

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

MY WIFE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

When leaning on thy gentle bosom, dearest,
My troubled brow, in peace can rest awhile,
When thy loved voice my drooping spirit cheerest,
My heart, unforced, can bid my lip to smile,
Thy loved embrace, each moment growth dearer,
Thy melting kiss, wreathed round love's holy shrine,
My heart to thine, then nestling, closer, nearer,
Doth bless the hour: the God that made thee mine.

Oh then in vain, the world's frowns fall around me,
They cannot drive me from my duty's path,
I scorn them all since thy strong love hath bound me,
I can defy, earth's direst tempest wrath.

Thy virtuous firmness oft hath been my tower,
When leaguering sins have hardly 'gainst me striven,
Thy humble meekness: woman's love, the power [heaven]
That wooed my heart, from earth-born thoughts, to—

Tho' fashion friends, in pompous pride may slight us,
Because that we're undignified by fame,
While love is ours, their scorn can never fright us,
Life's wealth is ours; and too, an honest name;
Thy love hath wrought, as woman's love doth ever,
My spirits shield against the ills of life,
And oft my heart doth deeply bless the Giver,
That lent thee, me, my loved, my gentle wife.

Then for the gifts a gracious God hath given,
Our lips we'll oft employ in grateful praise,
Nor let our hearts by lucre love be riven,
From Him whose smile hath gladdened all our days,
And from the past some useful lesson finding,
We'll ever pray our lives in love may run,
Affection pure our hearts still closer binding,
On earth, in heaven, in life, in death, still one.

LEFROY, March, 1857.

For the Gospel Tribune.

THE HOUR IS COME.

Behold the hour is come,
The hinge of man's salvation;
The victory o'er sin;
The crucifixion:
The rending of the veil;
The goal of expiation:
The seal of love to man,
Christ's condemnation.

The heavens lowering, scowl,
As in bursting wrath to sweep
Creation from her course,
Vengeance thus to reap.
The earth in terror quaked,
Its narrow homes displaying;
The rocks asunder rend,
In horror yawning.

Men, blind in 'nighted zeal,
While heaven's arch is frowning;
Thirst for the life of Life,
Revenge invoking;
Their King who came to save—
To snatch them from destruction,
They buffet, taunt, and scoff
In mock devotion.

The calm, seraphic brow
Of Him in Bethlehem-born,
His foes in scendish glee
Tare with mangling thorns;

Of blood baptized he sinks
To finish the atonement;
That flood dissolves the links
Of man's enslavement.

For the Gospel Tribune.

'TIS GLORIOUS TO BE OLD.

BY D. J. WALLACE.

I look upon the young, and think
How much of joy is theirs;
How many nectar draughts they drink;
How free from grief and cares I
I see them treading lightly on,
Their hearts too full to hold
Their brimming bliss, and then I sigh,
" 'Tis misery to be old!"

I look upon the middle-aged—
Their brows are somewhat dark;
I trace slight furrows gathering there,
Time's onward march to mark.
The mirth and joyousness of youth
No longer I behold;—
I would not blame them if they thought
'Twas dreary to be old.

I look upon my feeble frame,
And view each palsied limb;
My hair is silvered o'er with years;
My eyes are growing dim.
The fountains of my heart, that gushed
So freely once, are cold;
'Tis then I think age hath no joys,
And sigh that I am old.

But when I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And all the trials I have passed
Present themselves again;
When I by faith behold on high
My weary spirit's fold;
Earth's pleasure's fade, and then I know
'Tis glorious to be old!

IONA, Elgin Co., C. W.

SATURDAY NIGHT

When all our week-day toil is o'er,
And evening softly glideth in,
And hushed is labor's busy hum,
The Sabbath doth begin.

It matters not what laws decree,
Or how the doctors wise decide;
We feel the Sabbath is begun,
Our work is laid aside.

All other evenings bring their cares,
Our restless thoughts keep laboring on;—
To-morrow's dawn will wake to toil,
Our rest will soon be gone.

But now, the business of the week
Is finished, and the sweet repose
Of coming Sabbath rest begins,
And time serenely flows.

We lay our dusty garments by,
Resigh ourselves to balmy sleep;—
No visions of to-morrow's cares
Among our slumbers creep.

Or if a thought of morrow comes,
While floating to the land of dreams,
It is a soothing thought, and one
Of Sabbath's golden gleams.

What quiet rapture fills the soul,
When, like a whisper, soft and clear,
Some strain of distant music falls
Upon the listening ear.

So sweetly float among our thoughts
The Sabbath scenes that soon shall rise,
To cheer the Pilgrim hastening on
His journey to the skies.