

till it utters in spreading verdure the visible green lyric of its joy. And the summer! Is it not the warm effluence of his breath that flows northward, and reveals the infinite goodness as it floats through the southern groves and fills the fruit with sweetness, thickens the sap of the sugar fields, nourishes the rice plains, feeds the energies of the temperate clime, blesses the hardy orchards and the struggling wheat and corn, and dies amid the everlasting ice, after completing the circuit of its mission in clothing the northern woods with life? And then the many-hued pomp of harvest comes, when the more rudy light and the gorgeous colouring repeat the joy of the Creator in the vast witnesses of His beneficence, and the tired fields yield to the labourers their ample bounty, and seem to whisper, 'Take, O children of men, and be grateful, until the course of this stupendous miracle is renewed.'

"If we could see the wheat woven by fairy spinners, apples rounded and painted and packed with juice by elfin fingers; or if the sky were a vast granary or provision store, from which our needs were supplied in response to verbal prayers, who could help cherishing a constant undertone of wonder at the miraculous forces that encircle us? But consider how much more amazing is the fact! Consider how, out of the same moisture, the various flowers are compounded; the dew that drops in the tropics is transmuted into the rich orange liquor and banana pulp, and sweet substance of the fig; the pomegranate stores itself with fine fragrance and savour from it; the various colours and qualities of the grape are drawn from it, and in the temperate orchards the rain is distilled in the dark arteries of trees—into the rich juice of the peach and the pear, the apple and the plum.

"When a travelling trixster pours several different liquors from one bottle into a cup for the spectators, it is called magical. Yet nature, not by deception, but actually, does pour for us one tasteless liquid into all the varieties in taste which the vegetable world supplies. If, by a miracle, kindred with that of Christ at Cana, a jar of water could be to-night converted within your houses into wholesome wine, could it be so admirable as the ways in which the vines make wine upon the hillside out of vapour and sunlight, at the bidding of God?"

These processes of nature are not less wonderful because of their regularity and constancy, though on these accounts we often fail to note their wondrousness, and to adore their Author. This is bad enough; but what shall we say of that cold, blind, atheistic philosophy, of which there is so much in the present day, which talks with wise look and learned phrase about nature's laws, and never lifts a loving, trustful, thankful eye and heart to nature's Infinite Lawgiver. Far from us be such a spirit!

"To God who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid. ALLELUIA!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings mildly bright,
In one consent unite your ALLELUIA!
Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests sing ALLELUIA!

This is the strain, the eternal strain the Lord Almighty loves,
This is the song, the heavenly song that Christ himself approves,
Wherefore we sing both heart and tongue awaking,
ALLELUIA!
And children's voices echo, answer making, ALLELUIA!

INFLUENCE OF AIR, LIGHT, AND EXERCISE ON THE ANIMAL ECONOMY.

It was long ago remarked by that celebrated chemist, Sir Humphrey Davy, that the composition of the atmosphere, in all situations where accurate tests had been applied, was found to be nearly the same. It has been examined as obtained from crowded cities, close streets and alleys, from the tops of mountains, from deep valleys, and from the surface of the ocean; in all cases the proportion of its nitrogen, oxygen and carbonic acid was almost identically the same; and yet it is certain that there exists in the atmosphere certain foreign matters in very minute proportions, which exercise very considerable influence on our health and that of live stock. Some of these substances, such as ammonia and nitric acid, are present in sufficient amount to be separated and determined by the chemist; but there are other substances too minute for him to determine their exact proportions. The aroma of flowers, the emanations from decomposing matters, though perceptible to our senses, are in great measure beyond even his powers; and yet these emanations are productive of the best or the most miserable effects upon the welfare of animal life. Why does typhus haunt certain localities? Why does cholera decimate the districts where decomposing organic matters add their impure emanations to the soil? Whence come the pallid cheeks of the well-fed citizen? Whence the ruddy hue of the ploughman and "his bairns," living often on scanty fare, it is true, but inhaling in their rustic cottage pure air and drinking bright wholesome