

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

GOSPEL FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

When the heart is lone and the spirit sad ;
When the brow is clouded with hoding care ;
When the soul in despondency's robes is clad,
And crush'd with the anguish of wild despair ;
'Tis then that we seek in the world in vain
For a city or refuge where we can flee :
No haven is found, on life's chequered plain,
'Mongst the crumbling halls of mortality

Oh no ! 'Tis in vain we seek the shrine
Where the world in its worship is bowing low,
In the temple of pleasure, a wreath to twine
Round the heart that is smitten with cankering woe.
Could friendship but speak, as of yore she could,
When in youth, from ambition's bondage free,
We might hope ; but with gold she hath mingled her blood,
And is now but a child of mortality.

If a stranger to God then the soul be found,
Unknown to the worship of praises or prayer,
From the moorings of hope will the barque be unbound,
And sink in the Scylla of dark despair.
Nought but wild desolation then covers our path,
From which we in vain vain would shrink from or flee :
The sin-stricken soul bends to merited wrath,
As it breaks from the links of mortality.

But oh there is one who hath call'd us afar,
Though our hearts are with sin like to crimson dyed,
Bereft of each hope, look to BETHLEHEM'S STAR,
And a faithful and true friend will be at our side—
A friend ? I say a true friend, when rest of each other—
Scared away in the hour of adversity's frown,
He comes, and closer he cleaves than a brother,
And gives for our mortal, an immortal crown.

BARRIE, Co. Simcoe, Dec. 1856.

For the Gospel Tribune.

THE PENITENT'S APPEAL.

BY D. J. WALLACE.

O Thou, whose piercing eye doth scan
The farthest bounds of space !
Instruct thine erring creature, man,
The path of Right to trace.
In sin and ignorance he treads,
If uninformed by Thee,
A gloomy path, where nothing sheds
One ray of certainty !

And must he wander on in night,
Untutored and uncheered
By Thee, O ! Thou great Source of light,
At whose command he appeared ?
Hast Thou not, by almighty force,
Him into being brought ?
And art Thou not the first great Source
Of Life, and Light, and Thought ?

And wilt, Oh ! wilt Thou then forsake
The work of thy decree ;
Nor into Thy protection take
Earth's sons who fly to thee ?
O, hast Thou not in kindness said
Thou hearest the raven's cry ?
And since they're by Thy bounty fed
Shall man Thy creature die ?

Direct him, then, in paths of right,
And guide his wayward feet
By Thine own uncreated might,
Till he, with Thee, shall meet.
Refine his soul, now darkened by
The stains of earthly sin ;
Bid all unholy passions fly,
And dwell thyself within.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE UNITED METHODIST EPYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

At Brucefield, Stanley, C. W., on the 23rd Nov., died Mr. James McDonald, aged 102. His wife, 100 years old, still survives him: they had lived together eighty-one years—more than the promised period allotted to man upon the earth. Mr. McDonald was born in Urquhart, Inverness-shire, Scotland. At an early age he entered the army—was engaged in the war—taken prisoner at Boston and sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where being released, he remained for eight years in the army. From Halifax he went to Pictou in charge of a party sent thither to colonize. Soon after, a congregation being formed at Pictou under the ministry of the Revd., afterwards Dr. McGregor of the Secession Church, he was appointed at the age of twenty-five an Elder, and continued so till the day of his death. He was well-known and highly useful in Nova Scotia. He was in the habit of conducting prayer-meetings on the Sabbaths before a Minister was settled in that part of the country, and subsequently, in the absence of the minister. In these exercises, and in all things indeed, pertaining to the church, he took a deep interest; and in attending to them often underwent, and that too cheerfully, great bodily fatigue. By all the people around he was looked up to as a leader, and was deservedly held in high esteem. In many respects Mr. James McDonald was a very remarkable man, and one whose example the present generation would do well to follow. He was a great reader, having in his house when consumed by fire, a very considerable library. The books which he preferred, and indeed the only books which he would read, were books of solid, sound divinity; and thus as was to be expected, he became an intelligent, and withal a devout man. One very striking excellence in the deceased was that he seemed more anxious in regard to the future than the present—more anxious to lay up treasures in heaven than upon earth. He began early, and maintained to the last the worship of God in his family. His conduct was, uniformly, highly consistent with the profession of religion which he made: he delighted in, and sought after the society of ministers. The late Dr. McGregor, of Pictou, one of whose elders he long was, was a great favorite with him; he would scarcely let it be said that there was any minister so good as he was.

His death was, as became such a life, calm and tranquil; and as Providence ordered it, it took place on the Sabbath evening. He passed away without a struggle. He was in his usual health up till the