

For the Calliopean.

Over quiet road Hyman without being filled with admiration, mingled with pity. The breathings of a powerful and gifted mind appear in every line. Yet! those wild effusions glow with the fire of "conquering genius."

Yet, the thoughtful reader to enter and soon compelled to pause and lament, that one endowed by his Creator with such lofty powers should so dishonour them. "Holiness to the Lord" was not written on his heart; its affections were unmanifested; its passions, raging tumultuously within, bowed not to the sceptre of the meek and lowly Jesus. Religion had no charms to him. Ambition was his God. Hence, what would have been one of the greatest of blessings, turned to be a curse, and sunk him to be the lowest slave of passion.

From the study of Byron one may learn many important lessons. At first unknown—crossed in the midst of poverty and sorrow—by the aid of his boy genius, he rapidly ascended the hill of fame, till crowned and retired heads beheld and wondered. Yet, earthly greatness brought not with it happiness. Peace and contentment were strangers to Byron's heart. Lonely and unloved, he sojourned here. Deeply drunk he from dissipation's cup; yet, misery was ever mingled with the draught. Remorse could not shudder long in such a heart; and keener must have been the pang, by it inflated, as he farther launched upon the treacherous sea of sensual pleasures.

"Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,  
And praised: and many called his evil good.  
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness:  
And kings to do him honor took delight.  
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;  
Beyond desire, beyond amission full,—  
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness.  
Drank every cup of joy, heard every tramp  
Of fame: drank early, deeply drank—drank draughts  
That common millions might have quenched—then died  
Of what, because there was no more to drink."

Eva.

"The Council of Four"—The title of a new game, lately published in England. To those who are fond of games, we would recommend "The Council of Four," as a pleasing and profitable recreation, and affording ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and mental acumen. It consists of definitions to be given by each of the company, to certain words agreed upon, and which, written upon slips of paper provided for the purpose, are to be read aloud by any one of the number. We subjoin the following as a specimen of definitions—

**Child.** The ever-renewed hope of the world—the future in the present—God's problem, waiting man's solution.

**Warrior.** The lenden sword with which the mass of mankind are compelled to fight the social battle—the barren country of which all are natives, and from which all are emigrants.

**Paper.** Baiting-ground for genius. A poor flat much put upon.

**Napoleon.** The European grave-digger. A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.

**Candle.** A martyr to the darkness existing around him. One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

**Sleep.** Easy lessons in death to the living—the swift vehicle in which we visit distant friends.

**Isle.** The black sea upon which thought rides at anchor.

**War.** Congregational warship of the devil. Death doing a routing trade. Murder to music.

**Track.** The pillar of fire which leads on man to the promised land. The world's hair apparent.

**Superstition.** The high priest of the temple of ignorance. The de-throned pretender to the crown of reason.

**Luxury.** The labor of the wealthy. The hectic flush of a consuming nation.

**Revenge.** The recoil of a poisoned arrow.

**Imagination.** Thought on its travels. The most eminent carve, and glider.

**Boat.** The raft on which untiring genius floats down the stream of time.

The Seasons. From the Christian Citizen.

"Observe the circling year: how unperceiv'd  
The seasons change! Behold by slow degrees  
Stern Winter into a ruder Spring;  
The ripened Spring a milder Summer glows;  
Departing Summer sheds Plutus's store,  
And aged Autumn brews the Winter's storm."

Anonymous.

How rapid, yet beautiful and instructive, the varied revolutions of the seasons! Whether we inhale the fragrance of Spring, or pant beneath the fires of Summer, or rejoice amid the fruitfulness of Autumn, or sit secure against the ravages of Winter, around the cheerful fire-side, we still behold the beauty and wisdom; the beneficence and power of the Creator. How good and great is He who refreshes in the vernal breeze, pours in flaming grandeur from the solstice, fills our hands with plenty from the exuberant stores of Autumn, or protects and revives us amid the desolations of Winter! 'Tis God who rules on high, who brings the seasons round, and causes everything to contribute to the pleasure and happiness of men.

"Mark the mighty hand,  
That ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,  
And on the earth the grateful change revolves!"

The seasons are not only rapid in their flight, and give evidence of supernatural power and goodness, but they afford to mortals, such as we, volumes of instructive wisdom. For spring flowers soon fade, summer comes rushing by, and transmits us to pallid autumn, when all things decay, and then we are introduced to stern winter, which shuts the scene with a mantle of hoary whiteness. Thus is it with the progressive stages of hum in life! We fade as a flower, pass rapidly down the stream of life, till hoary-headed age brings us to mingle with the dust of the grave.

"Behold fond man!  
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years  
Thy blooming spring, thy summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober autumn, fading into age,  
And pale and shivering winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene!"

But, Christian traveller to the mansions of the grave, what need'st thou fear? Day shall again dawn upon the night of the grave. Life and immortality shall soon burst upon thy raptur'd vision, and thou shalt behold a day without night, sprung without change, and flowers that shall never fade. Be of good comfort, therefore, for

"The snows of wintry time will quickly pass  
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

Watch ye well by Day-light.

BY SAMUEL JOYCE.

Oh! watch you well by day-light,  
By day-light you may fear;  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near;  
For heaven's the scene bestow'd,  
Our waking life to keep;  
Its tender mercy shew'd,  
To guard us in our sleep.  
The watch you well by day-light,  
By day-light you may fear;  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure—  
For pleasure oft betrays,  
But keep no watch in sorrow,  
When joy withdraws its rays;  
For in the hour of sorrow,  
As in the darkness drear,  
To heaven entrust the morrow,  
For angels then are near.  
Oh! watch you well by day-light,  
By day-light you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near.