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The Future.

For the Calliopean.

DARK is the future, viewed by human sight—
 A void, a gloom, a never-ending night.
 Ask w's of nature, what is yet to come?
 Where are we going? What's to be our home?
 If yonder sleepers, 'neath the church-yard turf,
 Shall one day rise from out the dull, cold earth?
 Is this frail form, now subject to decay,
 Again to live in an immortal day?
 Nature is dumb—the question's echoed back,
 She throws no light upon our future track.
 Alas, poor Sceptic! and is this *your* god?
 When light you need, no light can she afford.
 Say, when you last stood o'er the grave's cold bed,
 And in its jaws your infant offspring laid;
 With father's feelings, did no wish then reign,
 That babe and thou should meet to kiss again?
 Didst thou not feel that *then* thy faith gave way,
 And find Hope conquer thy philosophy?
 Hail, heavenly Truth! thou pilot star of man,
 When all is dark, nor cheering ray we scan,
 With beams celestial thou dost guide our way—
 Proclaim'st to man, an everlasting day,
 A home, a mansion, where the soul shall dwell,
 Midst joys no eye hath seen, nor tongue can tell.
 Then faith, and love, and peace, shall fill the soul,
 And there increase, as endless years do roll.
 Religion makes our coming day seem bright—
 Sheds on the lone grave, all its mellow light—
 Strips Death of gloom—illumes the sinking eye—
 And to the saint, it says, "*Thou* shalt not die."
 If then, my anchor's cast within the vale,
 I care not much for life's short stormy gale—
 'Twill serve to make me take a firmer grasp
 Of Him, who said, "I'm with thee to the last."
 The future, now, lies wrapt within my soul
 I'm safe from danger, for my God controls.
 Elements may melt, and time may cease to be,
 And worlds blaze forth in dread sublimity—
 These shall not move me, for on this I'll stand,
 The "Rock of Ages," built by God's own hand.

J. B.

HOME CULTURE.

For the Calliopean.

BY DORCAS.

EDUCATION is a hackneyed theme; but while this proves its importance, it ought not to restrain further discussion. I am far from believing that the subject is exhausted; and even if there were no new truths to disclose, it might be an equally laudable, though more humble task, to recall those that are old and neglected. Contempt for what is *trite* is the brazen shield behind which the human mind often hides itself from the barb of truth. In this Athenian age, when men seem to "spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing;" even the most essential and sublime truths are despised. Truth might well take up her harp, and lament as did the poor blind bard over his disregarded songs—

"Men go their ways,
 Hearing the music as they pass;
 But deeming it no more, alas!
 Than the hollow sound of brass."

If the writer of the present article shall succeed in giving one cheering view to any laboring instructor, or in deepening one truthful impression in the mind of any reader of these pages, she will feel herself most amply rewarded.

The most important part of education is accomplished at the domestic fireside—there, more than any where else, the character is formed—there, the future man is made dull or lively; morose or cheerful; cruel or kind; penurious or benevolent; knavish or honest; mean or honorable; pious or impious. "The child is father of the man." The child may, indeed most children grow up by accident; but he will still *grow*. The parent may bestow no particular pains, either for good or evil; yet, influences and examples are about the child, and from those influences a character is produced, and produced to abide forever. The university does not mould like the cradle; the prelections of the professor will never obliterate the lullaby of the mother. I think it is Brougham who has said, that man learns more the first five years of his life, than during all the rest. This may be too strongly stated, but it is nearer the truth than the common notion. The above writer refers to knowledge, properly so called; but his remark is still more significant, when viewed in relation to those moral impressions and associations, before which mere science is the shadow of a shade. And, indeed, in speaking of home culture, I have very slight reference to *science*. This is not the age in which science is undervalued, and if it were, we might doubt the propriety of convert-

ing the cottage into a college. The *intellect* may be prematurely quickened and developed;—but the *heart* cannot be too early disciplined. Our present danger lies not so much in education neglected, as in education *partial* and *disproportioned*. I think the great desideratum now, is to counterbalance an excessive cultivation of science, as taught in our public seminaries, by inducing, at the paternal mansion, a deeper watchfulness over those affections and moral feelings, “out of which are the issues of life,” and upon which little real attention is bestowed, at the greater part of our numerous and pretending literary establishments. I will not here venture on the great question so much agitated in our country at the present time—I will not say what place should be assigned to religion, in those seminaries which are endowed from the public funds; but one thing is certain—no religious discipline of after years, not even the eloquence of the pulpit, with all the multiplied and gracious influences of the church itself, can ever supply the defects of a heart neglected in childhood. No public care can ever atone for parental sloth. None but those who have attended public schools, can imagine how little is done, yea, how little can be done, at such schools, toward reforming a vicious child.

Some exception to this remark may be made in favor of some female schools, where the government is domestic and paternal, and the whole establishment is assimilated to the quietude, watchfulness and affection of a family. Such seminaries may sometimes be found and are invaluable to any country; but they are rare, for they require abilities and singular benevolence; yet, so far from these furnishing arguments against the necessity of *homo cultura* that it is there its importance is most felt, and its neglect most deplored. With respect to colleges and seminaries, in general, they are known to be places of peculiar danger, and nothing but the strictest vigilance can keep them from becoming hot-beds of vice. True, these dangers, like other temptations in the great world, must sometimes be encountered; but shame on the parent who sends his child into their midst without the safeguard of early piety.

If these observations on early training be just, then will it follow, that female education is not the trifling affair that many persons imagine. It is the calling of the mother to educate her children—to educate them, not in science, but in manners and morals. In this work the father may do much, but nothing in comparison with the mother. And the mother is thus to form the early and enduring habits of the child. She must be well educated herself. She need not be Madame de Staël, or a Hannah More, but she should be intelligent. She should be something different from a kitchen-maid, and something different from a well-dressed doll; something more than a slave to her husband's convenience; something more than a canary-bird, to sing and shine for his amusement. Her understanding should be enlarged by useful reading, and her affections regulated by religion. If the reader asks for an example, he will find it in the mother of John Wesley. If we had more such mothers, we should have more such sons.

