

PERANCE LEAGUE composed of abstainers of all classes, would do good. If those who drink will assist by their money, or names, or by an association among themselves, except of them, but could not truth with error, or temperance with intemperance.

## The Literary Gem.

SPEAK BOLDLY

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOYKNE.

Speak boldly, Freeman! while to-day  
The strife is raging fierce and high,  
Gird on the armour while ye may,  
In holy deeds to win or die.  
The Age is Truth's wide battle-field,  
The day is struggling with the Night,  
For Freedom hath again revealed  
A Marathon of holy right.

Speak boldly, Hero! while the foe  
Treads onward with his iron heel;  
Strike steady with a giant blow,  
And flash aloft the polish'd steel.  
Be true, O Hero! to thy trust;  
Man and thy God both look to thee!  
Be true or sink away to dust—  
Be true or hence to darkness flee.

Speak boldly, Prophet! let the fire  
Of Heaven come down on altars curst,  
Where Baal priests and seers conspire  
To pay their bloody homage first.

Be true, O Prophet! Let thy tongue  
Speak fearless, for the words are thine;  
Words that by morning stars were sung,  
And angels hymned in strains divine.

Speak boldly, Poet! Let thy pen  
Be nerve'd with fire that may not die;  
Speak for the rights of bleeding men  
(Who look to Heaven with tearful eye).  
Be true, O Poet! Let thy name  
Be honor'd where the weak have trod,  
And in the summit of thy fame,  
Be true to Man! Be true to God!

Speak boldly, Brothers! Wake and come,  
The Anakin are pressing on;  
In Freedom's strife be never dumb—  
Gird flashing blades till all is won!  
Be true, O Brothers! Truth is strong—  
The foe shall sink beneath the word—  
While love and bliss shall thrill the song  
That Truth to Man is Truth to God.

### EXPEDIENCY AND TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The saying and belief that in politics and love, truth and unswerving honesty are not to be, and are not observed, are as old as the hills of Rome. Thousands and tens of thousands in all ages and countries have acted upon this policy—all things are right that insure success in politics.—PRINCIPLES TO THE WINDS!! Many an empire has been reared—many a creed and religion established—and many a man has arrived at supposed fame, by worshipping at the shrine of success, and throwing principle and eternal justice and truth overboard. Thousands are now acting, and will continue to act on this principle of expediency. Whilst truth is obliged to admit all this in human conduct, yet the deep thinking and observing mind will not fail to see, in what has occurred in past ages, as well as in what is passing in the events of the world around, that this line of conduct, this yielding to vice, and putting right and truth in the back ground, eventually heaps coals of fire on the head of him who pursues and is guilty of it. That God in his Providential government of the world brings such wicked machinations of the human heart to naught, is evident if we believe the prophetic warnings of the Old and New Testaments. All the great empires of antiquity were governed in the main by injustice, and had their origin in violence over the weak—in robbery of the helpless, though rightful oppressed. Look at the conduct of the Egyptians to the laboring Hebrews, and the end of such conduct. Look at the rise and end of the Assyrian and Persian empires—at the kingdom of Macedon—at the fates of the Grecian, Carthaginian, and Roman republics, and especially at the varied desolations and misfortunes of Judea. When these nations became vicious, sacrificed virtue to vice, acted unjustly, they commenced a downward career. What is founded in iniquity will come to naught. At the close of the American revolutionary war, a grand chance was presented to American patriots to carry out the great principles of truth and right, for which they fought and shed their blood for seven long years. The foundation of their Declaration of Independence was, that all men are BORN FREE AND EQUAL, and have a right to pursue happiness, possess liberty and property in the utmost freedom. Yet, with these self-evident truths staring them in the face, and for which the dearest blood of America drenched its soil—her statesmen and patriots deliberately, from motives of expediency, yielded to the South the right to enslave millions of the human race and darken the sun of freedom and independence, by making the American Federal Constitution, recognize the right of property in human creatures,—the right of one man to enslave another. Had these patriots taken at that time a bold and manly stand, the South would have yielded, truth would have prevailed. Other counsels, however, prevailed, and as a consequence this truckling to expediency has, on several occasions nearly destroyed the Union, and must be set aside. Posterity must set it right, and God's justice rise triumphant. What should have been done in 1783 (that is the passage of an Act for the gradual or immediate emancipation of the slaves,) will have to be done voluntarily or by Congress within the period of this generation. The Mahometan religion (founded in fraud and deception), will in a hundred years more, be a matter of record. Napoleon Bonaparte's schemes all failed by his want of principle. His great act of injustice to his wife Josephine, (done through motives of expediency,) fell upon his head like the weight of death!! It cursed him and will continue to curse his memory forever. His nephew has ascended a throne by fraud and deception, by a grand political scheme of expediency, and his destiny is coming fast. Five, ten, or more years may pass over him, but his end is fixed in time, and his power will soon see the night of eternal death. The power of the British nation in the East Indies for the same reason, (now permitted by God for some hidden reason), will fall sooner than many think. The book of Revelation portrays in terrible language, a mighty religious curse or hierarchy, that was to afflict the pure church of Christ and the human family, for

