

becomes the depository of various kinds of seeds, which are conveyed thither by the winds and waves. These, in their turn, germinate—produce plants, which, after answering the purpose of reproduction, decay and increase the richness of the soil. Thus, the surfaces of these coral masses are gradually covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and the graves of microscopic insects are converted into habitable islands. Very many of these islands are found in the South Pacific, where they are generally based on the craters of extinct sub-marine volcanoes.

In considering these constructions, we are impressed with the vastness of the result, and the insignificance of the workers. The structure is before us, but where is the architect? He is a mason, not only using stones for his building, but producing them. He knows nothing of cement or mortar—we hear no sound of hammer or chisel, see no plain or trowel, yet is the building firm as the flinty rocks. The architect has neither feet nor hands; he has no ear, tongue, nor eye, yet he builds on, and the result is before us. Truly he is an *invisible, silent architect*.

But we must not forget in looking at this subject, to acknowledge the agency of a Superior Power. We cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of the greatness and power of Him, who accomplishes such stupendous designs, and works through such feeble, insignificant instrumentalities. Truly they are a little race, but they do the bidding of a Mighty King, and show forth His wisdom, goodness, and power.

I cannot better conclude this little article than by inserting the following lines, by Mrs. Sigourney, on the Coral Insect. They may be familiar to all your readers, yet they are so fine that none will object to seeing them here.

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build on the tossing and treacherous main ;
 Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
 With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock ;
 Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
 And your arches spring up thro' the crested wave ;
 Ye're a puny race thus boldly to rear,
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,