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 marvels and brilliant beauties hidden in each of the 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 *Linnæus* 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 at a later period he counted 60,000, then 80.000 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 sun flower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chesnut? 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 on the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh and beautiful plant.

Mr. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. 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 1 500 or 1,700 years before. These seeds were carefully sown by those who found them, and what do you think was seen to spring up from this 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, b English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it t British Museum. The librarian there h unfortunately broken it, discovered in it grains of wheat and one or two peas, o'd, kled, and as hard as stone. The peas were ed caretully under glass on the 4th of 1844, and at the end of thirty days thes seeds were seen to spring up into new li They had been buried probably about 3,000 ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had all that long time, apparently dead, yet living in the dust of the tomb.

Is not the springing of the seed an em of the resurrection of the dead? Accordi it is mentioned by the Apostle Paul, in 1 xv., where from the springing of the seed, h plains the doctrine of the resurrection unto —*Gaussen*

The Human Body.—When we have g some slight knowledge of the wondrous mec ism we name the body, how multitudinou combined actions, how easily the disturban one will affect the healthy action of the rest how recklessly we disregard the plainest of health, wonder at a few men having succu in the course of an intense intellectual life at once, and a new wonder emerges—wo that any man can live this life, and retai faculties in healthy activity. The very pres nance of the nervous system implies a pred nant activity, and this is liable to be stimu to excess by two potent tempters: ambi eager to jostle its way through energetic cro and fascination, which lies in intellectual l the brooding *storge* of creation, the passi persistence of research. These tempters men into excess. Men who live much b brain have seldom the courage to be pru seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vai significant words of warning become louder louder; in vain the head feels hot, the ear full of noises, the heart fluttering and thum the nights sleepless, the digestion miserabl perfect, the temper irritable: these are na warnings to desist, but they are disregar the object of ambition lures the victim on seduction of artistic creation, or of a truth dancing like a will-o'-wisp, incessantly s him; he will not pause—at length he ca pause, the excitement has become a fever flame that warms destroys him: madness an Sad this is, and would be infinitely sad if were no help for it, if the very glory and s dor of the intellect were necessarily allied infirmity and ruin. But it is not so. Men not transgress nature's laws without incu nature's penalties.

English Horses.—A writer in the *L Review* complains that the noble breed of English horses is becoming ruined. He s Our country, once famed for the best bre