thousands of years. That religious hierarchy is one of EXPEDIENCY, not of LIGHT, ETERNAL TRUTH, AND JUSTICE; and as sure as that the sun rises and sets, it will come to naught. On its ruins truth and virtue will rise, phoenix like, triumphant!! As it is with mightier things so it is with smaller ones. The man or party, who for temporary success forsakes principle, avowed truthful doctrines, will meet a reward in ultimate defeat and disgrace. His grand ideas will be overruled, and he will bite the dust of repentance. In 1836, and until 1840, the party in Upper Canada called the "Family Compact" was powerful, proud, and apparently successful. Where are they now? A thing to write about in history! It is possible, and eminently proper that all public men can, and should be consistent. Politicians need not be dishonest. All can be done in a spirit of truth; but the moment injustice is attempted, then the rule of expediency comes, and has to be carried out. One wrong leads to another. God has not so made this world that truth cannot govern it. Truth is the natural—vice the artificial and unnatural. Expediency is an offspring of vice; and if we believe in a God, it is wrong where it is resorted to, for vicious and selfish purposes. The political party now in power in Canada, is to a great extent, acting in view of expediency, and if such a policy be persevered in, (we fear it is even now too late to turn back to consistency,) it will be hurled by the people into oblivion. Let no man in private or in association tamper with expediency, court the wrong to ensure individual or party success.

(ORIGINAL.)

### LOOK ON THE RUGGED CROSS

Child of mortality! bruised and broken,  
What are thy griefs to the woes He hath shared?  
Look on the rugged cross, look on the token,  
God hath himself for thy ransom prepared.

Wand'ring and weary one, compassed by sorrow,  
Heart-stricken pilgrim endure to the last;  
What tho' the night be dark, soon dawns the morrow,  
It shall repay all the toils of the past.

What tho' the tempest-cloud gather around thee,  
And the fierce thunderbolts blind with their glare;  
Age, the temptations alluring confound thee,  
Look to the rugged cross, safety is there.

Once was the Lamb offer'd, once and for ever,  
Lowly and humble, yet mighty to save;  
Now mayest thou mock at the cruel deceiver,  
Jesus hath triumphed o'er hell and the grave.

Look on the rugged cross, He who was crucified,  
Encircled in glory shall speedily come;  
Then by his precious blood—if thou art justified,  
Sweet will the summons be, Pilgrim come home!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. West.

### THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF LAKE SIMCOE.

The following verses from an esteemed poet and contributor, SYLVICOLA, which, like all his productions, are good, strongly remind us of our impressions whilst passing over Lake Simcoe last summer, in the evening. There is a pureness, mirror-like clearness, and smoothness about this beautiful sheet of water, which cannot fail to strike the imaginative mind. It is also studded in some parts with beautiful small islands, some of them called INDIAN ISLANDS, on account of the remnant of a tribe still living on one of them. The lake is narrow and much landlocked, which prevents it from being much agitated with winds. It is surrounded with rather low banks, covered with the verdure of the everlasting forest. In some places these banks rise to the height of fifty feet. In patches the forests are broken into, and beautiful farms appear, exhibiting their orchards and abundant harvests. When the sun is setting, it has a particularly brilliant effect on the pure cold water of the lake, dazzling. 'Tis an immense mirror of nature. Myriads of swallows skim along its surface—millions of flies and insects dance in the sun—and the fishes come to the shining surface and fling the pure element in praise to the glorious luminary of day. On the green banks the little birds are twittering in symphony with the scene, and nature seems still, lovely, and full of peace and glory. Moore's verses—"Sweet vale of Avoca," or the verses of St. John the Evangelist—"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire," come before the mind to ravish and delight.—EDITOR SOX.

