

with the mountains on the west, and the winds blowing all the year from the east, the water which the wind wafts from the sea is carried almost across the continent ere it is discharged, and therefore is compelled to traverse the whole breadth of the land, on its return voyage by the rivers.—Such, accordingly, is the natural fertility of those regions, that when they shall be subdued and possessed by man, they may sustain a multitude almost equal to the present population of the world.

I have sometimes thought that the mountain range on the western brim of South America does for the cloud, what Death on the extreme edge of this world's life does for misers. Having sucked up the wealth from the earth and sea, they soar along, obliged to let down a few drops here and there, but keeping all they can, obeying the law of grip as simply and strongly as the Earth obeys the law of gravity; but when they strike upon the bare shoulder of that grand terminal Cordillera of Time they must let all their treasure go. The treasure, when the vessel which carried it is dissolved, obeying now another law of God, gushes backward by many channels, refreshing all the Continent in its reflux. Guineas are God's drops: and He can use the gatherer as he uses the cloud—to carry them to the place where they are wanted, and pour them out there.

I love rivers. A sweet little river was the companion of my childhood. It moved, and twisted, and sparkled, and chattered, and seemed to speak to me. It knew me well, for all the summer over I was in it every day, and sometimes almost all the day. Devoutly yet every year I make a pilgrimage to its banks, and revive my early friendship. Every river has its own character, and its distinguishing features. A fancy still lingers within me, that if you should carry me blindfold to the spot, and open my eyes on a square yard of that river's surface, I would recognize it, and it would recognize me. Its eddies dance about in their own way, not exactly like the way of other respectable streams. If I had been bred to reverence any of the powers of nature, the spirit of the rivers would have been my tutelary.—Fifteen years ago, I stood at the foot of the rock, and saw Niagara throw its giant drapery over my head; I seem yet to hear

its awful hum. Two years ago, I reached the Rhine bank for the first time late at night, and from a lofty view-point looked upon the stream, when the moon was striving with all her might to make up for the absence of her lord. It is something to have seen these two once in one's life.—I would willingly undergo the toil of travelling, if I were permitted to visit a few more of the hoary chiefs in the regions where they reign in equal majesty and mercy.—the Mississippi and the Amazon, the Nile and the Ganges. Flow on, flow on ye rivers, to the sea; and from the sea again feed all your fountains: from it, and to it, flow ye all. Rivers flowing from the sea, and flowing to it, ye remind me of created being in the aggregate, coming from the Infinite and returning to the Infinite. Of Him and to Him are all things.

(To be continued.)

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

“And I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.”
—Gen. ix. 16.

Nature again smiles, and emerges from beneath her watery covering. The promise of him who cannot lie is given, that a second flood shall no more destroy the earth.—And what is to be the sign,—the enduring remembrance-token? “I do set my bow in the cloud.” There it had been, perhaps, before, encircling the heavens with its belt of golden hues, but now, it was destined to awaken new thoughts, and to inspire grateful emotions in the heart of man.—now, it was to testify of God's promise,—to be a lasting memorial of His covenant through all generations. Often, as the stormy cloud should gather in the heavens, threatening to pour its pent-up waters on a sinful world, when the “bow” appeared, it was to be as the voice of God declaring, “the waters shall no more destroy all flesh.” Nay, in condescension to human weakness, the almighty was henceforth to regard it, as a remembrancer to Himself, of his gracious promise, “I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant.”

“The bow in the cloud” was a pledge of temporal blessings,—to the believer, it is also a striking type of spiritual. Is there no bow of promise which gilds another sky,