We seem generally to mi-take the best plan of reforming the world. We despise the children, because they are children; forgetting that the mighty actors, now struggling on “the world's broad field of battle,” were yesterday slumbering in the cradle. We could have *led* them, or *taught* them, *then*; we must *fight* them *now*. We look over the world, and we see the abodes of sorrow and crime well thronged. We look on, and sigh; we have no power to close the rushing flood-gates of pollution; no power to allure the fallen victim from his cup of sensual pleasure; but yesterday—yesterday, we might have prevented the first bewitching draft. Oh, what labor, what discouragement might be saved to the reformer and the preacher, by the faithfulness of the mother!

“I would have been a French infidel,” said John C. Calhoun, “but for my mother, who used to teach me to kneel by my bedside and say, ‘Our Father, who art in heaven.’” Let every mother go and do likewise; for among all the multiplied means employed to renovate this fallen and godless world, there is none more beautiful, none more effectual, than the mother teaching her child to say “Our Father, who art in heaven.”

Port Hope, December, 1847.

MOVING ONWARD.

THE world rolls on, let what will be happening to the individuals who occupy it. The sun rises and sets, seed-time and harvest come and go, generations arise and pass away, law and authority hold on their course, while hundreds of millions of human hearts have stirring within them struggles and emotions eternally new—an experience so diversified as that no two days appear alike to any one, and to no two does any one day appear the same. There is something so striking in this perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate—of a mighty unchanging power, blind to the differences of spirits, and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery; a huge insensible force, beneath which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed. This conception of Fate is grand, is natural, and fully warranted to minds too lofty to be satisfied with the details of human life, but which have not risen to the far higher conception of a Providence to whom this uniformity and variety are but means to a higher end than they apparently involve. There is infinite blessing in having reached the nobler conception; the feeling of helplessness is relieved; the craving for sympathy from the ruling power is satisfied; there is a hold for veneration; there is, above all, the stimulus and support of an end perceived or anticipated; a purpose which steepens in sanctity all human experience. Yet even where the blessing is the most fully felt and recognized, the spirit cannot but be at times overwhelmed by the vast regularity of aggregate existence, thrown back upon its faith for support, when it reflects how all things go on as they did before it became conscious of existence, and how all would go on as now if it were to die to-day. On it rolls—not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere;—on it rolls; and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life, than the Chimborazo or the loftiest Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere.

On, on it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary mote of the myriads that swim in space: no shriek, of passion nor shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations on a continent, could attain the ear of the eternal Silence, as she sits throned among the stars. Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of Fate, but the children of a Father. In the house of every wise parent may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parent's pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parent's thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household—its going forth and coming in, its rising and its rest—having been different before his birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it now and then occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and a couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with the one difference of his not being there. Thus he believes, and has no other trust than in his shrieks of terror, for being ever remembered more. Yet all the while from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening its passions, nourishing its affection—now troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while is the order of household affairs

regulated for the comfort and profit of these lowly little ones, though they regard it reverently because they cannot comprehend it. They may not know of all this—how their guardian bends over their pillow nightly, and lets no word of their careless talk drop unheeded, huils every brightening gleam of reason, and records every sob of infant grief, and every chirp of childish glee—they may not know this, because they could not understand it aright, and each little heart would be inflamed with pride, each little mind would lose the grace and purity of its unconscioussness; but the guardianship is not the less real, constant and tender, for its being unrecognized by its objects. As the spirit expands, and perceives that it is one of an innumerable family, it would be in danger of sinking into the despair of loneliness if it were not capable of

"Belief
In mercy carries infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts,"

while the very circumstance of multitude obviates the danger of undue elation. But, though it is good to be lowly, it behoves every one to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many evidences are around all who breathe. While the world and life roll on and on, the feeble reason of the child of Providence may be at times overpowered with the vastness of the system amidst which he lives; but his faith will smile upon his fear, rebuke him for averting his eyes, and inspire him with the thought "nothing can crush me, for I am made for eternity. I will do, suffer and enjoy, as my Father wills: and let the world and life roll on.—Miss Martineau.

Etymology of the names of Countries.

The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion—so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

The English of *Caledonia* is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin—as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies, in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footstep of man, which it resembles.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Charybdis, the holes of destruction.

Etna signifies furnace, or dark, or smoky.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood.

The above were gathered from a very ancient history of Britain.

Crown the Teacher.

THE faithful teacher, on every plan, has much to do and much to endure. He must be contented to labor and be ill-rewarded; he must be willing to see his pupils increase while he decreases; and even to see the world, whose movement he has accelerated, leaving him behind. No matter;—the school of life lasts not long, and its best rewards are reserved till school is over.

When Jupiter offered the prize of immortality to him who was most useful to mankind, the court of Olympus was crowded with competitors. The warrior boasted of his patriotism, but Jupiter thundered;—the rich man boasted of his munificence, and Jupiter showed him a widow's mite;—the pontiff held up the keys of heaven, and Jupiter pushed the doors wide open;—the painter boasted of his power to give life to inanimate canvasses, and Jupiter breathed aloud in derision;—the sculptor boasted of making gods that contended with the immortals for human homage; Jupiter frowned;—the orator boasted of his power to sway a nation with his voice, and Jupiter marshalled the obedient hosts of heaven with a nod;—the poet spoke of his power to move even the gods by praise; Jupiter blushed;—the musician claimed to practise the only human science that had been transported to heaven; Jupiter hesitated,—when, seeing a venerable man looking with intense interest upon the group of competitors, but presenting no claim,—"What art thou?" said the monarch. "Only a spectator," said the gray-headed sage; "all these were once my pupils." "Crown him! crown him!" said Jupiter; "crown the faithful teacher with immortality, and make room for him at my right hand!"

