

Yet some men would dare bind, the Infinite mind,
And decree that "the light of the world" is confined.
Thus divine love convicted, of being restricted,
Or less in atonement, than nature depicted.

Discrepancy strange ! quite beyond reason's range !
The immutable Holy One given to change ! !
And in singular mood, by his own acts withstood,
Arranging the evil, and setting forth good,
Although evidence high, in earth, air, and sky,
Proclaims goodness higher, and wider, and nigh.

All nature agreeing, mind cannot help seeing,
Design for delight, is the order of being,
As we farther explore, the mercy shines more ;
And the God of all grace, we in all things adore ;
Transparent in nature, in every feature,
And Gospel is " Gospel to every creature" JACOB SPENCE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

Ah ! tender form, ah ! lovely flower,
 Couldst thou no longer stay ?
Didst thou but in the morn of life
 Just bloom to fade away ?

Was nature's barren soil too coarse
 To rear thy tender form ?
Could not thy constitution bear
 Affliction's blighting storm ?

Did the keen frost of chilling death
 Thus soon thy winter bring,—
Strike with its withering touch thy roots
 Thus early in the spring ?

Farewell, transplanted is thy germ
 In richer soil on high ;
To reign with Jesus till we come,
 To bloom and never die.

Death's sting will thee no more annoy,
 Nor fever heat thy brow ;
Thou'lt drink the streams of life divine
 That from the Throne do flow.