



Volume 1.

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For the Callopean.

The Voice of the Coming Year.

I COME, I come! I have heard ye call
From the far off realms of my Father's hall—
My Father Time hath commanded me
To sojourn awhile with mortality;
So I come forward with smile and with tear—
How will ye welcome the stranger Year?

I come; yet, with many an anxious care,
Many misgivings, and sombre fears;
For I talked with my sister Year last night,
Beneath pale Cynthia's silvery light,
And she told me much that was sad to hear,
Much to discourage the timid New Year.

She spoke of the vows ye laid on her shrine,
On the morn of her entrance, and youthful prime,
How ye promised to guard her vestal dress
From stain; and her buoyant steps to bless.
Ye forgot your vows—ye ceased to hear
The warning voice of the passing Year.

I come in her room—for she hath fled
Beyond the regions which ye may tread—
I do not wish the Bacchanal rite
To greet me in my mysterious flight;
And the reckless revel is not the cheer,
Wherewith to welcome the blushing New Year.

I ask ye to crowd round love's peaceful board,
Where affection's choicest stores are poured
To rivet afresh each strong social band
Which has slipped 'neath the pressure of life's rough hand.
I call ye to comfort the lonely, the drear—
That all may rejoice in the coming New Year.

I summon ye all to your Maker's throne,
To bend each warm feeling to Him alone,
Who hath given ye each, on earth's stormy sea,
To outride the blast,—then bow each grateful knee;
And pray Him to grant His bright presence to clear
Each gathering cloud from the face of the Year.

Would ye know what I bring in my hidden hours?
What brilliant joy: or what sorrow lovers?
I may not tell ye—yet, this I may tell—
I have flowers to bloom in each sylvan dell;

I have gems of love, earth's rough path to cheer;
I have hopes to enliven the changing Year.

Some of your number I'll waft from earth,
To a clime where sorrow hath not birth;
Where my father Time hath lost his powers,
I will speed their flight to celestial bowers;
Whose dwellers have done with sadness and fears,
And have ceased to reckon by circling years.

Some—whose hearts are now beating warm—
I will chill as cold as the winter storm;
Some I will bind with the galling chain
Of wronged affection and bitter pain;
And fond groups I'll scatter, as Autumn leaves sear,
Who hail me now, as a "Happy New Year!"

Full many, now parted, shall meet 'neath my reign;
Many exiles return to their homes again;
Many broken links of love's circlet bright
Shall beam once more with a holy light;
Yet, others will follow a dark career,
Till lost is each day of the rolling year.

I come, I come! on my heaven-sent track—
Waste not my treasures—I'm hastening back—
I've a record to give, how ye spend my hours—
Gather rich clusters; cull ye sweet flowers—
Clusters of knowledge; flowers of heaven,
See that the Rose of Sharon is given;
Then, clasping it firmly, ye need not fear
The joys and griefs of the coming year.

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, December 26th, 1847.

BETHANY.

For the Callopean.

BETHANY is a small village situated about two miles eastward of Jerusalem. On the east of it rise the majestic peaks of the Mount of Olives, which though no longer covered with the luxuriant olive, yet abound in grapes, citrons, almonds, dates, and figs. In the days of its prime, Bethany must have been a delightful place of residence, inviting those Hebrews who shunned the throng and hurry of the crowded city, to elegant repose, and luxurious and tranquil pleasures. It appears to have been sought as such, many of the principal families of Jerusalem having fixed their abode there.

But to the sincere Christian it must be pre-eminently a favourite spot. It was here that the perfection of humanity chose to