#### LAKE SIMCOE.

O let me stray as once I stray'd,  
Beside that lake, whose poorly tide,  
Girt by the wild romantic shade,  
Hath been my idol and my pride.

I've ro'd in other lands—I've been  
Thro' scenes they said were beautiful  
There's a softness in the landscape scene,  
The soft, the sylvan, and the fair

Put lovelier far was Simcoe's scene,  
The soft, the sylvan, and the fair

As beautiful as our own wild bowers,  
And lovelier is our own blue lake.

Its tide the purest and most bright,  
That rolls beneath Canadian skies,  
When radiance in the morning's light,  
Or flash'd by evening's rapt dyes.

When in the sun—'tis in its shadow,  
Or when the sun is in its bow,  
Amidst the soft, the sylvan bow,  
That feel no wild romantic bow.

Romantic lake, 'tis sweet to rest  
Beside thee, when an evening's hours  
The zephyrs blow thy kindly breath,  
When stealing from their western  
bowers.

By nature's sylvan arms embrac'd,  
Girt by a zone of golden sand:  
Gaze on, April, 1853.

I've thought thee like some pearl that  
glad  
The dark wild bosom of our land.

Thou hast no voice from days of yore,  
No vestige lingers on thy bow,  
Of legends that have thrill'd thy shores,  
But quench'd in cold oblivion now.

But they are by thy waters who,  
Are clinging now thy sylvan scene,  
Yet with thy breast of heavenly blue  
Seem lovelier midst their lawns of green.

And by thy pleasant borders smile,  
The cottage and the graceful lane,  
While labourers resting from their toil,  
Look on thee but to love their home.

From distant lands in after years,  
Shall many come to linger by  
The vale that light thy verdant shores,  
And see thou thy eternity.

And then perhaps some gentle fire  
May reach some heart and kindle the throne,  
And bid thee rise to thy native fire,  
And give thee to the realm of song.

May peace be'd Simcoe on thee dwell,  
And purity come from hence to bloom,  
Thou, brother, may soul its food fare  
well.

While we dwell from thy wilds to  
naught

SYLVICOLA.

THE GOLDEN-LEGGED PLOVER.—On the 20th April, we saw a specimen of this bird that had been shot the day before in the marsh; its legs are of bright yellow: toes, four in number: nails black: hind too very short. It is of a pepper-and-salt or grey colour, nearly white on the breast and abdomen; the tail feathers are rather short and spotted with black and white, and slightly barred; the beak is an inch and a half long, very thin, and slightly curved at the point; legs, over six inches long, bare of feathers above the second joint; body, from end of tail to the end of beak, about one foot long, breadth of wings, about two feet. The body is round and plump, and about the size of that of a robin. It wades in the water, feeds on seeds, snails, and perhaps small fish. There is a numerous variety of this species of bird in Canada. It is not certain that the Golden Plover breeds in Canada. The largest species is the wild curlew of the western prairies, which makes a most melancholy and lonely noise whilst soaring in the upper air, over those vast and beautiful meadows. We have often heard it when the sun was shining in his strength, the sky calm and blue, and the scene for many miles around one vast carpet of flowers and waving grass. Probably his mate was at the time snugly sitting on her grassy nest. Such scenes are sublime and lovely.

### THE HAMILTON CIRCULAR.

WORTHY SIRS,—Having been annoyed by the receipt, per mail, of what to me appears a slanderous and inconsistent circular purporting to be published by you, and a few of the hot headed, and blindly bigoted partisans of the truckling Editor of the *Spirit of the Age*; and which apparently has for its intent the injury of the reputation of one of the most consistent and energetic Editors of the Temperance body in this Province; and, also, to uphold and vindicate the conduct of an individual who, for the sake of popularity seems to advocate temperance with one breath, while with another he plots with LIQUOR vendors; tempting his fellow man to turn from virtue's paths, and partake of that which ruins body and soul!

