

upon his boy. And that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken!

Nature instantly ebb'd again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on?—No! STERNE.

### ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold Him, and, with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,  
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If, better, thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn,  
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st,  
Moon, that now meet'st at the orient sun, now fliest  
With the fix'd stars in their orb that flies;  
And ye ye other wandering fires, that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breath soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow.