

That cultivation glories in are His.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
 Uninjured, with inimitable art;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

The Lord of all Himself through all diffused,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
 Nature is but a name for an effect,
 Whose cause is God. . . . One Spirit—His
 Who wore the platted thorns, with bleeding brows—
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or strain,
 Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues.
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
 The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.
 Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
 Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand
 In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

ADAM'S FIRST SENSATIONS.

As new waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat which with his beams the Sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling. All things smiled;
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb