

the votary of pleasure, the devotee at fashion's shrine, withering and blighting each true, and tender and holy feeling there; but home is too sacred a place for them ever to enter; for how can those who have bowed around the same family altar forget any who so oft have joined them there, or how can hearts so long united in bonds of confidence and affection ever cease to love?

Death!—ah! yes, death might enter even there! A few short weeks, nay, even days has often, in many a happy family, changed the voice of gladness into that of mourning and sorrow. "There is but a step between us and death," and who can assure us that each sad parting shall not be our last!

As I bid farewell to the dear inmates of my home, I thought perhaps we never all may meet again in this world, and I hoped and prayed that we might at length meet in that brighter, better home above,—yes, meet to part no more.

MARIE.

Scene of a Summer Shower

BY PROFESSOR NORTON.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence, earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Mothinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand
Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

For the Calliopean

The Accomplished Lady.

THE question whether females are capable of a high degree of intellectual improvement and elevation appears to be no longer problematical. This is evinced by the efforts which are being put forth for their education, not only in those branches which tend to impart external grace and beauty, and to embellish the mind, but also in those solid attainments which expand the powers of the mind, and impart intellectual strength and vigour.

Institutions are springing up in every part of the enlightened and christian world, calculated to impart to females not only a polite and refined, but a highly intellectual and practical education. Yet the number of institutions for the education of females, adapted to their condition and wants as intellectual beings and responsible agents, is small compared with those which are known by the name of fashionable boarding schools, and which aim chiefly at imparting a kind of fictitious refinement, a super-

ficial polish, thus fitting them to be more ornaments or gilded statues in the great temple of human enterprise and benevolence. Hence those who are labouring to impart that kind of education to females which is adapted to their real circumstances in this world, and their high destination in the world to come, have to labour with many prejudices and false notions which have firmly entrenched themselves in the female mind.

Females have been taught by the system of education pursued in reference to them to believe, that they are utterly incapable of attaining to any thing more intellectual or noble than the use of the needle, pencil or piano; that they were placed in this beautiful world merely to contend the palm with the lily, rose and butterfly; to be mere toys and trifles to amuse and recreate the rest of mankind; that nothing is required of them but to make the present glide smoothly on.

Yes, the system of female education generally pursued in our country, as well as nearly all the customs and habits of society tend directly and powerfully to produce this state of things. Though the number of works recently published on the education, rights, and condition of women, gives the most satisfactory evidence that increased attention has been directed to that subject; yet, it is lamentable that there are still so many who are so completely absorbed in mere outward accomplishments, as to forget entirely the true dignity of their nature. How many are there who think, if they dress and dance well, if they are acquainted with all the latest fashions, and read all the novels which are published, they are truly accomplished; who never dream, I will not say think, of rising in their contemplations and meditations, or in their conversations above the mere gossip of ribbons, fashions, and parties; who consider science wholly beneath their notice, and that it never was designed for them. They look upon it as something intended only for such dull and moody creatures as Sir Isaac Newton, or Benjamin Franklin; why, it would be a direct impeachment of their amiability and meekness, and would degrade them from the elevated position in which they at present move—the admired favourites of all! And as for domestic economy, it is not at all suited to the pure etherial region in which they shine! What, say these ladies of fashion and modern refinement, shall we descend from our lofty and admired pinnacle to the menial duties of the kitchen and nursery? Degrading! We see them coming from a school in which they have spent several years acquiring an education which is said now to be finished; and this term carries with it the impression that there is nothing more to be learned, that they have exhausted the fountain of knowledge. How often do we hear it echoed from mouth to mouth, that Miss —— has just returned from a fashionable boarding school, an accomplished lady. Our expectations are raised to the highest pitch, and we picture in our imagination all that is lovely in virtue, and dignified in intellect. We suppose she will shine with a radiance almost heavenly. Such ideas do we attach to the title, "accomplished Lady." We are impatient for an opportunity to enjoy her society, promising ourselves a rare intellectual treat. But, alas, how disappointed! how does the vision fade! True, she can repeat French and Italian, page after page, parrot fashion, without perhaps understanding half a dozen words of the whole, or at least one fourth of them; run her fingers lightly over the harp, piano, or guitar; sing a great number of sentimental songs and ditties, whirl gracefully through the giddy dance, tell you which is the last and most fashionable novel, and above all, play the coquette to perfection. We find her elevated far above this little, dull world of facts and realities, and surrounded by an artificial frost-work which has congealed all the genuine heaven-descended feelings of the soul. We find her sparkling, it is true, but it is as the sparkling of the moon-beams reflected from the beautiful ice-berg.

ADALINE.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH ELOQUENCE.

From D'Aubigne's England.

NEVER do the labors of Christian vitality appear in England in a more imposing form than in the great public meetings which are held in London, especially in the month of May. If the world, if the despisers of the Sunday, have their monster trains; the