

For the Calliopean.

Sunrise from the Mountain, below Hamilton.

EARLY one clear, pleasant morning, just at the time, as Butler, with his inimitable humour expresses it,

When, like a lobster boil'd, the morn,
From black to red, began to turn,

I set out for the Mountain, which stretches away below Hamilton. I had often before climbed up its rugged surface and beheld, with inexpressible delight, the noble prospect it presents, but never at such a time and under such circumstances. Braced by the pure, fresh air of the morning, I soon gained the summit and, leaning against the trunk of a pine, which grew near the verge of the precipice, I gazed upon the tranquil scene which was spread out before me.

Below lay the Bay, glittering with a pale brightness, while everything around it was veiled in dim obscurity. Above, the sky was lighted up with all its bright innumerable lamps, while conspicuous among them appeared Venus in the East, Jupiter in the West, and Sirius in the Zenith, the three brightest stars of the Firmament. A crescent moon with its silver horns, was likewise sailing in modest beauty along the eastern sky.

Much has been written and sung of the witchery of the moon-light hour at night; but while there is, in the morning, the same "soft stillness" and bewitching calm, there is an exhilarating buoyancy in the freshening breeze, which the evening, from its dampness, can seldom bestow. There is a greater variety and sublimity also in a morning scene, when the earth is just clothing herself with light, and bursting, as it were, into existence.

"The morn is up again! the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day!"

To these attractions must be added the inherent magnificence of the prospect itself, which lay before me. There was an immensity in the landscape, as it stretched away far as the eye could reach, which filled the mind with feelings of unspeakable awe and delight. The noble Mountain forming one of nature's vast amphitheatres; the blue Ontario bounding the distant horizon; the calm and beautiful Bay, reposing in the midst, with the beautiful City of Hamilton on one side, and the Burlington Heights on another, formed a union of beauties and sublimities, surpassing anything I had ever beheld.

The East first appeared in a ruddy glow, and soon the same brilliant hues began to clothe with vermillion the clouds, which lay reposing in massive grandeur on the western horizon. The lofty range of mountains which rises on the opposite side, as if to rival the one on which I was standing, was next enveloped in light; and the villages of Dundas and Wellington Square, in the distance, appeared rejoicing in the splendor of their illumination. The Castle of Dundurn and the Burlington Heights were soon lighted up; and the Bay itself began to glow, like a sea of molten gold. The vivifying rays then seemed to burst all at once upon the wide-extended city; while windows, roofs, and spires, reflected the joyous light, as if to join in the general gladness. The sun rose up rapidly in the eastern sky, and all nature seemed to exult in the smiles of his life-giving countenance. The busy hum of morning industry, and the noisy rattle of the early car came rising up the mountain, and I hastened to retrace my steps homeward.

The beauty and grandeur of the scene I beheld, have been but feebly described in this hasty sketch; and I sincerely trust that many of my readers will take an early walk before sunrise some morning, and enjoy the prospect itself in all its magnificent realities.

A. B.

TEARS:

Tears are but dews that Mercy throws
Upon this world of ours:
Like 'beads of morning on the rose,
To nourish feeling's flowers.

For the Calliopean.

Christ Rules the Tempest:

Softly sighs the evening zephyr,
O'er the dark, portentous deep;
Gentle winds the canvases gather;
Christ, the Master, sinks to sleep.

Onward moves the fragile vessel;
Darkness hides the distant land;
Now the frequent lightnings dazzle,
And the tempest's near at hand.

Awful thunders now are pealing;
Night winds rend the flowing sail;
Wake thee, Master! where's thy feeling?
Lo, we perish in the gale.

Every heart with fear is quailing;
Tears are mingling with the spray;
Mighty waves are now prevailing;
Dark despair has seized her prey.

Calmly rising from his slumber,
Jesus bids the wind "be still;"
Hushed to silence, as in wonder,
Even storms obey his will.

He, who rescues infant Zion,
From the angry rolling deep,
Thus appears the "Judah's Lion,"
Who will still in safety keep.

NEVA.

TRUTH.

Truth has been thus eloquently described by N. Breton, who wrote in 1616: "TRUTH is the glory of Time, and the daughter of Eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom: she is the beauty of valor, the brightness of honor, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith; her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with His servants; her will is in His wisdom, and her work to His glory; she is honored in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved; she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame, the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown; she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise; she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honor of trade, and the grace of labor; she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart: she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes her rest but in the resolution of goodness: her tongue never trips, her heart never fails, and her faith never fears."

Propagation of Thought.

Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of any individual now on earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling, once communicated to another mind, is gone; it is beyond recall; if it bore the stamp of virtue, it is blessing man and owned by heaven; if its character was evil, vain the remorse that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible, effect may soon be spent; its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to day, owes its form, its species, and its tint to the acorn which dropped from its remote ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped. "Human life extends beyond three-score years and ten which bounds its visible existence here." The spirit is removed into another region, the body is crumbling into dust, the very name is forgotten upon earth; but living and working still is the influence generated by the moral features of him who has so long since passed away. The characters of the dead are inwrought into those of the living, the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth, the existing generation is moulding that which will succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day.—*The Parent's High Commissioner.*