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THE SOUL.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,
 Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
 Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
 Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
 In truth's eternal sunbeams: on the way
 To heaven's high capital our car shall roll;
 The temple of power whom all obey,
 That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
 Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel
 The spirit has its energies untamed
 By all its fatal wanderings; Time may heal
 The wounds which it has suffered; Folly claimed
 Too large a portion of our youth; ashamed
 Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
 And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
 Elijah, when the chariot rushing by,
 Bore him, with steeds of fire, triumphant to the sky!

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
 Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled
 The spirit, whose strong influence can free
 The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,
 Cold night of moral darkness; from the bed
 Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,
 And kindling in the blaze around him shed,
 Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,
 And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep
 And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then
 Th' awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
 To life, and energy, and light again:
 We cannot slumber always in the den
 Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,
 Ere we forever leave the haunts of men:
 Even at the parting hour, the soul will wake,
 Nor like a senseless brute its unknown journey take.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

Read at the Annual Review.

CANADA.

"Hail to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast!"

COULD the ancient lords of the forest look upon the land, where once they roamed, free as the winds, they could not recognise in our cultivated fields, populous towns, and crowded streets, the hunting grounds of their fathers. Where once rang their war-whoop, and where were scattered their wigwams, they could hardly be convinced the red man's foot had ever trod.

Canada was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, an Italian, who sailed under Henry VII. The English monarch did not think proper to make any use of this discovery. The French, however, availing themselves of the information afforded by Cabot's voyage, after various unsuccessful endeavors, finally established a colony in 1608. The country was conquered by the British in 1759, and in 1763 was ceded, by the treaty of Paris, to that nation, under whose sway, notwithstanding the repeated attempts to wrest it from the crown, it has since continued. Till 1841 it existed as two distinct provinces. The united province contains 340,000 square miles—nearly three times the area of Great Britain—a fact, which in itself considered, redeems our country from insignificance; yea more—inspires a glow of high-toned patriotic feeling.

From "its watery boundary on the south and east, to the utmost verge of its immense forests on the north and west," it abounds in charming and romantic scenery; "amidst the variety and grandeur of which the imagination wanders and loses itself." Indeed, in no part of the universe has nature more abundantly spread her charms. Its lakes and rivers, while they must ever excite the admiration of the lovers of the beautiful, supply facilities for the promotion of commerce; thus causing a more intimate union between the various parts. In speaking of the magnitude of her lakes and rivers, a certain writer has remarked, "it looks as if the great Pacific had burst the bounds prescribed for it; forced a channel across this great continent, and was emptying itself into the Atlantic—converting every valley in its uncontrollable course into an inland sea; for some of the lakes are equal, whilst others are superior, in superficial contents, to the whole of the island of Great Britain; and fancying now, such to be their source, the wonder would yet be, that they still flow on unexhausted and inexhaustible."

Nor are her towering forests wanting in charms of attraction. They are remarkable for the purity and richness of their foliage; the rich hues of green being changed in autumn, to the most brilliant colors; and to use the language of another, "giving our autumnal forest scenery a gaiety, variety, and splendor of coloring, which the wildest fancy could scarcely surpass." The forest trees, as if impelled by some motive of emulation, tower aloft, almost to the clouds, and with their branches intertwined overhead, form, as it were, a mighty temple.

Flowers of rich tints and delicate shades are plentifully scattered over this highly favored portion of the globe, diffusing their fragrance alike upon the slumbering air of the forest wild, the mountain breeze, and valley zephyr.