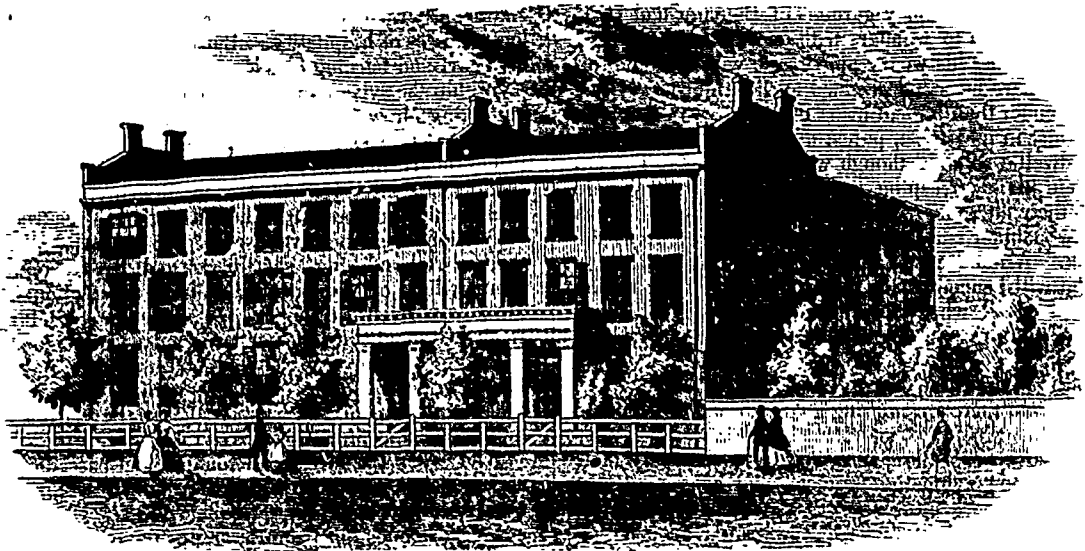




BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

We present our Readers, in the present number, with a Cut of the *Burlington Ladies' Academy*. The Building is pleasantly situated on the corner of King and Bay Streets, commanding a fine view of the Bay, and the Picturesque Scenery of the Mountain, Heights, and surrounding country. It is four stories, including basement, and presents two fronts, as represented, 122 and 114 feet. The Dormitories, 48 in number, are suffi-

ciently spacious to accommodate comfortably two occupants each. Besides the Drawing, Library and Philosophical rooms, the former of which is 60 by 24; it contains four School rooms, Music rooms, Painting room, &c., &c., affording ample accommodations for every department of a well organized School. The building is warmed with heated air, a much more safe, convenient, comfortable and healthy method, than by stoves.

For the Calliopean.

Suggested by the Parting of the Pupils for the Holy-Days.

Not with the rites of the banquet halls;
Not with the tones that the reveller calls;
Not with the scenes of the festal board,
Where the wine in its crimson glance is poured;
Not from the turrets, where warriors stood;
Not thus, or there, parted our sisterhood.

Our final meeting spoke much of love,
And of holy greetings in lands above;
No scorning beholders were standing by;
They heard not, they felt not, each deep drawn sigh.
The world and its followers gazed not there;
They heard not, they felt not, that parting prayer.

It is no light thing, for our youthful throng
To mingle their voices in one sweet song;
Though some are far from their early home,
And some have dared the proud ocean's foam;
Yet, as sisters of one hearth—as beings of one land—
We knelt for a blessing to shield our band.

And for *him*, our leader, oh! God, we pray,
That thy constant smile may illumine his way.
Sighing and weeping, he bends the knee;
Hoping and trusting, he looks to Thee;
Show him, that those who sow precious grain,
With bright golden sheaves, shall return again.

And when our eyes shall grow dull and dim—
Our voices re-echo no cheerful hymn—
When each hand shall be cold, as the icy mount;
And the pitcher be broke at life's gushing fount—
Heavenly Father! may we be blest,
Being one with Thee, in thy promised rest.

Hamilton, December 27, 1847.

HARRIET ANNIE

KINDNESS.

"SMALL acts of kindness—how pleasant and desirable do they make life? Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path of life cheerful and pleasant. Who will refuse a kind act? It costs the giver nothing, but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing. It raises from misery and degradation, throwing around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost with paradise. One heedless word may sever hearts forever. It is useless to say, 'It was spoken in sport.' A spark of fire unintentionally thrown upon powder, will ignite it as soon as one thrown intentionally. Our motto should be—kind feelings, kind words, and kind acts."
"He who retorts angry expressions, instead of letting them fall harmless, is like one who throws back a missile which has been hurled at him, only to have it hurled again with a surer aim and deadlier force. How much better to let it lie untouched at his feet.

Angry Words.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour:
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip:
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar,
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Buttest thou art rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

J. MIDDLETON.

Temple, London.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.