Personal Decorations.

In a short time of universal famine, how many jewels would you give for a single loaf of bread?—in a raging fever, how many diamonds would you sacrifice for a moment's ease?—in a parched desert, how many embroidered robes would you exchange for a cool draught? That these gaudy trifles should be valued at so high a rate, is certainly no small disparagement to the understanding of mankind, and is a sad demonstration of the meanness into which we have sunk by the fall. Compare them with the sublime and stupendous and the lovely objects that every where meet your eye in the creation around you. Can your richest purple excel the violet, or your purest white eclipse the lily of the valley? Can your brightest gems outshine the glory of the sun? Why then should enormous sums be expended in glittering bubbles and sparkling dust? Compare them with your books, your Bible, your souls—all neglected for their sake! Arise at once to correct sentiments and noble aims; make the Bible your looking-glass, the grace of the Spirit your jewels—if you must shine, shine here; here you may shine with advantage in the estimation of the wise and good—in the view and approbation of the holy angels and the eternal God; shine in death when the lustre of the fine gold has become dim and the ray of the diamond extinguished; shine in the celestial hemisphere with saints and seraphs, amid the splendors of the Eternal.

Description of the Sea.

"Thou hast never been on the sea," said the lady to her waiting-maid, "and knowest nothing of that dread loneliness which settles on the spirit, when the last headlands have disappeared, and one wide waste of tumultuous waters are heaving around, bounded only by the dull and evening sky.—Thou hast not felt that mighty dread which overwhelms the timid wayfarer on the ocean, who watches the little ship stagger from wave to wave, or hears the shrill wind singing through her cordage, until the masts bend like a reed in the storm. Thou hast not looked on the pathless waters, where nothing moved but the black hull on which we stood, and the rolling mountains of waves, the least of which might close over the bark for ever, and leave not a vestige to tell that aught living ever glided above those depths. But more, thou never hadst one whom thou didst love dearer than thine own life, journeying over those perilous paths, and thou far away, dreaming of the death to which he is exposed, or pining to be a partaker of his dangers."

For the Calliopean.
The Fine Arts.—Their Influence.

THERE is no thING so truly pleasing and dignified as the cultivation of our own nature—no spectacle, however grand, can lead the mind forth into more sublime fields of thought, than the contemplation of an individual, whose *mind*, the chief attribute of our nature, is irradiated by science—one, whose *heart* is susceptible of holy and elevated emotions. If in man, the very image of Divinity—the master-work of God—the true elements of happiness are not found, where, in all the world, can they be sought? What object on earth has the Creator endowed with higher, with more noble qualities? If then, mankind possess a nature, which properly cultivated, is capable of holding the mind in delightful contemplation, from a present view of the world, the importance of the fine arts, readily suggests itself.—The foundation of all mental discipline, in the words of an eminent writer, consists in “mastering the mind,”—that the mind, in its natural state, is a rude mass, incapable of rigid and correct investigation, observation abundantly testifies; and yet, the great object of mind, is to form correct conceptions of the relations of things, and the purposes for which they were created. But, to accomplish this object, is not the work of a few years employed in trudging in the contents of innumerable text books. True, the acquisition of knowledge is desirable; but to exercise, to strengthen, to expand the mind, by intense application—to make the rough places smooth—to stir its deep springs—to unfold its latent energies—to give it a correct knowledge of its own powers—lead it forth into new regions of thought—in a word, to teach it how to think. These are the greatest and most important objects to be attended to, in the cultivation of the mind.

As the jewel is taken from the mine by strong solid instruments; and afterwards, those of a more delicate nature are applied for shaping, smoothing, and polishing it—so the necessity of applying the solid branches to lead out, and then the more speculative, to smooth and polish the mind.

Who, that has ever paused for a moment to reflect upon the materials that constitute our social system, but has observed those, whose education is confined to the mere cultivation of mind, stand out as rude crags upon the mountain side, as unfruitful plants in the garden of nature. Hence, the necessity of studying the fine arts—of cultivating the *heart*, in connexion with the mind.

An elegant writer has well remarked, that to learn to *feel* as well as to *think*, constitutes a leading feature in a finished education—“there is a pulse in our hearts, as there is a thread in our thoughts; he who can move the one, knows how to feel, and he who can hold the other, knows how to think.” That the heart is susceptible of cultivation, as well as the mind, requires no proof, beyond the observation of every well instructed mind. To cultivate it is to elevate its nature, define its sensibilities, and bring its latent energies into more constant and lively exercise. In accomplishing this, the fine arts, especially painting, music, and poetry, are the most efficient auxiliaries. The study of these unlocks the mystic cells of the human breast—brings into action the purer and more ennobling affections of the heart, and kindles within the soul-cheering and joyous emotions.

