

## TO SPRING

For the Calliopean.

BY AN INVALID.

Sweet spring—where, where have fled thy charms?  
Thy face, tho' wont to look so fair, seems marred;  
Thy azure sky, that used to beam on my  
Raptured gaze with radiance bright and clear,  
Is spread with gloom, and clothed in sackcloth now.  
Thy every feature's changed. The carpet green  
Of earth—and flowers of brightest hue—and trees  
With verdant foliage crowned—and murm'ring stream—  
And landscape fair—and ever peaceful dale—  
And mountain high, seem clad in mourning all!

The feathered tribes,  
That carol forth their songs of joy "to Him  
Who tuned their notes to praise," sing plaintively  
To me. The bee, that sips the morning dew  
From fragrant boughe, and all day long culls sweets  
From flower to flower, amid her nectar'd task  
Hums soft, low, notes of grief.

E'en evening's balmy breeze,  
That gently fans my burning brow, and cools  
The bounding current in my veins, whispers  
In accents low and sad, "The spring of life  
Will soon be passed; as well the summer sun;  
Then autumn sear, and winter's blighting frost  
Will close the scene.

As when the distant village bell tolls the  
Departure of a soul, just loosed from its  
Clay prison-house, and gone to worlds beyond  
The ken of mortals, far, whence spirits ne'er  
Return—or, when upon the breath of evening  
Comes the lute's soft tones, touched by a hand  
That moves in concert with a heart o'ercharged  
With sorrow deep—so fall thy notes, O Spring,  
Upon my ear!

But hush! Be still my boating heart!  
Tho' gloom on nature's face sits brooding, dark,  
And earth seems lone and drear—'tis but a shade,  
By melancholy, cast o'er all that's clear  
And bright. Hail thou, sweet vernal year, with all  
Thy seeming clouds and gloom, an emblem, still  
Thou art of that bright spring that's dawning in  
My soul. Eternal Spring, thou'lt soon be here!

O then my soul, look up! Far, far beyond  
This scene of change, and those bright gems  
That twinkle in "night's diadem," in centre  
Of God's universe entire, is Jesus' seat,  
(So says philosophy) is throne of the  
Eternal One, and thy perpetual home;  
Round which, in grand perspective, swim systems  
And suns unnumbered, spreading before the  
Adoring multitude, redeemed, scenes of  
Pleasing grandeur—of rapture and delight,  
Perpetual and unchanged. And on this throne  
Of glory, sits thy King—thy Mediator—  
Great High Priest—thy elder Brother,  
And unchanging Friend. ~~Thou'lt why distrust that love~~  
Which groined in lone Gethsemane? Why fear  
That He, who, toiling up the hill of Calvary,  
With wearied limbs, and faint, carried the cross—  
On which he bore thy sins, and sins of all  
Adam's race, should o'er forget aught that his hands  
Have made; or heedless pass by one, for whom,  
In agony extreme, he cried "it's finished,"  
And expired? Opening a new and living way,  
Whereby "his banished ones" may 'scape from earth,  
And with Him rest eternally in heaven.

Hopewell Farm, Dereham, }  
April, 1848.

CORNELIA.

Females elevated by the Gospel.

THOUGH it be one main object of this little work rather to lower than to raise any desire of celebrity in the female heart; yet I would awaken it to a just sensibility to honest fame. I would call on women to reflect that our religion has not only made them heirs to a blessed immortality hereafter, but has greatly raised them in the scale of being here, by lifting them to an importance in society unknown to the most polished ages of antiquity. The religion of Christ has even bestowed a degree of renown on the sex beyond what any other religion ever did. Perhaps there are hardly so many virtuous women (for I reject the long catalogue whom their vices have transferred from oblivion to infamy) named in all the pages of Greek or Roman History, as are handed down to eternal fame, in a few of those short chapters with which the great Apostle to the Gentiles has concluded his epistles to his converts. O! "devout and honorable women," the sacred scriptures record "not a few." Some of the most affecting scenes, the most interesting transactions, and the most touching conversations which are recorded of the Saviour of the world, passed with women. They are the first remarked as "ministered to him of their substance." *Theirs* was the praise of not abandoning their despised Redeemer when he was led to execution, and under all the hopeless circumstances of his ignominious death; they appear to have been the last attending at his tomb, and the first on the morning when he arose from it. *Theirs* was the privilege of receiving the earliest consolation from their risen Lord; *theirs* was the honor of being first commissioned to announce his glorious resurrection to the world. And even to furnish heroic confessors, devoted saints, and unshrinking martyrs to the Church of Christ, has not been the exclusive honour of the bolder sex.—*H. More.*

## Editorial Department.

In consequence of the breaking up of our School, the attendant business and bustle, and the scattering of our wonted contributors, this and the following number may not afford as much variety as usual. This number is also unavoidably delayed, but we beg the forbearance of our readers, hoping, with the commencement of a new session, to return to our labor with renewed vigor and interest.

☞ The Essays read at our late Review will be inserted in our columns from time to time.

## BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER SESSION,  
consisting of FIFTEEN WEEKS, will commence on THURSDAY,  
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The Academy Building is situated in a pleasant part of the city, and in all its arrangements and furniture, has been fitted up with special reference to the health, comfort and convenience of the pupils.

The Principal invites Ladies and Gentlemen from abroad, at their convenience, to visit the Institution.

D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,  
Hamilton, March 9, 1848. Principal.

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.

☞ All Communications and Remittances must be addressed to the Editors of "THE CALLIOPEAN," Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, Canada West.