

{The following Epitaph may perhaps be considered no improper accompaniment to the preceding Epistle. It was written many years since by an intimate and esteemed academic friend of our own sainted Father. We now publish from memory, and we believe it has never appeared in print.}]—EDITOR.

EPITAPH ON FOUR INFANTS.

*By the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of St. Mary's, Leicester..*

Bold infidelity ! turn pale and die !  
Beneath this stone four Infants' ashes lie ;  
Say, are they lost or saved ?  
*If Death's by Sin, they sinn'd, because they're here ;*  
*If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear ;*  
Reason ! ah how depraved !—  
Revere the Bible's sacred page,—the knot's untied ;  
They died for *Adam sinn'd*,—they live for *Jesus died*.

REFLECTIONS ON A SUMMER'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

*"Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God."*—JOB XXXVII, 14.

With the "wondrous works of God" before us—with such a variety of glorious scenes every where meeting the eye, all exhibiting the most perfect beauty, harmony, and wisdom—with the present matured bounties of nature obtruding themselves upon our contemplation—is it possible for human beings, gifted with knowledge, and endued with sensibility, to incur the rebuke of the prophet upon those who "regard not the works of the Lord, neither consider the operations of his hands?" Who is there, alive to such sensibilities, and with such present motives to their highest excitement, that will not unite in gratitude to Him who "maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice—who crowneth the year with his goodness,—who maketh the little hills rejoice on every side,—who clothes the pastures with flocks, and covers over the vallies with corn?"

In "the morning," when the spirit is fresh as the scenes which move its sweetest sensibilities, it is delightful to mark the abundance and the beauty of the works of God. Its incensed breath, diffusing health and gladness, accompanies the animating brightness of its early smile. It spreads a cheerfulness over every tenant of the world ; and whilst the dewy grass sparkles in the first beams of the day, and the foliage of the trees quivers joyously in the early breezes of the morning, the "beasts of the field" significantly declare their joy, and the "fowls of the air" warble their delight. Whilst, then, all the rest of the creation is plain and loud in the language of thankfulness, shall the tongue of man alone be dumb and tuneless ? shall his heart be dead—