

THE CALLOPEAN

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The Hour of Death.

For the Callopean.

Most solemn hour of man! Hour, on which hangs
Eternity, with all its untold scenes
Of happiness or woe. In doubt and gloom
Why clothest thou thy secrets from our ken?
Why shroudest in clouds thy fearful mysteries?
Reveal—unroll thy records—let be scan'd
The ~~records~~ ~~of the~~ ~~human~~ ~~breast~~
Entered upon thy dread realities,
That seeing, fully yet may wisdom learn.

'Tis God's decree; the darken'd labyrinths
Of future life, in time, much less beyond
The portals of the tomb, to penetrate,
To mortal man, on earth, cannot be given.
'Tis well! Enough we truly know; enough,
That soon beneath thy decaying shadows all
Earth's glories, though as heart-strings
Hitherto entwined, shall sink like meteors
Showing down athwart the sky. The palm
Of genius, and the flash of war, the glare
Of beauty, and the conqueror's pride, shall
Dwindle at thy piercing gaze, and disappear.
Fame, riches, honors, all, are swept away
At thy approach, as driven sands before
The rushing whirlwind. And is there no safe
Refuge from thy gloomy forecast—no bright star
To cheer our track on life's uncertain tide?
A deep response comes from the mould'ring tomb,
"Lay treasures up in heaven. Then willed shall be
The waves of life, no surge upon the calm
Unruffled surface of its sea, its hours
In dulcet sweetness flow. Fed from the pure
Exhaustless fountains of a God of love,
And shadowing forth His attributes in chaste
Unsuil'dness below, the soul glides gently to
The haven of its rest—the bosom of
The Deity."

EDITED.

Submission, or a Rainy Day.

For the Callopean.

"RAINING still!" exclaimed Eva, as she gazed impatiently from the window, at which she had been seated for the last hour, with

a book in her hand, which, however, scarce engaged half of her attention, the other half being bestowed on things without.

"Raining still! How I hate such gloomy, stupid weather—there is nothing on earth so gloomy as a rainy day."

"What is that, Eva?" said her grandmother, who was quietly occupied in the same apartment, "you employ strong expressions."

"Well grandma, I am entirely out of patience; these eternal rains will weary me to death; I wish the sun would always shine, the flowers always bloom, the birds always sing, and then I should always be happy."

"I am sorry to hear you speak just in that manner," said her grandma, seriously; "it seems to denote a mind but ill prepared to meet the vicissitudes of this world; alas! my child, you do not know how often your sky may be darkened; how many days of gloom, and nights of dreariness or storm, may be your portion; and you have yet to learn, that happiness may be maintained independently of external circumstances; and, also, that the heart may be sad even when all is bright and smiling around."

"You draw a dark picture of the future—that future which I always love to fancy as one continued scene of sunshine and enjoyment."

"Not too dark to be true, Eva. It is the common fault of the young to think of life as a bright summer-day, and thus neglect to prepare for the storms or darkness that may overtake them. There was a time, when I was young and thoughtless as you, with the same bright hopes and happy dreams with respect to coming years; but, since then, many a change has passed over me; many a cloud has darkened my horizon; and I too, have proved that life is indeed a chequered scene."

"Do tell me the history of your early life, dear grandma, and the secret of your present peace and enjoyment; for you always appear happy.—I promise to be an attentive listener."

"I will accede to your request with pleasure," was the reply; "for, though some recollections of the past may be painful and distressing, I would hope that it may be useful in impressing upon your mind some lessons which I have only learned by sad experience."

"'Tis long, my Eva," began the old lady, passing her hand affectionately through the flowing ringlets of the blooming girl, who had seated herself at her feet in an attitude of attention; "'tis long since my cheek glowed and my eye sparkled with the youthful animation which now warms and kindles yours; and yet, in retrospect, it appears but a short time since I returned from school to my father's house—the much loved home of