

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

DEATH.

BY THE FOREST BIRD.

Mysterious change! what terrors clothe thy brow,
As verging on eternity we stand,
Cloth'd in no mortal guise, we view thee now
With iron sceptre in thy wan right hand.
Thou art, say what? the fiat of thy God—
The great specific for the aching heart,
A withering breath that sweeps o'er earth abroad—
Tell, million, tell—aye, tell us what thou art.

Art thou the forfeit of unchecked desire?
God's retribution of delinquent man,
Nature's long sleep, or death's eternal hire,
The consummation of creation's plan?
Thy pow'r how vast, how vengeful is thy wrath,
Thy course as trackless as the wind's wild way,
And yet dost God define thy devious path,
Direct thy goings, or command thy stay.

Insatiate victor! thine's a ruthless part;
To still the pulse, to clog the wheels of life,
To quail the life blood of the beating heart,
And grapple nature in unequal strife,
Whose heart but pal-ies when he hears thy tread,
Whose soul but quivers 'neath thy ghastly bre. 'th,
Brave tho' he were, yet heroism's fled
At the stern presence of the King of death.

Disrobed mortality, embodied here,
By fancy's fiction—dreadful sacrifice;
Nature exclaims that man was bought too dear
If for its pleasures death must be the price!
Now startled conscience from her stupor wakes
And shrieks to find her numbered years had fled,
With frantic pray'r on mercy's ear she breaks
To grant her respite from thy presence dread.

The dying Christian, as thou drawest near,
Altho' no guilt with palor shades his face,
A moment shrinks, they chariot wheels to hear,
He longs, yet dreads, to sink in thy embrace,
Still not supinely doth he shun the strife,
Tho' seraph's hail him from a friendly shore,
But bravely battles for the God gift life
Till one deep quiver tells the struggle o'er.

The dark soul'd Deist hears thy coming tread
And quails to enter on the dark unknown,
His bounding succors, his empty courage fled,
Have left the wretch extended and alone;
The panorama of eternity
Doth spectral terror with her wand unroll!
Aghast he gazes, and he fain would flee
For now too late, he finds he has a soul.

The warrior hero, at his country's call
Forgets that tho' man's 'st snip his valor's crest
As swiftly winged upon the fated call
You hear the bullet to his beating breast,
His valliant heart ne'er travails with a fear
Where felching cannon's loud toned thunders break,
Yet, can thy breath perchance condense a tear,
At least a palor on that manly cheek.

The hoary sinner own's thee with a sigh,
In failing hearing, and in sight grown dim,
Thy heralds tell him that thou'rt drawn nigh,
In waning senses and in palsied limb
His staff is broken, round the tomb he reels,
"Jesus!" he cries, "Oh, am I quite forgot?"
But, Ah, Omnipotence, his sentence peals,
"The door is closed," "depart, I know you not."

Yet death, thou hast not told us what thou art,
Whence is thy pow'r to snap life's silver chain,
To freeze the warm tide in the beating heart
And rend mortality's bright links in twain,
To tear the loved ones from our arms away,
To pluck the flow'r now withered past perfume,
To wrest the spirit from its cot of clay
And blight the rose-bud bursting into bloom.

Art thou that pow'r by which just heaven wreaks
Its wrath on man for his inconstancy?
Art thou—stay! hark! Eternal Wisdom speaks—
Death is the portal of Eternity.
The portal! Ah, the my try now is solved,
The mystic fear that caused the soul to shrink,
That nature (from her very law,) absolved
That almost bade her to forget to think.

'Tis done, 'tis done, the doubts are now dispelled,
The gloomy clouds (around the heart,) withdrawn
'Gainst which in pride it oftentimes rebelled;
A silver day spring now begins to dawn,
Yet, Oh, what gloomy shadows here surround
This dark veiled gateway to the Eternal's throne,
Commencean horrors hath the arcade crown'd,
One silver ray of light hath lit alone.

Religion, with a crystal lustre stands,
The Word, like vestments round her form doth play,
And points (a golden sceptre in her hands,)
The wearied pilgrim to the "narrow way;"
He enters, and the mystic ford is pass'd,
He finds his spirit in his flight is free,
'Tis his, the conquest of the grave at last,
Elysian pleasures and Eternity.

AURORA, August, 1855.

For the Gospel Tribune.

THE LIGHT IN WHICH THE CANADA BAPTIST UNION IS VIEWED BY OUR REGULAR BRETHREN.

As certain remarks of the editor of the *Christian Messenger*, who seems to think, in the name of his brethren, manifest sad misconception of the nature and design of the C. B. U., perhaps a few observations may assist him and his readers to a better understanding.

The first remark I shall notice runs as follows: "This Union (viz., the C. B. U.) which the *Montreal Witness* presumes is formed on the open Com. basis: and which is certainly not a Union of Regular Baptists, as they themselves allow."

Was it fair in the editor to give his readers the presumptions of the *Montreal Witness*, when he could have easily had our own explanation of the nature of our organization? It is true he is not bound to read the *Tribune*; but if he meant to treat us fairly, not to say brotherly, he was bound to give our own explanation in preference to the presumptions of any stranger, if that was within his reach. Had he consulted a short article commencing on page 331 of the *Tribune* he would have seen that the basis of our Union is no more open than it is close. It may be the Close brethren will refuse to identify themselves with the Union—that will be their blame; the door is set wide open. He says, we ourselves allow our Union is not a Regular Baptist Union. He will please to be corrected here; for we assure him most