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# THE CALLOPEAN

Volume I.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C.W., Thursday, December 9, 1847.

Number 2.

The Infant Pilgrims.

For the Callopean.

And there was a bright and a youthful train,  
On the snowy shore of Columbia's plain,  
Who wept at the frown of the stranger land,  
Who sighed for Britannia's glowing light;  
For the music's thrill, and the lay by night,  
For the brightness that gilded their early hours,  
For the luscious bloom of the sunlit flowers.

But a mother bent over that weeping throng,  
And she lulled them to rest with a holy song,  
Of a clime far beyond the heaving wave;  
Of a faith that could pierce the darkening grave;  
She spoke, 'midst the wrath of that stormy night,  
Till the ray of each eagle eye grew bright,  
And they felt heaven's care around them spread—  
They despised not that shore as their cradle bed;  
So the forest-nurslings' hearts grew strong,  
To endure the foe and the desert wrong.

O, there shall dawn a day,  
When that same infant band,  
(While the earth and the ocean are rolling away,)  
Around their Lord shall stand—  
And many a heaven-wrought holy crown  
Shall to the throng be given,  
Who in the wilderness sank down,  
And found a home in heaven.

HARRIET ANNIE.

LIGHT.

For the Callopean.

"And God said. Let there be light; and there was light."

WHAT worlds of glorious thought burst forth upon the astonished mind, in the simple yet sublime revelations made in the first chapter of Earth's History.

Before the first announcement, "In the beginning God!"—how do the boldest imagery and the loftiest conceptions of heathen mythology sink into utter vapidness! From this first beacon-tower streams forth a radiance, which throws its light on all the track of man. To this, as a central, radiating sun, all systems, grasped by human minds, trace back their origin; and onward, through the line of coming ages, read well their destination.

"O, Thou Eternal One!

Who, from primeval nothingness, didst call,  
First chaos, then existence. Lord, on Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Spring forth from Thee: of Light, Joy, Harmony,  
Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine;  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great!  
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

What am I?  
Nought; but the effulgence of Thy Light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;  
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly,  
Eager, towards Thy presence; for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
E'en to the throne of Thy Divinity."

But, to my theme:—"God said let there be light;"—yet, still I linger on the threshold—"God said," and in the twinkling of an eye, chaos is transformed, and the morning stars together sing in joyous light. No marvel that Longinus, the celebrated Grecian writer on the sublime, was impressed with this inimitable example.

Before the sun was set in the firmament, which was the work of the fourth day, light was produced. As to the nature of this light, the way in which it was formed, and the mode of its operation, we shall not enter the field of conjecture; for theorists, by endeavoring to explain how God created light before the sun appeared, have too generally involved their minds only in a deeper and more bewildering chaos of darkness. The facts, however, are certain, and they are not to be harmonised by the denial of the one or the other. Light was created on the first day; not, as some suppose, in a latent state: for the Scripture certainly indicates the immediate separation of light from darkness, and the establishment of that order in the succession of day and night, which the sun, in connection with the rotation of the earth, was subsequently to perpetuate. The fact, that light was created before the sun, shows its independent existence, and that the sun was created as the mere reservoir and disseminating agent of light, according to the theory of Newton; or otherwise, according to the theory of Herschell, that, by a mysterious influence, perhaps electric, it imparts a vibratory motion to a subtle and elastic substance, pervading all space, and called light, to whose impulsions upon the organ of vision are to be attributed all optical phenomena.

Among the wonderful productions of the Great Jehovah, there is none that performs so many and important functions as light,

or that affords a theme for so much delightful and profitable meditation.

How wonderful and mysterious its nature and operations. No sooner does this ethereal, all-pervading agent glance upon a substance, than it is gone. Suddenly cut off the external light from a room, into which it is pouring a strong flood, and it is all dissipated, as instantaneously as thought. Not a solitary ray is left to render even "the darkness visible." Extinguish a candle, whose light can be seen at any point for a mile in circumference, and which, therefore, fills several entire miles of space, and with the extinguishment of the candle, every vestige of its light instantly disappears. The lightning blazes across the canopy of a midnight storm, and its dazzling light fills perhaps a thousand cubic miles of space. Blinded by the intense and lurid glare, the eye of the beholder shuts for a moment, and opens upon a darkness, deeper, if possible, by contrast, than before.