To the art of painting, some of the brightest stars that ever decked the galaxy of genius, have loved to consecrate their lives, and pay a willing homage at her sacred shrine. In the practice of it, we are led, more frequently, to contemplate the works of nature, and view, in the azure sky, the foaming billow and the varied landscape—ten thousand beauties, unobserved by the careless beholder. While essaying to copy nature’s enchanting hues, what silent raptures glow within the breast, upon catching the features, tints, and associations of sublime and magnificent scenery; and as we view these features drawn to nature true, our contemplations “rise from Nature up to Nature’s God.”—That music, too, is subservient to refining and elevating man’s nature, is demonstrated in the history of all civilized countries, and apparent to every practical observer. Nations are pointed out to us, sections of which have discarded the practice of music; and which, though surrounded by those distinguished for piety, humanity, and hospitality, are characterised for savage manners, cruelty, and wretchedness. Whence originates this

great disparity? The former were not wont to listen to the strains of heaven-born music, and feel its refining influence on the heart; the latter had learned to bow to its mysterious influence; their ears had been captivated by its enchanting notes, and their natures softened by the heavenly sweetness of its melody. Music is the language of the skies. It is this language that soothes the troubled mind, adorns the brow of nature with additional lustre, and by some magic power, transports the soul to view those golden harps attuned around the throne of God. But Poetry, the divinest of the three, is a still nobler theme to contemplate. In the cultivation of this art, the richest jewels of the *mind* are made to shine forth—the deepest fountains of the *soul* are made to move. External nature assumes a different garb; and oh! what raptures inflame the soul, when first we view, upon her beautiful face, marks of our near affinity—then we feel that all the works of Nature, with ourselves, have descended from a common source—then our hearts, though they ne’er before had lisped a word, long for converse with some babbling brook—some mountain cliff, or forest green. And if, at our oft meetings, who will chide, if we, to make our interviews more pure, should rise above this sublunary sphere, to pass a joyous hour in some more holy clime—a place much nearer Heaven! Poetry is the breathing of those germs of immortality that are implanted in the soul. It is this divine principle in it, that enables it to exert a refining, a sacred influence upon the world—and as a result of this influence, the memory of a Milton, and others who have carried this art to the greatest perfection, has been inscribed upon the tablets of our hearts, and an admiring world caused to pencil their names highest on the list of fame.

The Fine Arts then, have a higher object in view than merely to furnish amusement for the young, and to draw off their mind from less innocent pleasures. Their’s is the work of changing the very face of society, of giving, for the rough and unwieldy, a nature that is refined and agreeable; of implanting within the mind a taste for all that is lovely and beautiful in nature.

Hamilton, December, 1847.

BURLINGTON.

To the Evening Star.

CHILD of the sky! thou art shining now
Like an ocean pearl on an angel’s brow!
Thou hast made thy home in my soul for years,
And hast always come with the evening tears!
As the sun first stood on the hills of God,
When the steps of Time on the mountain trod—
As thy sister looked from the halls of oven,
And beheld thy face in the glass of heaven—
Child of the sky! evermore shalt thou
Be the same dear thing thou art shining now.

Child of the sky! in thine azure flight,
Thou art hastening on through the halls of Night;
Thou art soaring now to the world above,
Like an angel winged for the isles of love;
Thou art burning now like the smiles of Youth,
When the soul is touch’d by the fire of truth;
Thou art laughing now like an artless child,
In the purple depths of the air so mild:
Child of the sky! thou art on thy way
To the glorious realms of eternal day.

Child of the sky! in the dowy even,
Thou art dancing now in the halls of heaven;
Thou art waltzing now in the rolling spheres,
Where the stars are notes of eternal years—
When the holy ones sing their songs to thee,
And the choir of God makes the jubilee—
Where the silver bark on that heavenly sea
Floats away from Time to Eternity:
Child of the sky! evermore shalt thou
Be the same dear thing thou art shining now.

THE SANCTITY OF HOME.—On the maxim that ‘every man’s house is his castle,’ Lord Chatham made the following beautiful remarks: “The poorest may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the wind may enter—but the king of England cannot enter! All his power dare not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement.”

Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 2.

For the Calliopean.

Hannah More.

It was a glorious time for old England, when, towards the end of the eighteenth century, there used to meet around the same table, at "The Turk's Head," Gerrard street, London, those master-minds, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. Garrick, and a few other choice spirits. Literature, Poetry, and Eloquence seemed to receive a new impulse from the contact of such powerful minds. The English language found a "habitation and a name" amid the gigantic labors of Dr. Johnson; while it received from Edmund Burke a style, to which an Englishman may point with exultation, as his mother-tongue. Poetry assumed a classic elegance; Painting, for the first time, bloomed on the English soil; and Eloquence felt proud, when Sheridan, Fox, and Pitt controlled at will the British Senate. But there is one name, not among these, which yet stands enrolled high on the lists of Fame, and still higher on those of Humanity. It is Hannah More. A schoolmistress in Bristol—she had published but one poem, the "Search after Happiness," when she went up to London. Joined by the bond of kindred genius, these master-spirits took her by the hand, and led her into the circles of talent and wealth. The supremacy of intellect was strikingly shown in her case. The daughter of the master of a grammar school, near Bristol, titled nobility and royalty itself bowed to her genius, and became her friends. Her "Hints for forming the character of a young Princess," was the last book the lamented Princess Charlotte read before her marriage, and the last before her death. It is one of the most interesting of her works, and calculated alike for the prince and the subject.

Volume after volume soon appeared from her prolific pen. Like the illustrious Franklin, her only enquiry, in writing for the public, was *cui bono*? for what good; and the answer was heard in the improved state of morals she introduced among the great and the small, and the general increase of knowledge and morality among all ranks of the community. Unlike the flimsy productions of Marryatt, Bulwer, and others, the benefits of which can be argued, not seen—hers told with powerful effect upon the well-being of mankind. Even her "Cœlebs in search of a wife," though considered a novel, is only so in appearance. Her "Thoughts on the importance of the manners of the great to general society," and her "Estimate of the religion of the fashionable world" found a home in almost every palace in the kingdom, and produced there a needed reformation. Her "Cheap Repository" tracts, on the other hand, were sold among the poor, at the rate of a million a year, and were thus productive of benefits, the full extent of which eternity alone can reveal.

