

Light—light from its Eternal source,
 Is bursting on the soul—
 And who can stay its bright'ning course,
 Its peaceful march controul?
 In vain the wicked rage—in vain
 Oppressors strain to bind,
 And from its high career detain,
 The pure immortal mind!

We see in Erin's tearful eye
 The dawn of Freedom's day :
 We know the glorious hour is nigh
 When truth the world shall sway.
 We hear a mild convincing voice,
 We see a thousand smiles,—
 We know that earth will yet rejoice,
 With all her ocean isles!

A crusade, not of blood and tears,
 Have all the good begun,
 And there shall be in after years,
 A sacred triumph won.
 A song shall rise on every shore,
 A sound on every sea—
 ' We swear to bow to vice no more,
 For Truth has made us free! "

"THE FEMALE SEX."

A Lecture, delivered in the St. John Mechanics' Institute, by WILLIAM THOS. WISHART.

WE have been somewhat interested in the perusal of a small pamphlet, bearing the above title, from the press of J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B. The writer has long been known as a popular lecturer and author of several essays on topics of modern literature. The work before us bears the stamp of originality, if nothing more. The female character, its capabilities and deficiencies, with ideas for its improvement, is discussed in a most novel manner, and we are not sure that the author has glanced widely from the truth. He premises that women are important from their numbers, as they comprise more than half of the human race, and are therefore entitled to weighty consideration. Taking this view of the matter, he proceeds to the analyzation of their character, its intellectual ability and comparative endowments. To give our readers an idea of the style employed in this criticism of the Female Sex, we extract his remarks on their position in the middle ages, and their claim to the devotion of that period :—

"A prominent fact in the story of the middle ages is, the devotion that was paid to the female sex. This was a leading characteristic of chivalry, and it was unlike anything that had existed before. An ingenious writer attributes this to what he calls *Mariolatry*, or the worship of the Virgin.