

we observe still a marked contrast. As to the sap-circulation provided for man, whether within or around him, behold it is very good: as to the sap-circulation provided by man, behold, as yet for the most part, it is very bad! Every time a navvie or a lecturer is suffused with perspiration, many miles of sewers are flushed, and the health of the system is thereby maintained: as a general rule, the sewers of our cities are never flushed except when nature inundates them by a shower.

The Psalms of David supply a formula for expressing the circulation of the world. "The waters stood above the mountains: . . . at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunders they hasted away. They go up by the mountains: they go down by the valleys into the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth."—(Psal. civ.) It is a wonderful hydraulic machine, and it never goes out of order.—How manifest its design; how skilful its contrivance; how mighty its power!

Here lies the earth, with its mountains and valleys, its islands and continents; but unless it be watered, it cannot become a habitation either for man or beast. There lies the sea alongside; but there the sea is useless to the dry land. Although an ocean three times the area of the land lies wettering all around it, the land will remain an unmitigated wilderness for want of water. It would be "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."—The earth could not arise and dip itself in the ocean every morning, and would not benefit by the bath although it were possible to take it. The sea, on the other hand, could not periodically rise and inundate the land; nor would the visitant be welcome although he were able to come.—They sometimes propose such an immersion as a sovereign remedy for the ills of Ireland; but I observe they are not Irishmen who prescribe that cure. Helpless and useless for the great purposes of life would both earth and ocean be, if each were imprisoned by gravitation in its own separate compartment. As well might you try to enclose a space by two straight lines, as expect to carry on the functions of comical life with only these two elements.—But there is no such defect in the construc-

tion of Nature's machinery, and no such halting in the movement of its wheels.—The air comes in as a Mediator between land and water, laying its hand on both, and enabling them to meet in peace. Behold the Trinity of Nature, and the redemption which it brings!

The function of the atmosphere is to mediate between the land and the water: the three links are formed into a circle, and the stream, not of electric fire, but of pure water, runs round the endless ring in a true perpetual motion. The air, heated by the sun, draws up into its bosom vast quantities of water from the ocean, carefully leaving all the salt behind. Indeed, that same air is very dainty in its tastes, and very skilful in gratifying them. It not only draws fresh water from the salt sea, but it distils for its own use the pure liquid from stagnant pools which men permit to fester round their dwellings, leaving all the filth behind for the punishment of those who allow it to accumulate. So the Sun of Righteousness bends down towards a polluted world, and draws up to heaven a multitude whom no man can number; but in the spiritual as well as in the physical updrawing "nothing shall enter that defileth." When, in the processes of the new covenant, the love of Christ draws a people to himself from the sea of wickedness, all the bitterness is left behind. As these stainless clouds that stud the bosom of the sky in the noon of a summer day were drawn from stagnant pools, and slimy, fetid rivers, and briny seas, so those risen saints, who stand round the Redeemer's throne in white, were taken from many a pit of sin, and made as pure as the heaven in which they dwell.

Look up to these clouds—these great water-carriers for a world; how joyously and jauntily they career along! The huge masses skip and whirl, and chase each other like lambs at play, neither wearied with the weight they bear, nor dizzy with the long look down. Here, for once, is perfect engineering applied to water-supply. No retaining walls are needed, and no sharp turns to keep the level. How softly they lie; how quickly they move; how gently they fall, where they are needed, and when! You are awakened from your first sleep by a rattling in the casement and a rumbling in the chimney. You rise and