Many may consider her immodest for writing so much, and for such high-born readers, since she was a *female*; but her own conscience, and the judgment of the just, the wise and the good, could never condemn her. Even our Canadian wilds, with all their rustic freedom and unchained liberty of thought, are hardly free from this ungenerous bigotry. Some, even here, would like, if possible, to fetter the first efforts of the female mind.

At length she resigned the pleasures of literary intercourse, and retired to a beautiful retreat in Somersetshire. She retired, but it was only into a new world of benevolence. Sabbath and day schools sprang up beneath her fostering hand in the neighboring districts, where ignorance and vice had hitherto held undisputed dominion, and where even clergymen refused to cooperate with her in her noble exertions. They were objects of her unceasing attention during the rest of her life, and remain to this day a glorious monument of her christian philanthropy.

There is something morally sublime in the character of Hannah More, combining as she did, the highest efforts of genius with the noblest acts of benevolence. The mind that could give birth to thoughts which astonished the world, delighted to sweeten the cup of affliction for many an unfortunate being. Calm and submissive in her temper, she is said to have exclaimed, when deeply insulted by one whom she had greatly befriended, "may we never meet again, till we meet in heaven."

She was the queen of literary women. Clear and powerful in reasoning, she yet interested the most trifling by the charming simplicity of her tales. *Dipping her pencil in the rays of Parnassus*, she produced many a captivating landscape, and showed in her Sacred Dramas, how thrilling and full of the sublime were the narratives of holy writ. In history, morals, and criticism, she likewise seemed perfectly at home.

Literary history scarcely furnishes a parallel to her indefatigable labors. The "Cœlebs in search of a wife" was written on a bed of languishing pain, and the "Spirit of Prayer" was dictated in her eightieth year, and published when she was given over by her physician.

She had a powerful mind, and it was well nurtured in her youth. At eight years of age, she commenced to learn Latin, and then Mathematics, which gave strength to her mind and her style. Dining one day at Garrick's, she astonished a young traveller of fortune and family, who was asked to address her in Spanish, but who, *making use of Italian instead*, unexpectedly found he had his match in that language also.

She was loyal in her feelings, and like her friend, Mr. Burke, wrote much against the French Revolution. But of all her works, those on religious subjects were the most numerous, and were characterised by a hallowed spirit of devotion, and a yearning zeal for the good of mankind. The Bible was the source of her inspiration; and one of her first essays was on the character and writings of St. Paul. Piety, indeed, held a prominent place in all her works, as is beautifully evinced in the manner in which she connects religion with government and history, in the "Hints for forming the character of a young Princess," already referred to.

The subject of female education received much of her attention. In her various writings, concerning it, she endeavored to depress the undue cultivation of external accomplishments, and to raise the standard of intellectual and religious attainments; considering that the former adapted their possessor for every place but home, while the latter would be the noblest and best preparation for the family fireside.

Her views are well expressed in the words of her biographer:

"A mind enriched and enlarged with true knowledge—the knowledge of facts and of real life—with history, biography, travels; purified by all that is tender, beautiful, and elevated, in poetry; yet, invigorated by the study of a few choice masters of argument and reflection, would, surely, be more worthily and beneficially educated, than if suffered to let its powers run to waste, in mere ornamental acquirements; or to imbibe from matchless novels and romances, false views of life and perversions of sentiment, incapacitating their miserable victim alike for the enjoyment and the communication of happiness. And if a rational education is necessary for rational beings, a spiritual education is still more indispensable for spiritual creatures."

An anecdote is told by a young lady, who was educated in the Misses More's school, which affords a characteristic illustration of Hannah's views on the subject of female education, at a very early period. "A young lady was placed with the Misses More for education. Her eldest sister was invited to spend some time with them as a visitor. The latter had attained to considerable excellence in drawing, and as often as her pieces were exhibited, they drew forth much admiration. One person there always was present, who observed a strict silence, much to the mortification of the young artist; and that person was Hannah More. One morning, this young lady made her appearance rather late at the breakfast table. Her apology was this—that she had been occupied in *putting on a new binding on a part of her dress*. Mrs. Hannah More fixed her brilliant eyes on her with an expression of entire approbation, and said, "Now, my dear, I find you can employ yourself *usefully*—I will no longer forbear to express my admiration of your drawings." JUNIA.

What is Life?

WHAT is Life? 'Tis a delicate shell
Cast up by Eternity's flow,
On Time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment its loveliness show.

Gone back to its element grand
Is the billow that brought it ashore;
See, another is washing the strand,
And the beautiful shell is no more!

Mental Philosophy.

The following synopsis of the benefits resulting from a thorough and practical knowledge of this science is from "The Youth's Book on the Mind, by Cyril Pearl." The more thoroughly this science is understood by instructors, the more successful and happy will be the results upon the instructed.

The study of the Human Mind is one of the most extensive and important that can be pursued. Man is the noblest work of God with which we are acquainted; and the *mind* of man is of more value than his body.

It is the *mind* that raises man above the brute, that allies him to angels, and brings him near to God.

It is in the *mind*, and not in the body, that we are to search for the image of God.

Next to the study of the DIVINE MIND—the *character, government and will* of God—we should hold in estimation, the study of the human mind. Of angels, or other created beings superior to man, we know but little; and the study of their nature and employments, must be reserved for another state of being. But the study of the human soul is now within our reach; and it is fitted to awaken the deepest interest.

"The proper study of mankind, is man."

The benefits of this study are numerous.

1. It serves to strengthen, expand and elevate the mind, and prepare it for the pursuit of all knowledge. Knowledge is gained by mental effort, and this effort is constantly fitting the mind for still higher attainments. No other study can do this more successfully than that of mind itself.

2. Mental Philosophy is the basis of self knowledge. It is the study of our nature, necessities, and capacities. It makes us acquainted with ourselves; for it is the study of our thoughts, feelings, and conduct in the various relations we sustain.

