

## Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune

### FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

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

I strike the numbers of an humble lute,  
That but for friendship's breath had still been mute;  
No noble song my harp hath gift to bring,  
But friendship's anthems at her shrine would sing:  
Friendship! a form that phantom-like doth flee,  
How seldom found? yet have I found in thee—  
In thee unpurchased, priceless as the light  
That glads the soul, and pales the brow of night.  
High o'er earth's treasure mounts its wealth above  
The life of hope, the eloquence of love;  
Then judge me not presumptuous when I pay  
This humble tribute of a humbler lay:  
E'en tho' the world with lofty scorn regard  
The fameless offering of an obscure bard.

Perhaps the rich some nobler gift might bring,  
Than is the song a bard's wild harp would sing;  
Some prouder gift might tell of their respect,  
Some gaudy gem that beauty's breast hath deck'd;  
Some glittering prize disburs'd from arts array,  
Wealth might delight to worth in homage pay;  
But mine adorned thus may not appear,  
Yet still believe the tribute is sincere.

Accept thou then a bard's untutor'd lay,  
Who hath no gift of nobler worth to pay;  
Would that I had, that fame had been more kind,  
And o'er my low one laurel wreath had twined;  
Not for myself I'd pray her smile to see,  
But then my song were worthier of thee:  
Accept it, and perchance when years have sped,  
When thou art old, and my frail spirit's fled,  
Some line may then recall without regret,  
Those hours when we in friendship's temple met;  
Perchance awhile thou mayst delight to dwell  
With all the charms of memory's magic spell,  
Upon the numbers of a fameless bard,  
Whom thou hast bless'd with brother's fond regard;  
And o'er his urn thou too perchance mayst shed  
One tear—a tribute to the spirit fled:  
'Tis all I ask from fame with such as thee,  
That friendship's shrine my monument should be:  
Thus bless'd, my shade (if shades approach that shrine)  
Would hover near expectantly for thine.  
And thus would I this ode to friendship prove  
A votive offering of eternal love;  
Accept the guerdon, which few else may claim,  
In life unchanging, and in death the same;  
Fame yet perchance may richer quarterings yield,  
Whose bright emblazon on the poet's shield,  
May gild his harp and bid his heart rejoice,  
Then thou, I know, will not withhold thy voice;  
And I again may tune my harp for thee,  
And bid it sing a simple melody;  
Or, if some muse translated from this sphere,  
In kindness might (should I by chance be near,  
As she departed to some holier throng,  
More highly gifted with the soul of song)  
Bequeath her mantle charged with lyric fire,  
And with new life endow my feeble lyre;  
Then might I tune my harp for thee once more,  
In magic song to sing the days of yore;  
And taught by thee in friendship's holy art,  
Sing of the deathless love of friendship's heart.

B. . . . March, 1856.

FOREST BARD.

[The reply to Rev. W. Fraser in the last *Tribune* should have been credited to Francis Malcolm.]

### PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The Life of the venerable WILLIAM CLOWES, one of the Founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. By John Davison, London; Thomas King, Sutton Street.

This is a book of very great interest to such as delight in marking the progress of an earnest and resolute Christian, in his efforts to work out the problem of duty in the midst of extraordinary difficulties—fighting his way inch by inch against the venom and rage of earth and hell—securing great triumphs through faith and prayer—turning thousands from sin unto God through the foolishness of preaching; and ceasing not, till he has established and consolidated a new and formidable army to do battle upon earth for the Lord of Hosts. The perusal of the book has afforded the writer of this notice much real pleasure and satisfaction, and greatly increased his interest in the movements of his Primitive Methodist brethren. May they never want a Clowes to strengthen their hands in the work of the Lord.

### THE WAY OF PEACE.

Peace is not to be found by an attempt to change the historical fact that you have sinned, or by forgetting it.

Peace is not to be found by driving serious impressions from your minds.

Peace is not to be found by mingling in gay scenes, and by attempting to divert the mind from the contemplation of such subjects as sin, death, the grave, eternity.

Peace is not to be found by embracing any false views of religion, or any doctrines which deny the fact of human guilt and danger.

Peace is found only by making a simple, honest, frank, and full confession of sin to God whose law has been violated, and against whom the wrong has been done.

Peace is to be found by obtaining from him a full and free pardon: from *Him*—not from any *man* pretending to speak in his name.

Peace is to be found in some way in which it can be seen that pardon is not inconsistent with justice—that mercy is not at war with truth—that compassion for the sinner is not inconsistent with hatred of his sin—and that the forgiveness and salvation of any number of offenders is not inconsistent with the stability of just government, and the maintenance of the honour of law.

All these conditions, we think, meet in that plan revealed in the gospel by which "God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus;" and to him who is penitent, and who believes in that gospel, the Saviour, not in mockery, but in sincerity, says now as he did to the penitent female, "Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace."—*Mr. Barnes' Way to Salvation.*

### NIGHT.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of the earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature, decay and re-production ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of sand in the great hour-glass of time.—*Fugitive.*