinitude of the works of God, as links to connect it with the order of animals, and preserve unbroken the most minute gradations in Nature's universal chain!

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

In last week's Publication, of your interesting JUVENILE ENTERTAINER, I saw some beautiful lines in the form of, or rather imitation of "SWEET HOME," which prompts me to send you the subsequent Lines, composed by a young Lady fifteen years old.

How vain are the pleasures this earth can afford,  
No happiness here, but is found in the Lord,  
In this valley of grief for a while I must roam,  
Till Christ, my Redeemer shall bid me come Home  
Home, home, Heaven my home,  
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

When anguish has ta'en its sad hold on my mind,  
O gracious Physician, still loving and kind,  
Heal all my backslidings, don't leave me alone,  
Lest I miss the path to sweet Heaven my home  
Home, home, Heaven my home,  
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

He loves me, though oft at his feet I complain  
Of sorrow of heart, and of bodily pain;  
He loves, for he's promised at Death he would come,  
And take me from Earth to sweet Heaven my home.  
Home, home, Heaven my home,  
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

Away all dejection, all doubt and all fear,  
The Saviour is mighty, and always is near;  
A few painful hours and the message will come,  
Now praise God for ever in Heaven your home.  
Home, home, Heaven my home,  
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.—This amiable poet was descended, on his father's side, from Lord Chancellor Cowper, and by his mother's side related to the witty and satirical poet, Dr. Donne. He was a child of a most meek and affectionate temper, and engaged the tender attentions of a fond mother, which her death upon receiving her portrait, which re-awakened all the tender feelings of his earliest years. Thus he describes her fond attentions.

"The nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere 't was left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plun:  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd,  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that new no fall;  
No'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks  
That humour interpos'd too often makes;  
And this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee, as my numbers may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,

Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little notice'd here.  
When nine years old, he was sent to Westminster School, where his natural meekness and bashfulness exposed him to the wanton cruelty of one of the elder boys, which made such an impression on his tender nerves as never could be eradicated.

'One day,' says Mr. Cowper, 'as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and at last ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, those words of the Psalmist came into my mind: 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirits, and a cheerfulness, which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity.—His gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me, if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me; but, alas! it was the first and last instance of the kind between infancy and manhood. The cruelty of this boy, which he had long practised in so secret a manner that no person suspected it, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and I was taken from it.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

PICTURE OF A FIELD OF BATTLE.

From the Cheap Magazine.

Gentlemen.

It was indeed a horrible detail that appeared in your December number, under the head of "Fatal Ambition," but the following description renders the picture more complete,