3. We thus learn to *discipline* our minds, and to direct them into right courses, and to useful ends. In all efforts for self-improvement we have occasion for just views of the philosophy of mind. We must necessarily be acting upon principles, either of true or false philosophy, at every step, in self-education.

4. Our knowledge of others will be in proportion to our skill in Mental Philosophy; which is but another name for a knowledge of human nature.

This knowledge is sometimes gained by the study of men, in the intercourse of life; but there is need of instruction in this, as in every other science. It is a profound science; and books, teachers, and direct efforts are as necessary in this, as in any science which claims our attention.

5. This knowledge is of vast importance to the teacher. He has need of the most thorough acquaintance with mind, both in teaching and governing the young. This is true of the teacher in every department; whether it be in the family circle, the common school, the academy or high school, the college, or professional seminary, or the sanctuary. All, who in any relation or situation attempt to teach and influence others, need a knowledge of mind.

6. Equally important is a knowledge of the mind in conversation, writing for the press, in public speaking, in the practice of the law and medicine; in mercantile and commercial pursuits; in the study of history and languages; in framing and administering human governments, in all efforts for reforming the manners or morals of man; in political action and political economy. It is useful in painting and sculpture, and in all the efforts of genius, and the creations of imagination in every art.

7. The study of the human mind is peculiarly fitted to lead us to the study of the DIVINE MIND. The more we know of ourselves, the more shall we feel our need of the knowledge of God; and no other created object can give us higher ideas of wisdom, power, and benevolence than the human mind. Its faithful study, in connection with the truths of the Bible, is needed to qualify us for his presence and service, and for the intercourse of all holy and intelligent beings.

POLITENESS is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same. To offend any person is the next foolish thing to being offended.

The best way to Teach.

It was once said by the French philosopher Diderot, "that the best way to educate a child is to let it tell stories to you." There is so much true philosophy in this remark, we will extend it a little.

There is a school-room education; the one is obtained out of the book on the bench; the other from walking among, and talking of things. And we believe that this out-door instruction has been too much neglected; education having been conducted on the principle of looking out of the window at things, instead of visiting objects, and learning their properties and uses.

The student, for example, looking out of his college window at the horse, can give five or six names to the animal: one in Latin, one in Greek, another in German, and then the French name, &c. The stable-boy can give but one name; yet which knows the most of the properties, nature, disposition, and uses of the horse?

Education consists too much in merely naming things, when it should relate more to their properties and uses. It should connect words with ideas, and ideas, as much as the nature of the subject will allow of, with objects.

If we instruct children orally while visiting nature, words, ideas and objects will naturally be more in connection with each other than the school-room lesson can make them. And the teacher should take occasion to instruct in the fields, in ship-yards, in the crowded streets, and in the pathway of canals and railroads.

He should talk on all these subjects, and elicit from the children their own impressions, inquiries and reflections. He should talk and walk, and let the children talk and walk more, in the process of education, than has been the practice with the majority of instructors.

HAPPINESS.

True happiness results from the action of a well governed mind, under the influence of religious principles. It is a rare attainment, and one which but seldom prevails in the human breast for any considerable length of time, without being ruffled by the elements of passion or feeling, which frequently disturb the most peaceful and happy. There is nothing that presents itself so often to the mind, and appears with such a winning aspect, as what men generally term happiness; yet nothing can be more fleeting or deceptive.

"We grasp the phantom, and we find it air."

Happiness is the first and the most beautiful object that attracts us in the outset of life, and there are none who do not promise themselves to enjoy it in all its fullness, at some time or other before they die. Its image is constantly flitting before our eyes in its most fascinating array, with inviting smiles, and beckoning us to draw near and realize all our bright imaginings. Attracted by its loveliness, we wait for no calculations; we rush forward with precipitancy, and pursue the phantom through the mazy dance of pleasure, and already fancy ourselves revelling in full possession of its boasted charms, till cruel disappointment crosses our path and every thing around becomes more dreary than before. Something like happiness is enjoyed by the youthful tyro, whose aspiring soul dilates with ambitious longings; he who trends on air and rears his proud castles high in clouds, and supposes that fortune's smiles are permanent, soon falls back to earth again. The baseless fabric of his visionary hours vanishes into airy nothing, and he is doomed by disappointment to plod his pilgrim way alone through time's dreary waste. There is, too, in the first entrance on the stage of busy life in the society of those to whom we have plighted the vows of earthly love, a sweet satisfaction, nearly amounting to happiness. The soul flutters around these new and enchanting scenes. The tender endearments of connubial joy that cluster before the family hearth, attract; and, for a brief space, at least, we pause, admiring the novelty and fitness of such a life to quiet the elements that have raved within. Here, says the weary one, I shall find rest. The proud waves of anxious expectancy, the tumultuous throbbings of desire are here stayed. I have now found a home, and like the dove would stay in this ark, no more

to wander to and fro over all the earth, seeking for ease and quiet. But ere long the horizon is darkened, the clouds gather, the tempests blow, and we are amazed. Amazed, indeed! what is there here beneath the circle of the sun which heaven has fashioned like the soul! Or where does it find its centre, there to remain and be at rest forever? Is not its mate a being of to-day, whose mightiest boastings are like air, whose standing is shaken in a moment, and whose fortunes all seem gathered within a narrow space, or play around a single point of time! Can earth, or sky, or vast creation bound the stretch of thought, or fill the mighty void? No, verily:

"There's nothing here deserves our joys,
There's nothing like our God."

