

## Vices and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune

### THOUGHTS OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

A POEM, BY THE FOREST HARD.

To W. . . . L. . . . Esq.

*Most respectfully inscribed as a token of friendship and devoted affection.*

(Concluded from page 246.)

Not so the good man who reveres his Lord,  
Religion leads him with her silver cord;  
A cause he finds for every thing he sees,  
The creature-God, and God the creature please.  
No chilling doubt his quiet conscience draws,  
He knows all's God-made, yet seeks not His cause;  
He seeks a heaven, devoid of doubt or fear,  
Where virtue's vot'ries crown'd of glory wear;  
And when his summon's calls from earth away,  
He feels no fears, no trembling to obey;  
His soul is conscious of no coward fear,  
And trembles not death's signal tramp to hear.  
Firm in integrity his soul is found,  
And smiles to hear death's signal trumpet sound:  
He knows in heaven his Advocate will prove,  
A Christ of pity, and a Christ of love;  
A God of mercy, knows he'll meet in heaven,  
Repented, past, unwitting sins forgiven;  
This why impatient is he to away,  
This why he chafes his humble bonds of clay,  
He feels impatient of his thralldom here,  
And heaven's last trump is music in his ear;  
His eager soul, fain, fain would soar away,  
To tread the confines of eternal day:  
In heaven's bright court he fain would take his seat  
Where kindred spirits he is sure to meet;  
Too long, he thinks, his flight has been delayed,  
He thinks too long through life's rough paths he's stray'd;  
He waits death's passports, which he gladly greets,  
Then goes to tread Jerusalem's golden streets—  
God's praise to sing upon a sweet-toned lyre,  
In concert rich with the celestial choir;  
No humbling power attracts him still to earth,  
No plodding scheme he labours to give birth,  
Tho' standing on that brink where we may find  
Eternity's dread ocean roll behind:  
Her waves in gentlest murmurs lave his feet,  
No scowling tempest on its breast he'll meet;  
The mists of doubt and unbelief dispel,  
And faith's bright beacon on his view shall swell;  
Truth's lighthouse gleams where Christians oft resort,  
And guides his vessel to her destined port;  
The rocks and shoals of unbelief are pass'd,  
And death's bleak headlands come the worst, and last;  
But his tight vessel o'er the bar hath stood,  
And gained the bay, rides o'er a tranquil flood;  
No towering wave he fears will now o'erwhelm,  
He knows he's safe—religion's at the helm.  
Though in eternity's deep ocean should  
Oblivious rivers disembogue their flood,  
To sink beneath their waves he has no fears.  
For fame shall name him to succeeding years;  
To after ages shall his name descend,  
Bright in the mem'ry of a faithful friend,  
He whom RELIGION did by wisdom guide,  
In heaven will find her still his bosom's bride;  
This earth to lose, counts not the good man loss,  
To him are riches, equipages, dross;  
The friends he leaves, he gives an embrace sweet,  
Assured in heaven, the loved ones he will meet;  
Where each employ'd join with a sweet accord,  
As min'string angels on a gracious Lord,  
Oh! 'tis a glorious aim for heav'n to live,

For such a home life's toilsome years to give;  
The babes we cherish'd, and the long lov'd wife,  
All are transplanted from this land of strife—  
All met in heav'n, where faith her anthem sings,  
All happy subjects of the King of kings;  
No painful change, no chilling grief or woe,  
But blessings glorious which from glory flow;  
In vain the human eye would contemplate  
The radiant glories of this heavenly state.  
Vain is the mocking luxury of art,  
The fading splendor of a canker'd heart,  
Or regal grandeur, which a throne may wear,  
With heaven's least tithes of glory can't compare;  
The sweetest hymns that to earth's sons belong,  
Or softest notes of instrumental song;  
May not compare, tho' joy each oft inspires  
With the rich strains which thrill from angels lyres.  
Nor yet is this a fading changing scene,  
That time might tell of what it once hath been;  
Oh, no! the pride of art may fast decay,  
And earthly splendour, too, may fade away;  
Proud architectures crumble into dust,  
Or grandeur waste before devouring rust;  
The moth may, not o'er some gorgeo scene,  
The worm may sport where beauty once hath been,  
And e'en satiety may weary grow,  
For newness wish, or sigh for change of show;  
And riot stall'd, at last the feast refuse,  
Though still perplex'd what new-born vice to choose,  
And pleasure loathe, aye, loathe e'en to decay,  
The scenes once loved, but long since pass'd away:  
But 'tis not so with those bright heavenly joys,  
Which time ne'er surfeits, nor which years destroys;  
All heaven's joys are sure, they are not few,  
Tho' ages form'd, yet still are ever new;  
Those eyes may weary that earth's pageant sees,  
Here still behold some newborn scene to please;  
Still some new scenes before our optics roll,  
The mind to cheer, and to delight the soul;  
Scene joined to scene of grand magnificence,  
Outvies earth's splendour or its vast expense;  
The Omnipotent's throne, whose pearly robes enfold  
Resplendent pillars of the purest gold,  
There milk and honey from each stream distils,  
And flow'rs with fragrance every arcade fills;  
Each breath that blows o'er the celestial plain  
Seems clothed in music of the softest strain;  
A balmy odour o'er the landscape moves,  
That is distilling from ten thousand groves;  
Transparent fruits, rich, clust'ring, woo to eat,  
Bright dropping gems lie limped at the feet;  
A resting couch invites the weary there,  
Which Ganges' eyneet down could not compare;  
These are unbought by those by whom unpriced,  
But are the blessings of the heirs with Christ;  
Nor these alone vain would my pen essay  
The Christian's rest, the Christian's home pourtray;  
The scene surpasses far the creatures thought  
That science gives us, or that earth has taught;  
One moment there repays for years of pain,  
Makes earth no loss, but, heav'n acquired, a gain.  
But where's this heaven which Christians so much prize?  
Is it located in yon azure skies?  
No. Where then? where? in yon bright orb of gold  
Where glittering spires the morning's birth unfold?  
Is it yon bright, yon silver lamp of night  
That gilds the landscape with her mellow light?  
Is it those gems yon azure vault that deck,  
Like living pearls the broad expanse that speak?  
No: none of these are heaven—they too must waste;  
When earth consumes they too shall be displaced;  
When final judgment its dire mandate hurls,  
They too must perish in the wreck of worlds.  
Is it where lightnings flash, or thunders growl?  
Whence tempests spring, or where the whirlwinds howl?