

filling the woods with their songs, and my friends far away and unapprehensive of my condition, whilst I felt that I was dying there.

And in this way very many explorers yearly die. One poor youth, my own friend and companion, has thus fallen since the circumstances above described took place; others have, to my knowledge, lately perished in a similar way. A strange sun shines upon their lonely graves; the foot of the wild man yet roams over them; but let us hope, when civilization has spread so far, that their graves will be sacred spots, that the future settlers will sometimes shed a tear over the remains of the first explorer, and tell their children how much they are indebted to the enthusiasm, perseverance, and courage of him who lies buried there.

### Correspondence.

For the Visitor.

#### COUNSELS.

1

My fellow-man! whate'er thy name—  
Blest with a low or lofty lot,—  
Content—or struggling on to fame—  
Or young, or old—it matters not:  
Thou art my brother—and I feel,  
Oh! deeply, for thy spirit's woe!

2

Shun sinful Pleasure! Though she seem  
That which the erring heart desires,  
She will not realize thy dream—  
She is not what thy soul requires:  
She dims the mid-day sun, and brings  
Deep night and death beneath her wings.

3

The Syren has a thousand smiles  
To win her thoughtless victim's trust,—  
A thousand bland yet specious wiles  
To hide her heart of rank disgust;  
Beware—whoe'er thou art—beware;—  
Each soft allurements hides a snare.

4

If thou hast touched—abjure—the bowl,—  
If thou hast not—rejoice with me;  
Preserve the beauty of thy soul,  
And as thou art—continue—free.  
When tempted supplicate the sky;  
God sees thee—God is ever nigh.

5

Our human strength is weakness,—we  
May fall when seemingly secure;  
But tried and trembling dust may flee  
To one whose aid is always sure.  
Vainglory hath its own reward;  
Look thou for succour to the Lord.

6

Be steadfast. Duty's path is plain,—  
The simplest need not err therein;  
Put on no self-enslaving chain,  
Make no companionship with sin:  
Hope—miles not—peace is never found—  
Joy springs not—but on sacred ground.

April, 1842.

J. McP.

For the Visitor.

#### BLESSINGS FLOWING FROM TEMPERANCE.

Ye lovers of mankind,  
Your hearts and voices raise,  
And in one spirit join'd,  
Present a song of praise—  
To Him who, spite of all its foes,  
Has own'd and blest the Temperance Cause.

The drunkard is reclaim'd,  
And in his proper mind,—  
The turbulent are tamed,  
And peaceably inclined,—  
And fell disease, with open jaws,  
Has yielded to the Temperance Cause.

The children of the cot,  
Who lately wanted bread,  
And partner of the sot,  
Are now well clothed and fed,—  
While from their dwelling want withdraws,  
And plenty crowns the Temperance cause.

Nor is it thus alone,  
Wo its effects should trace,  
No—higher joys are known—  
The joys of Gospel grace,  
By many a soul, whose heart o'erflows  
With blessings on the Temperance Cause.

Halifax, May, 1842.

H—.

#### GAY'S RIVER TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Gay's River Temperance Society, held in the Meeting House, on Wednesday, 25th May, the following resolutions were moved, seconded, and unanimously passed:

That the Medal adopted by the late Temperance Convention in Halifax, for the country societies, be adopted by this Society.

That every male member, above the age of 21 years, shall pay into the hands of the Treasurer, yearly, the sum of fifteen pence; and every male member, between the ages of 16 and 21, the sum of sevenpence-halfpenny yearly—the first payment to be made on the first of September next; a fund being required to assist the Temperance Mission and to defray necessary expenses; the non-compliance of any member to said resolution not to exclude him from the society.

That a Temperance Festival be held one day in each year; the committee to receive