

Seeks in the objects which around him rise
To hold communion with his God ! to trace
The wisdom, goodness, majesty, and love,
That clothed the lilies of the field, and twined
The simple diadem of buds and leaves,
So rich in their diversity of shade,
Round Nature's brow,—and o'er the rugged hills
Cast the light floating veil of purple haze,
Which harmonizes to its own soft hue
The broken precipice and barren heath.
Here admiration may have ample scope:
The spirit soaring upward drinks in light
From other worlds, and in the choral song
Of happy birds among the forest bowers,
Hears the seraphic and harmonious strains
That angels chant around the eternal throne !—
To him there is an anthem in the breeze,
A burst of triumph in the thunder's peal,
Which, slowly rolling through the troubled air,
Strikes man with terror, and yet praises God !—