Now, gentlemen, as your circular has been unceremoniously, if not unpertinently thrust upon me, and the Order in general, you of course cannot find fault if I stoop to notice that which deserves rather to be passed over with contemptuous silence, which unworthy principles ever merit! And believe me in earnest, sirs, when I beseech you to cease your puny efforts to justify that which is wrong; or at least be more guarded in your manner of doing so. Now, had you sent your circulars to *Nurseries* instead of *Divisions*, some really beneficial results might have followed. Youthful intellects would have been advanced a stage further in the difficult science of autography; those of more mature years might have coast'd them over in safety, without danger of being puzzled, or misguided by the acuteness of your sophistical subtleties; and eventually they might have adorned the *flowing ringlets* of some maid just entered into 'teens.

In your circular, sirs, I find an extract which states that, *its great* (though unseen) originator is quite independent of Caledonia Division, and of the Order in general; such being the case, sirs, have you not acted rather haughty, and indiscreetly in attempting a justification of that which he considers perfectly right! Are you not afraid that his independent spirit, insulted by your proffered assistance, will seek redress on your devoted heads! Really, sirs, you are placed in an unpleasant position; despised by the consistent advocates of temperance, and in danger of being frowned on, or laughed at by its foes.

If, however, it is your intent to injure the cause, why do not you and your Editor attack it openly and boldly, and not by professed friendship, endeavour to undermine one of the greatest moral reforms of our country. Your conduct reminds me of the individual who, uncertain into whose hands he should fall, exclaimed—"good lord! good devil!" There is an old adage, that one traitor in the camp is worse than fifty enemies in the open field. Your conduct, sirs, I consider as a stain on the fair fame of our order; nay worse, for weak and wavering Brothers, who may but just have been snatched from the drunkard's downward course, will when viewing so many D. G. W. P.'s, and P. W. P.'s, endeavouring to vindicate the right, or at least to shield the inconsistency of a Brother who, instead of advancing the interest of our Order, tends rather to retard it by holding before their view the glaring sources of the soul destroying beverage, will, I say, become disgusted with an Order, in which there is such a prostitution of titles! and ere concluding, allow me to assure you that I consider the same as an insult to the power that granted them.

I am, gentle, in L. P. and F., yours to command,

J. G. ELWOOD, W. P.

To W. J. A. CASE, D. G. W. P., J. FAULKNER, P. W. P.; T. BICKLE, P. W. P., and others.

KENTVILLE, April 4th, 1853.

### DOMESTIC NEWS.

The St. Lawrence Canals are to be opened on the 1st of May. Dr. Burnside on reaching his seventy-third year, made a present of £6,000 to Trinity College, Toronto. £4,000 in cash, and the rest in land adjoining the College. The majority for Mr. Sherwood over Mr. Gowan at the late election in Toronto, was 410 nearly 2 to 1. It is rumoured that the troops are to be withdrawn from London, Toronto, and Montreal, and garrisons kept only at Kingston and Quebec. The Governor gave a ball on the 27th April, at Quebec. During the progress of the ball he announced that the Countess of Elgin had just given birth to a son. The railroad engine made at Mr. James Good's Foundry, was placed on the Northern Railroad on Tuesday last, and was found to work well. 6,000,000 lbs. of copper are expected to be exported from the Lake Superior mines this season. Mr. Burns, editor of the *Presbyterian Ecclesiastical Record*, died very suddenly in this city about a week ago. He was a very worthy man, and a great friend to the temperance cause. It is generally supposed that Mr. Richards will be appointed Judge in the place of the late Judge Sullivan. Canadian Bibles in London are now at 11s. It is reported that gold has been found in London, C. W. The London Jew case, lately before the Prince Court of this city, has been dismissed. Considerable interest is connected in Dr. Wilson for his conduct in giving evidence. Quite an opposition exists between the streamers on the line between Toronto and Hamilton, the one carrying for a mere nominal price. A. H. McMurder was committed in the Township of Ancaster on a man named Barnside, by some unknown person. Mr. Caughey has created quite an excitement in Hamilton by his preaching. One hundred persons have joined the Wesleyan church.