

Views and Doings of Individuals.

LINES

WRITTEN FEBRUARY 1855.

"I will cause the arrogance of the proud to cease, and I will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible.—Is. xiii. ii.

The armament most formidable for,
And most effective sent against the Czar,
Was that of JOSEPH STRUOE, and Friends of his,
Whose batteries were formed of prayers and sighs.
They at *St. Petersburg, Sevastopol,*
Where fortified ambition reigneth full
Of haughty self-sufficiency and range—
Did set themselves down seriously in siege,
Before the fortress of the imperial heart;
And min'd it quietly in the christian art.
Truth's quick and powerful trumpet there they blew,
Soft were its peals at first—their echoes grew
More loud and louder still as they withdrew
Behold their parallels of faith and hope,
And from their trenches peace and love look'd up.
The shells invisible which there they fired
Were terribly destructive. Thoughts inspir'd
By God's own voice, rose o'er the citadel
Fort NICOLAS; and in its centre fell;
There, bursting, rent the imperial lust of power,
Its dome ignited—burning every hour—
That lofty stronghold, soon to be no more.

Thus worketh God. By means of feeble things
He shakes the hearts and brains of mighty kings.
Proud arrogance he withers with a blow.
Friends, fools were deem'd, tho' kings and priests to God;
Enlisting legions from His high abode;
Elishas fiery cavalry employed,
And more than Russian regiments destroyed.
Thus worketh God: Five plain and faithful men
Went to the *Neva*, and returned in vain.
In vain by moral power they sought for praise;
But not in vain look'd for God's righteousness;
The *Euxine* winds let loose—war, pest and snow;
Heaven's ire fill'd hospitals and homes with woe.

Communicated.

For the Gospel Tribune.

LIFE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

A cloud, then a sunbeam, a storm then a calm,
A smile, then a tear, then a laugh, then a sigh,
'Tis strange what a medley to mortals I am
As I tardily move, or I sweep swiftly by.
An up, then a down, then a joy, then a woe,
A hope, then a fear, now desire, now a care,
A love, then a hate, an embrace, a blow,
A beam and a frown, I alternately wear.

A light, then a gloom, now a fall, now a rise,
A laugh of pure pleasure, a chorus of woe,
A song of sweet mirth, then a concert of sighs,
Or a gush of delight 'mid the heart's currents flow.
There is wealth and there's want, there is honor and shame,
There is ease and there's toil, there is peace and there's strife,
Content, and desire; 'tis not all in a name;
The ups and the downs of this varying life.

A barque on the billows; a tempest toss'd sea,
A ship on the breast of a sweet sylvan lake;
A captive in thralldom that fain would be free,
A freeman that oft traces slavery's wake.
A tedium, a bustle, a tarry, a haste,
A dark disappointment, a smile of success;
A substance, a shadow, a phantom that's chased,
A varying vane is this life—nothing less.

'Tis the seed of the future, the fruit of the past,
A mortal existence, prede-tined to die;
The mould where past, present, and future are cast,
The chart of the grave where the ashes must lie;
'Tis a brook's gentle babble—a torrent's wild war,
A flower that's withered—a rosebud in bloom,
'Tis a wave that is dash'd on eternity's shore,
Then sunk to its rest in the courts of the tomb.

What is life? Ask the soul in her probate to tell?
She whispers, 'tis time in its earthly career,
The pathway to heaven, the gateway to hell;
The space God allots of my tarrying here.
'Tis the period he saith mercy's banner may wave,
'Tis the time while his saints here their tribute shall bring,
Then use it till faith shall have conquered the grave,
And works shall have robbed pallid death of his sting.
AURORA, June 1855.

IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.

While in the city of Hamilton a few weeks ago, in the Store of Robert Hopkins Esq, I had occasion to inquire for his friend Mr. William Watson. Looking at me very earnestly Mr. H. replied—he is dead—and his wife also—they both died on the 27th of June last, now nearly a year ago. On anxiously requesting the particulars Mr. H. proceeded. "Last summer while the *cholera* raged so violently in our city, I was attacked by the dreadful scourge and brought by it close to the gates of death. My friend was with me and when my symptoms indicated a return to life—bowed in prayer he offered up thanksgivings to God. The next evening he and his dear wife were both attacked—about midnight his loved one died in the full hope of a glorious immortality. Three men were now rubbing his own tortured body which was rapidly being prepared for the narrow house. At his request a friend brought to him his little daughter and placed her on his knee. Before her the father set life and death explaining to her the natural state of every sinner, and the fearful hazard she must run in passing through a world lying in wickedness; and then with much earnestness directed her attention to Jesus as her only refuge—then informing her that her mother lay dead in the other room, and that her father would very soon be dead also, he took her hands in his, and in fervent prayer pled with the Lord his God in behalf of his trembling little one, so soon to be left without a father as she was already without a mother, to meet all the difficulties that beset her path, without a parents care or guidance; yet under the beaming eye of ONE who had said that He was a Father to the fatherless—to whom his lonely child could look up and assert with the confidence of the Psalmist, "when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Thus having committed his child to the care of its Heavenly Father; he next with singular thoughtfulness directed a friend to hand him his pocket book. From it he took out three pounds, and handed one to each of the men who had so kindly endeavoured by rubbing his limbs to lessen the intensity of his sufferings. This incident is of value as a pleasing illustration of the genuine