

Views and Doings of Individuals.

The early appearance of the September *Tribune* deprives its pages of a contribution from the *Forest Bard*; a circumstance which certainly demands this explanation. The protracted silence of the *Tribune* in relation to its Bard, is leading many to enquire who is he? The class of readers who urge this inquiry, and the manner in which the question is pressed, confirm the publisher in his first impression, that the reputation of the "*Forest Bard*" is safe in his own keeping. His present exuberant wildness of imagination is rather a favourable indication than otherwise as he is yet a young man.

The touching simplicity of the following, as found in the *Citizen of the World*, has secured for it the place it here occupies.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

In a large old house, with two kind aunts,
The little Marian dwelt;
And a happy child she was, I ween,
For though at times she felt
That playmates would be better far
Than either birds or flowers,
Yet her kind old aunts, and story books,
Soothed many lonely hours.

Her favorite haunt, in the summer-time,
Was a large old apple-tree;
And oft amid the boughs she sat,
With her pet book on her knee.
The "*Pilgrim's Progress*" was its name,
And Marian loved it much;
It is, indeed, a glorious book,
There are not many such!

She read it in her little bed,
Beside the winter fire,
And in summer time in the apple-tree,
As though she would never tire.

But, unexplained, 'tis just the book
To puzzle the young brain;
And the poor child had no kind friend,
Its meaning to explain.

For though her aunts were very kind,
They were not otherwise,
And only said, "Don't read so, child,
I'm sure you'll spoil your eyes."

But Marian still went reading on,
And visions strange and wild
Began to fill the little head
Of the lonely, dreaming child;
For she thought that Christian and his wife,
And all their children too,
Had left behind their pleasant home,
And done what she must do.

"I'll take my Bible," said the child,
"And seek the road to Heaven;
I'll try to find the Wicket Gate,
And hope to be forgiven."

I wish my aunts would go with me,
But 'tis in vain to ask;
They are so deaf, and rather lame,
They'd think it quite a task.

No! I must go alone, I see,
So I'll not let them know;
Or, like poor Christian's friends, they'll say,
"My dear, you must not go."

But I must wait till some grand scheme
Can all their thoughts engage;
And then I'll leave my pleasant home,
And go on pilgrimage."

She had not waited long, before,
One fine autumnal day,
She saw the large old coach arrive,
To take her aunts away.
"We're going out to spend the day,"
The two old ladies said;
"We mean to visit Mrs. Blair—
Poor soul!—she's ill in bed."

"But, Marian, you must stay at home,
For the lady's ill, you see;
You can have your dinner, if you like,
In the large old apple-tree,
And play in the garden all the day,
Quite happy and content."
A few more parting words were said,
And off the ladies went.

The servants, too, were all engaged;
"The day is come at last,"
Said Marian, "but oh, I wish,
My pilgrimage was past."
She knelt beside the apple-tree,
And for God's assistance prayed;
Then, with her basket in her hand,
Forth tripped the little maid.

Behind the house where Marian dwelt,
Far off in the distant lay
A high steep hill, which the sun at morn
Tinged with its earliest ray.
"Difficulty" was its rightful name,
The child had often thought;
Towards this hill she turned her steps,
With hopeful visions fraught.

The flowers seemed to welcome her,
'Twas a lovely autumn morn,
The little lark sang merrily,
Above the waving corn.
"Ah, little lark, you sing," said she,
"On your early pilgrimage;
I, too, will sing, for pleasant thoughts
Should now my mind engage."

In clear sweet strains she sang a hymn,
And tripped lightly on her way;
Until a pool of soft thick mud
Across her pathway lay.
"This is the Slough of Despond," she cried,
But she bravely ventured through;
And safely reached the other side,
But she lost one little shoe.

On an old gray stone she sat her down,
To eat some fruit and bread;
Then took her little Bible out,
And a cheering psalm she read.
Then with fresh hope she journeyed on,
For many miles away;
And she reached the bottom of the hill,
Before the close of day.

She clambered up the steep ascent,
Though faint and weary too;
But firmly did our Marian keep
Her purpose still in view.

"I'm glad, at least, the arbour's past,"
Said the little tired soul;
"I'm sure I should have sat me down,
And lost my little roll!"
On the high hill-top she stands at last,
And our weary Pilgrim sees