

THE CALLIOPEAN



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OLD SCRAPS.

"Summer may spread her choicest flowers,
And zephyrs waft their fragrance round,
And smiling skies, and pleasant bowers
With the blithe songs of birds resound;
Yet will not these a charm impart,
If peace is banished from the heart,

Winter may bid his tempests rise,
And change the earth's fair robe of green,
And leafless bowers, and frowning skies,
Afford a sad and dreary scene;
Yet will the heart bright verdure wear,
If peace has fixed its dwelling there.

J. S. L.

"There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart however cast,
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own."

"Faith, Hope, and Love, were questioned, what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught:
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true;
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
Believe! expect! I know it to be so.

For the Calliopean.

THE MIGNIONETTE.

Who does not love the lonely and fragrant mignonette? Well does it merit the title bestowed on it by our lively French neighbors, derived as it is from "*minions*," or favorite. For gaiety, and variety of colors, it is inferior to many of its sweet floral sisters; but for retiring sweetness, and unobtrusive fragrance, it claims no ordinary share of notice. Lowly in stature, it is often passed unheeded amid the more brilliant beauties of the parterre; yet sought out from its clustering leaves, and placed in the bosom, it emits an odour which its more splendid competitors are wholly incapable of producing. To my heart, the mignonette is very dear; not only for its own sake; nor from the circumstance of its being a flower of common culture amid the embowered homes of my native land; but, from the fact, that with the contemplation of the mignonette are inseparably linked reminiscences, at once tender and affecting, of one who

has long since passed from mortal scenes to her home in heaven—even to the unveiled presence of her God and Saviour.

If it be conceded that the mignonette is emblematical of retiring modesty and genuine heaven-taught humility, then, most unquestionably is it a meet soubriquet for Mary W—. And here I must remind my young readers that I write simple narratives of unadorned facts; of circumstances and feelings which have transpired beneath my own eye, and in which my own heart has been deeply interested; and it may be that I fail to engage the sympathies of my readers as I could wish; yet I cherish the hope that these effusions may touch a kindred chord in some bosoms, and awaken others to a remembrance of the way whereby they have been conducted along life's entangled wilderness.

But, to return to our mignonette. Mary was the daughter of a highly respectable farmer, and formed one of a large and interesting family. From infancy, she discovered much sweetness of disposition, and many traits of that retiring modesty, which, in maturer years, became her leading characteristic. She received what is usually termed a good education, but one from which instruction in heavenly truths was excluded. Indeed it was impossible it should be otherwise, for those who taught Mary had never themselves sat down "at the feet of Jesus." No beam of divine light entered Mary's native village till she had sunlit paths of childhood. Moral darkness brooded over her and her family and neighborhood. But He who is rich in mercy caused the introduction of the preaching of the gospel to prove effectual in the uprooting of much evil, and the implanting of many trees of righteousness in that secluded but lonely parish. Among the earliest and firmest converts to this new doctrine as it was termed, Mary's eldest brother ranked pre-eminent, and there is every reason to conclude that his firm example, his patience and firmness beneath insults and temptations, were blessed by our heavenly Father in leading her to a deeper investigation of her own spirit than she had ever before attempted. She saw him renounce bright prospects in opening life; she watched him brave a father's anger and a mother's more persuasive tears, she marked his impetuous temper softened, his daring courage directed against moral, rather than physical danger; she felt his warm tears on her cheek as he left his paternal home, where he had been interdicted from the unrestrained worship of his Redeemer; and well she knew there was a reality in that principle which could support one so affectionate, amid an exile, not utterly dissident with that of him who was driven to the land of Nod.