In him alone true happiness is to be found. He hath so ordained it, that nothing but himself can stay the aberrations of the mind, and fix the soul permanently.—God is the true centre of all happiness and enjoyment. When we arrive within the influence of his attracting love, we breathe an air, pure, untroubled and serene. We move no longer at random; but by the immutable law of love, sweetly revolve around our Father and our God, feeling full upon our souls the refracted rays of his benevolence, truth and mercy. It is God who lifts us up above the world, sets our feet upon a rock, establishes our goings, and puts a new song into our mouth. We reach by faith the suburbs of the heavenly world, and scale the mount of bliss. Are we seeking happiness from impure motives, under unhallowed influences, directed by base principles? We have no lot nor part in the matter. Let us rather raise our thoughts to heaven and fix our eyes on him who is invisible. Let us seek the friendship of the great God, he who has condescended to call himself our Father and our friend, and by our lives and conversation, show that we have indeed been with Jesus. Then we shall feel and know a happiness complete and lasting which shall never be taken away from us; but which will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.—*Calvary Taken*

Brothers and Sisters.

BROTHERS and sisters should never envy each other. It might be supposed that envy would have no place in hearts so closely united; but even among children of one family it often springs up and produces the most bitter effects. The idea that one receives more of a parent's favor than the rest, or is more noticed by the world, has sometimes kindled an envy that has destroyed all the attachments and sweets of domestic life. How dreadful were the effects of this evil passion in the family of Jacob! How did it root out every kind of feeling from the breasts of Joseph's brethren, and prepare them for the blackest deeds!—O guard against this sin, which like the serpent in Eden, will, if you yield to its temptations, destroy your innocence and peace.

Brothers and sisters should tenderly sympathize with each other in affliction. If we are bound to shew pity to a stranger's, how much more to those of our nearest kindred. How soothing to a sufferer are the ministrings of a sister, or the tender accents of a brother's voice. Extend this consolation whenever you are called in the providence of God to do it; especially if you have a brother visited with sickness, let no kind attention be withheld that it is in your power to afford.

Consumption.

THESE is a dread disease which so prepares its victim as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.

The Worship of God.

For the Calliopean.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," is the command of Divine Inspiration; and who that contemplates the nature and tendency of this sacred exercise but must be struck with its peculiar adaptation to man even in his fallen and depraved condition. "In order to discern more clearly the salutary influence of Divine worship upon the human mind, we need only contrast its effects with those resulting from homage paid to other deities.

The benighted worshiper of Moloch viewed without even an avverted eye, or anxious brow, the writhings of her tender offspring, as it perished in the scorching embrace of her iron God. She returned from the horrid sacrifice, not with the yearnings of parental affection, but with the fountain of maternal love forever stayed. The follower of Mahomet wanders, a stranger to all the endearments of home and friends, that he may bow before the Prophet's tomb. He worships, and the baser propensities of his nature are excited to luxuriant growth, as the convivialities of a voluptuous paradise pass before his vitiated imagination. The devotee of Juggernaut falls prostrate before the ponderous car of his insatiate deity, and sinks, laden with guilt and crime, into an unknown eternity.

Not so with him who worships the Christian's God. Though oppressed with sin and borne down by transgression, he approaches the mercy seat, yet by faith he looks upward and appropriates the righteousness of a crucified saviour.

He gazes upon the perfections of a Being of spotless purity; and gazing is transformed into the glorious image of his Creator.

The storm of his tumultuous passions subsides; the asperities of a corrupt nature are subdued; and that mind, hitherto like the troubled sea casting up mire and dirt, now reposes placid and serene in the sunshine of an approving conscience, and beneath the smiles of a reconciled God.

In his pristine state, man communed with his Creator face to face, and enjoyed continually the light of his countenance. But sin, with its deforming and blighting influences entered our world, and he, who was formed in the image of God, is no longer susceptible of those high spiritual aspirations which glow in the bosoms of spotless intelligences, is compelled to view through the types and shadows of a ceremonial law, that glory, which he had hitherto looked upon with unobscured vision.

Still those who trusted in God, found his worship their delight. With alacrity the pious Abel collected together the firstlings of his flock and presented them upon the sacrificial altar. In the days of Seth, we hear the united voices of assembled multitudes calling upon the name of Jehovah.

No sooner had the waves of the deluge subsided, than he who had braved the fury of the tempest, prepares to worship the God of his salvation. Alienated from their rightful heritage, and strangers in an enemies land, the Patriarchal Fathers still adhered to their sacred ordinances.

Amid the pomp and grandeur of Egyptian loyalty, the foster Son of Pharaoh's daughter chose rather to join the worshipping throng of afflicted brethren, than participate in the festive scenes of imperial revelry and mirth.

Lost in astonishment, the wondering Israelites fall prostrate before the Holy Mount, overwhelmed with the glory which burst upon them, as they worshipped their father's God. In defiance, the intrepid Daniel shunned not to hold daily communion at the throne of grace; and strong in the power hence derived, he sits composed within the lion's den.

Thus, did the early worshippers of a typical dispensation appreciate the privilege of calling upon the name of God.

But this shadowy system is to endure only for a season. You mysterious luminary, which has already engaged the attention of eastern sages, betokens the approach of a more auspicious era. While Bethlehem's humble shepherds listen to the pealing anthem which echoes from the heavenly world, the star moves on, with undeviating course, until its rays brighten on the cheerless solitude of that lonely stable, in which is laid the Prince of Peace. There, in an infant form, the eastern Magi recognized the object of their search—the fulfilment of ancient prophecy—the only hope of fallen man. With rapturous delight they cast their of-

ferings at his feet, and hail him as their Prophet, Priest, and King.

At length the sacrifice is accomplished, and on Calvary's rugged summit is heard the exclamation, "It is finished!" The temple's veil is rent asunder; and he that had hitherto worshipped afar off, is now admitted into the holiest of the holies, by the blood of Christ.

