

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

AUTUMN.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

The flowers are fading, the landscape looks sad ;
And nature no longer is ghastrous and gay ;
The forests are stripped of the bright robes they had,
And their garlands are withering and fading away.
On the cold lap of earth, nature's spoils are decaying,
The leaves of the wildwood, the gems of the glen,
And the hour-e winds, in sport, are their requiem-playing,
THAT DUST UNTO DUST, IS RETURNING AGAIN.

The hills all seem dress'd in a sad dusky wreathing,
The fields, stripp'd of verdure, look barren and brown,
And the caroling song-birds, their farewell are breathing,
And nature seems dress'd in her widowhood's gown ;
'Tis the last song of summer, and sadly she's singing,
As she heralds the steps of her hoary compeer,
Who with cold-biting, bleak breath and swift steeps is winging
His path, (crown'd with ice-locks) and soon will be here.

Like a sage, towards the tomb, now the year is fast bending,
It goes as its kindred for ages hath gone,
Scarred and wrinkled the pilgrim his pilgrimage ending,
In his chariot is swiftly and silently drawn:
Sore torured by trials and earth-born mutations,
He smirks not to gaze on eternity's shore,
But, in his last throes, offers God an oblation,
And rejoices, for him time will soon be no more.

Meet emblem of man, ever varying—changing,
His life like a medley of sunshine and clouds !
Youth—a bright golden morning—a maiden arranging
The bright locks, that even's dark tempest enshrouds ;
Youth first, like the spring tide on flower beds cooling,
The manhood's deep cares ; tells his summerhood here,
And autumn the pilgrim of grey hairs is wooing
Winter's advent to close his life's care-harrowed years.

Barrie, October, 1856.

For the Gospel Tribune.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY D. J. WALLACE.

PART I.

How calm the bosom of the glorious main,
As morn's first rays upon its surface dance ;
The eye sees naught but an unbounded plain,
Without a wave upon its broad expanse :
Eolus chained, or slumbering in a trance,
Breathes not a breath upon the waveless sea ;
And gentle Zephyrus, fearing to advance,
Or place her footsteps where they should not be,
Dies on the shore, or hides within some leafy tree.

Within the harbour floats a little bark—
Its anchor up, and all its canvass spread,—
Each eye is waiting anxiously to mark
A movement in the snowy sails o'erhead :
Away across the ocean's bluey bed
Their destin'd harbour lies—but lo ! a breeze
Has fill'd the sails—the land has from them fled ;
And now, exultingly, they ride at ease
Upon the placid bosom of the boundless seas.

'Tis noon—the sun pours down a flood of light
And heat upon the waters ruffled breast ;

The wind blows stiffly now, and, in its flight,
Streaks the bold waves with many a foamy crest :
The billows bound along, as when from rest
Disturb'd, the wild and timid deer doth start,
Leaping o'er trunks of fallen trees, the waste
Of time's devastating hand, with throbbing heart,
As though it even felt the hunter's piercing dart.

Toss'd by the winds, the bark is driven on,
Bounding and dashing through the foamy deep ;
All traces of the distant shore are gone—
Its rocks and hills, behind the watery heap
That intervene, repose in silent sleep :
The mariner has reefed his sails, and still
The vessel groans, the masts bend low and creak,
While, overhead, the sea-gull's cry so shrill,
Is heard—a gloomy omen of approaching ill,

'Tis night : Egyptian darkness gathers o'er
The surface of the boiling sea ; the wild
And howling winds, with loud and deafening roar,
Plough up the angry main, leaving it piled
In high and lofty mountains ; sometimes filed
Like mighty giants in continuous line ;
The thunder roars—lightning, the storm-god's child,
Flashes around, making the welkin shiver,
Revealing rocks that peer above the foamy brine.

Wildly the fragile bark is dash'd along
Amid the unseen rocks beneath the wave ;
The tempest rages fiercer still— and strong
Must be the vessel that hath power to brave
The terrors of the storm ; but naught can save
That fated one ;—the lightnings flash—ahead
A fearful rock is seen—the waters rave
Around its base—nearer the bark is led ;—
It strikes, and all on board sleep in the ocean bed.

PART II.

And such is human life : we launch our bark
Upon the sea of life without a fear
That storms or clouds will ever rise to dark
The skies, that bright, with morning beams, appear.
Before our rapturous vision all is clear ;
No dashing waves disturb the ocean's rest ;
No murmuring sound of ripple on the ear
Disturbs the brow, or whispers to the breast
A fear by which the bounding heart may be depress'd.

Ah ! little think we, when we spread youth's sails,
And wide unfurl them to the passing breeze,
Of all the scowling storms and fitful gales
That wait for us upon life's open seas !
Joy dances over all we see ; youth breathes
Forth gentle zephyrs, bland as opening Spring's ;
And Hope, with light and fairy fingers, wreathes
Around the heart her wild imaginings,
And cheers us with the songs that o'er our way she sings.

See, by yon cottage-door, the mirthful boy,
With curling locks, with wild and sportive eye,
He wanders in a Paradise of joy,
Where moments, filled with bliss, are hastening by ;
What golden castles builds he in the sky,
Peopled with pure and fairy forms, that, bright
As the first glance from morning's beaming eye,
Wake in his hoping heart the wild delight
That glads his soul, as morning glads the earth with light.

O life, thou, from thine open hand dost pour
Upon the young a flood of happiness,
And flowers innumerable dost scatter o'er
A path where nothing seems to smile save bliss !
Thou hast a charmed cup for none, I wis,
Except the young, who innocent, who free
From worldly thoughts and useless vanities,
Enjoy, awhile, pure happiness with thee ;—
Theirs is the bark that wants to launch upon the sea.