

MISTAKES.

EVERY thing that is high is not holy, nor every desire, pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God!

THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

MIGHT we but view the shore
Of this dim world, as from heaven's hill it gleams,
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,
And tax the truant joy? How shall we see,
Amaz'd, our own mistakes? The lowly tomb
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers,
Such as the soraph's bosom bears above;
And the steep cliff where we have manly blown
Ambition's victor-trump, with storm-clouds crown'd
To wreck th' unwary soul; wealth's hoarded gold,
Eternal poverty; and the meek prayer
Of him who knew not where to lay his head,
An heritage of glory. Each desire
Fed to fruition, till the satiate heart
Is gorg'd with richness—sows it not the seeds
Of sickness there? while he whose only rest
Was on a spear-point—who might ask for bread
Only to find a stone—gained he not thus
A mansion in the amaranthine bowers
Of love divine? Prosperity, alas!
Is often but another name for pride,
And selfishness, which scorns another's woe;
While our keen disappointments are the food
Of that humility which entereth heaven,
Finding itself at home. The things we mourn
Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys
Be tremulous as the Mimosa's leaf,
And each affliction with a serious smile
Be welcomed in at the heart's open door;
As the good patriarch met his muffled guests,
And found them angels!

L. H. S.

Youth and Age.

WHEN we are young, our days are like
The fountain-waves that flow in June,
That sparkle in the golden sun,
Or gleam beneath the silver moon.
When we are old, our moments glide
Like winter waters cold and drear,
That freeze before December's voice
Has sigh'd the death-note of the year.

When we are young the clouds around
Our path have hues of glory on,
Like those which sleep on Summer skies
Before the crimson flush is gone.
When we are old, no ray concealed
Within the folded vapor lies,
But gloomy shadows overspread
The circle of life's evening skies.

Oh then, since with the hours that fade
Our being's light is fading too,
How shall we find a hope to cheer,
When we to youth must bid adieu!
In heaven, and not on earth, there glows
A sun, whose pure and perfect ray
Will warm the freezing waves of life
And change its twilight into day.

P.B.

The Heaven of the Bible.

It is not sufficiently adverted to, that the happiness of heaven has simply and essentially in the well-going machinery of a well-conditioned soul; and that according to its measure, it is the same in kind with the happiness of God, who liveth forever in bliss ineffable, because he is unchangeable in being good, and upright and holy. There may be audible music in heaven; but its chief delight will be in the music of a well-poised affection, and in principles in full and consenting harmony with the laws of eternal rectitude. There may be visions of loveliness there; but it will be the loveliness of virtue, as seen directly in God, and as reflected back again in family likeness from all his children. It will be this that shall give its purest and sweetest transports to the soul. In a word, the main reward of paradise is spiritual joy, and that springing at once from the love and the possessions of spiritual excellence. It is such joy as sin extinguishes on the moment of its entering the soul, and such a joy as is again restored to the soul, and that immediately on its being restored to righteousness.—*Chalmers.*

LIFE of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life, the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water, is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of time and space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abyssal Nothing is awful, only less than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand being a fact, a reality rises before us into something prodigious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows what it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!

WE paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

THE more sides a man has to his mind, the more certain he is of receiving blows on all of them from one party or other.

THE candles of man's night are doubtless burning out, but like Alfred's candle-clocks, their decay measures the wearing on of the night itself.—When they sink into the socket, lo! it is not dark, but day.—*Blackwood.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, in his earliest youth, showed what he would one day become. He had learned from his father and Aristotle, everything that could elevate his genius, naturally prone to glory. The Iliad was his delight, because it related the combats of heroes.

SINCE our last, the mournful intelligence has reached us of the death of Miss ANN McINTOSH, a highly gifted and much-loved member of our Association, and for several years an efficient Teacher of Music in the "Cobourg Ladies' Seminary," and the "Burlington Ladies' Academy."

While on a visit to her mother's, in Montreal, last autumn, she was seized with the then prevailing fever; from which she so far recovered as to be enabled to leave home, with the design of resuming her duties in this Institution. On arriving at Toronto, however, her strength failed, and she was compelled to stop at an aunt's, where she gradually declined till "the silver cord was loosed." Further particulars relative to her sickness and death, we have not been able to learn.

We are reminded by this visitation, of the fading nature of earth's brightest glories, and impressively admonished to seek a home above the reach of death and the fluctuations of time.—*Ed.*

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER SESSION, consisting of FIFTEEN WEEKS, will commence on THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH day of MAY, 1848.

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D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,
Principal.

Hamilton, March 9, 1848.

The Calliopean is Published on the 9th and 24th of each month, by PETER RUTVEN, James Street, Hamilton.

TERMS—One Dollar a year; in all cases payable in advance. Six copies will be sent for Five Dollars; or any one forwarding the names of five subscribers, with the money, free of postage, will receive a copy gratis.

Although "THE CALLIOPEAN" is under the management of the Young Ladies connected for the time being with the Burlington Ladies' Academy, Contributions of a suitable character will be thankfully received from all who take an interest in the work.

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