No longer need the Israel of God journey to the holy city to pay their yearly homage. He whom they worship is everywhere present. His temple is erected wherever the contrite soul prostrates itself before him. His choicest sacrifice is a subdued and humble spirit. "Wherever two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," is the declaration of the blessed Saviour; and how often has it been verified in the experience of his believing children? It was fulfilled to the faithful Covenanters, when, in the face of persecution and death, they worshipped beneath the covert of some projecting cliff. Its faithfulness was tested by the Pilgrim Fathers, even amidst the perils of the ocean, and the privations of an American forest. The massive walls of a Roman prison could not intercept the prayers of those whose feet were made fast in the stocks. Their offering arose like sweet incense to the skies, and He whom they sought came swiftly to their rescue.

Thus, in every age of the world, has God revealed himself to his worshipping people; causing them to rejoice in the prospect of bursting earth's fetters and mingling with the blood-washed throng, who cast their crowns at the Redeemer's feet. MARY.

The condition of Woman.

It is a generally admitted fact, that to effect the cure of any evil, we must previously be made sensible of its existence. The first step, then, toward elevating the character and advancing the usefulness of woman, is to show her the station which she at present occupies on the stage of being. Were she but sensible of this, we might hope to see a change—to see her converted from a state of mental bondage to one of honor and usefulness. The world would be saved the trouble of descanting on her weakness, and fondness of trifles; and man, who was designed to be her compeer, not her superior, would be convinced that her talents are in no degree inferior to his own. A greater and more salutary change would be effected than conqueror or philanthropist ever yet dreamed of; and man, as well as woman, would grow wiser and better for the change. Why, then, shall not the truth, galling as it is, be presented to her view? Why will not man, instead of daily forging new chains, (none the easier broken for being 'silken,') endeavor to assist her in stemming the tide of flattery and prejudice which has been, and still is, the bane of her life? True, she is the theme of a thousand pens—a subject on which genius and talent has well nigh exhausted itself; but alas! only, in most cases, to rivet her chains the closer—to render the obstacles between her and entire emancipation the more insurmountable.

One writer tells her of the high and elevated station which she occupies in this favored land, compared with the less civilized parts of the world, and loudly calls upon her to be grateful that she has at length obtained her due. That her condition is much improved, is obviously true, and she sees and believes; and thus another impediment is put in her way, when but a little sober reflection would shew her that this writer's premises are false. Woman is very far from having obtained her due; and even the improvement in her condition is much less striking, on a close view of the subject. Civilization has done much for her, but, mentally, she is still in bondage.

Another writer, with all the gallantry of a knight errant, steps forth, and in the overstrained and running efforts of his genius, declares her, in point of intellect, and all the ennobling qualities of the heart, to be infinitely in advance of man. He tells her that her influence is far greater; that but for her, life would be a bane; that she is the brightest gem of man's existence; and concludes by asserting her to be little else than an angel, and that all who say to the contrary are unfit to dwell within the pale of refined society.

Such puerile assertion and revolting flattery ought to be despised; but, it is a lamentable fact, that it has an influence; and

were we to take into view the training and education of woman, we could not, in justice to poor weak human nature, be surprised that it does. From infancy to maturity, almost every thing conspires to divert her from the path of real greatness and usefulness. She is taught to consider it immodest, and entirely out of her sphere, to aspire to any thing beyond the toilette, domestic affairs, and the smiles of man. Her kind friends tell her of her genius and talents, but seldom, if ever, attempt to open the way for their development. A lady's 'education' strengthens her prejudices; and if any thing is lacking, her insidious, self-styled superior will add flattery, and what he terms argument, enough to surround her with a wall, not of stone and mortar, but what is infinitely more insurmountable—a wall of education, prejudice and flattery.

Hoping that some far abler and better abilities may be enlisted in a cause, than which none can be juster or nobler, and that woman will awake from the stupor which at present enshrouds her noblest powers of mind, and exercise her own energies and talents for her own emancipation, the foregoing is respectfully submitted, by

A WOMAN.

Editorial Department.

We tender our cordial thanks to the editor of the *Prince Edward Gazette*, for his very kindly proffered influence and agency in his district.

It becomes necessary to inform our correspondents, that no communication will, in futuro, be inserted in our columns, unless the name of the author is given to the editress.

We have read with great interest and profit, the "Report on a System of Public Elementary Instruction, for Upper Canada," by the Chief Superintendent of Schools for Canada West. Every teacher in the Province should have a copy; and we could wish it might find its way into every family.

ERRATA—Second No

"The Infant Pilgrims,"—after the second line, read

Who asked for the throng of their household band.

"Light,"—for rayless light, read rayless night; and for mighty lamps, read nightly lamps.

Letter signed J. Scott.—in the first line of the third paragraph—for Canada has procured, read Canada has produced. Fifth line of same paragraph—for lesson, read lesson. Eighth line of fourth paragraph—for Montgomery's amiable lecture, read Montgomery's admirable lectures.

Burlington Ladies' Academy.

THE SECOND WINTER TERM of this Institution will commence on TUESDAY, the 4th day of JANUARY, 1848. This will be a favorable time for pupils to enter, as new classes in the several branches will then be formed. The Principal spent the summer vacation in visiting the most popular Female Schools in New York and Massachusetts, with a view of improving the facilities of the Burlington Academy.

A large and valuable addition has been made to the Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus; also to the Historical and Geographical Maps and Charts; and in other respects, valuable improvements have been made.

The Principal and Preceptress are assisted by eight Ladies, eminently qualified to impart instruction in their several departments. In addition to Lectures, given formally and informally, on subjects connected with the health, manners, and appropriate duties of young ladies, courses of Lectures, with experiments and illustrations are given, on Chemistry and Astronomy. The Library connected with the Institution contains over six hundred well selected volumes.

For full information, attention is invited to the Academy Circular, which may be obtained on application to the Principal.

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, November 20, 1847. Principal.