

THE CALLOPEAN

Volume I. Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Tuesday, October 24, 1848. Number 23.

The Boy at Play.

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There's something in a pebble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unshackled, unbidden joy,
His frolic of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there—
'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on these golden wings
Which time has fettered now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still.
And throw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to fast

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
Whom foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How strong his heart's mysterious thrill
A feeling whose mysterious thrill
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

For the Calliopean.

Thoughts on Leaving Home.

We have so often listened to the sweetly expressive song, "Home, sweet home," that to many of us perhaps it has become "familiar as household words;"—yet, who can ever hear its soft and thrilling strains without being struck at once with its beauty as well as its simplicity and truth; and feeling a responsive glow in the heart as it echoes the sentiment, "there's no place like home!"

I never leave my home without, at least a slight feeling of loneliness, a sort of inward murmuring, that almost reproaches me for absenting myself, for however short a space of time from that spot, of all others in the world, most dear to me, and most deserving of my affections. Oh, leave not the person, if such there be, who can bid adieu to this sanctuary of the heart, hallowed by so many tender associations, so many recollections of happy infancy and sporting childhood; of parental solicitude and brotherly and sisterly affection, without one feeling of regret, one lingering thought or wish, one fond prayer for loved ones to be left behind. Many and various were my thoughts as I left my home. As I gazed around anticipating the absence of some weeks, it might be months, each familiar spot appeared doubly dear; each well-known countenance far more pleasing and lovely than ever, and though more than pleased and delighted with the object which was to take me from it to a distance still, I felt that hither my thoughts must often return with many a hope and wish, and prayer.

I thought of the contingencies of the future change; but, still, I cannot think of that in such a connexion; the dark and evil influences of the world may find their way to the heart of