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The Future.

For the Calliopean.

DARK is the future, viewed by human sight—
 A void, a gloom, a never-ending night.
 Ask woe of nature, what is yet to come?
 Where are we going? What's to be our home?
 If yonder sleepers, 'neath the church-yard turf,
 Shall one day rise from out the dull, cold earth?
 Is this frail form, now subject to decay,
 Again to live in an immortal day?
 Nature is dumb—the question's echoed back,
 She throws no light upon our future track.
 Alas, poor Sceptic! and is this *your* god?
 When light you need, no light can she afford.
 Say, when you last stood o'er the grave's cold bed,
 And in its jaws your infant offspring laid;
 With father's feelings, did no wish then reign,
 That babe and thou should meet to kiss again?
 Didst thou not feel that *then* thy faith gave way,
 And find Hope conquer thy philosophy?
 Hail, heavenly Truth! thou pilot star of man,
 When all is dark, nor cheering ray we scan,
 With beams celestial thou dost guide our way—
 Proclaim'st to man, an everlasting day,
 A home, a mansion, where the soul shall dwell,
 Midst joys no eye hath seen, nor tongue can tell.
 Then faith, and love, and peace, shall fill the soul,
 And there increase, as endless years do roll.
 Religion makes our coming day seem bright—
 Sheds light on the lone grave, all its mellow light—
 Strips Death of gloom—illumes the sinking eye—
 And to the saint, it says, "*Thou shalt not die.*"
 If then, my anchor's cast within the vale,
 I care not much for life's short stormy gale—
 'Twill serve to make me take a firmer grasp
 Of Him, who said, "*I'm with thee to the last.*"
 The future, now, lies wrapt within my soul
 I'm safe from danger, for my God controls.
 Elements may melt, and time may cease to be,
 And worlds blaze forth in dread sublimity—
 These shall not move me, for on this I'll stand,
 The "*Rock of Ages,*" built by God's own hand.

J. B.

HOME CULTURE.

For the Calliopean.

BY DORCAS.

EDUCATION is a hackneyed theme; but while this proves its importance, it ought not to restrain further discussion. I am far from believing that the subject is exhausted; and even if there were no new truths to disclose, it might be an equally laudable, though more humble task, to recall those that are old and neglected. Contempt for what is *trite* is the brazen shield behind which the human mind often hides itself from the barb of truth. In this Athenian age, when men seem to "spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing;" even the most essential and sublime truths are despised. Truth might well take up her harp, and lament as did the poor blind bard over his disregarded songs—

"Men go their ways,
 Hearing the music as they pass;
 But deeming it no more, alas!
 Than the hollow sound of brass."

If the writer of the present article shall succeed in giving one cheering view to any laboring instructor, or in deepening one truthful impression in the mind of any reader of these pages, she will feel herself most amply rewarded.

The most important part of education is accomplished at the domestic fireside—there, more than any where else, the character is formed—there, the future man is made dull or lively; morose or cheerful; cruel or kind; penurious or benevolent; knavish or honest; mean or honorable; pious or impious. "The child is father of the man." The child may, indeed most children grow up by accident; but he will still *grow*. The parent may bestow no particular pains, either for good or evil; yet, influences and examples are about the child, and from those influences a character is produced, and produced to abide forever. The university does not mould like the cradle; the prelections of the professor will never obliterate the lullaby of the mother. I think it is Brougham who has said, that man learns more the first five years of his life, than during all the rest. This may be too strongly stated, but it is nearer the truth than the common notion. The above writer refers to knowledge, properly so called; but his remark is still more significant, when viewed in relation to those moral impressions and associations, before which mere science is the shadow of a shade. And, indeed, in speaking of home culture, I have very slight reference to *science*. This is not the age in which science is undervalued, and if it were, we might doubt the propriety of convert-