Never, for an instant, is this subtle agent stationary. With lightning speed, it glances from heaven to earth, from the sun to the planets. Its velocity is estimated at two hundred thousand miles a second, coming from the sun to the earth in about eight minutes, as demonstrated by observations upon the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. Hence the entire ocean of light, one hundred and eighty millions of miles in diameter, (twice the distance of the earth from the sun,) and containing billions of billions of cubic miles of light, diffused over space, is displaced every eight minutes by a new emanation—a fresh ocean of light—and that by the flood-tides of another ocean; and so on to infinity. Nor is this all. The whole space between us and the far off orbit of the newly discovered planet, Neptune, is filled with light, and that light is thus again displaced by wave succeeding wave, in endless succession.

Light is reflective and refractive. We see objects through the lines of light, that come from them to the eye—and as very few objects of vision are luminous, most of them are visible by reflection. But vision would still be imperfect, if not impossible, without the refraction of light, unless the structure of the eye were entirely changed. But God, who created the light, formed also the eye, and has shown infinite wisdom in its structure and adaptation.

Light is the great agent of life and beauty. Without its agency all things would become a shapeless, lifeless mass, and Byron's poetic dream on darkness would be realized—

"The world was void,  
The populous and powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;  
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and oceans, all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.  
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal—  
As they dropped, they slept upon the abyss without a surge.  
The waves were dead. The tides were in their graves.  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before.  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air.  
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them—She was the universe."

Light is also the great colorific principle. Objects have no inherent color, but take it from the kind of light, which they reflect. It is easily demonstrated, that light consists of seven distinct colors; by the nice intermingling of which, in the processes of absorption and reflection, nature receives her endlessly diversified tinge, and shade, and hue.

A colorless landscape, as when the wintry clouds spread their ice-white mantle over forest, hill, and dale, is a dreary scene; but mantled in the rich drapery and May-colored dress of the light, it becomes enchanting. When we linger in the flower garden, attracted by the beauty and delicacy of the violet, the dahlia, and the rose, let us remember, that light is the wardrobe from which Flora has brought their dress.

How beautifully and appropriately is light made the emblem of Christ. He is styled "the true light,"—"the light of the world,"—"the sun of righteousness." Until time began, darkness held empire over chaos. But this darkness was a faint image of that thick, heavy, utter, felt darkness, that gathered upon the moral world, when first man forsook his God, and his

sun set in gloom. A long night ensued. "The joyous sun did run his course, and oft arose, and scattered night away; but no morn of heaven came down to man—no rising sun did close his darkness or illumine his night." All virtue died. Love died, and hate took her place. Hope let flag her wings and perished; and man groped in the rayless light, and famished in the dreary world. Then prophets arose, and told a coming morn. They watched with eager eye; yet died ere yet it came. Others arose and prophesied; and a dim light flickered over the way of time. They were stars; proclaiming, somewhere in heaven's wide expanse, a mighty orb of pure and holy light, whose beams they reflected back upon the world; just as the mighty lamps, that brighten in the vault of heaven, and publish the great and glorious sun, by whose reflective beams they glow and shine. And other prophets spake—and lo! a star arose. It was from Bethlehem—the bright and morning star—and soon did bring the promised morn—and full day was poured upon the world; for God had said again, "Let there be light." Q. R.

#### Light and Love.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

In the beginning all was waste and void—a cold and fathomless sea; and the elements of matter lay wildly intermingled. Then from the mouth of the eternal came forth the breath of life, and the icy chain was broken; and, like a brooding dove, softly moved the wavering mother-wings. In the dark abyss, all was now wildly heaving and struggling into birth. Then came forth the First-born—the soft and joyous *Light*.

Friendly *Light*, united with *Maternal Love*, moved upon the face of the waters; they darted up to the heavens, and wove the golden azure; they descended into the ocean, and filled the depths with life. From its bosom they bore up the *Earth*—an altar to God—bestrewing it with ever-blooming flowers, and infusing vitality into the smallest dust.

And when they had filled the sea and its depths, and the earth and the air with life, the heavenly Counsellors stood still, and thus spoke to each other:

"Let us create *Man*—a form like ourselves—a likeness of Him who, through *Light* and *Love*, created the heavens and the earth."

Life then animated the dust; *Light* beamed forth from the god-like face of man; while *Love* made choice of his inmost heart to be her secret dwelling. The eternal Father beheld, and pronounced the creation good; for all was filled—all was penetrated with his ever-operative *Light*, and his pure daughter, even life-giving *Love*!

Wherefore murmurest thou, idle philosopher! and gazest upon the world as upon a dark chaos? Chaos is reduced to order; order thou thyself. In the duties of life alone is the felicity of heaven.

#### The Sun and Moon.

DAUGHTER of Beauty! keep thyself from envy. Envy hath hurled an angel from heaven; it hath darkened the loveliest form of night—even the beautiful Moon!

From the counsels of the Eternal went forth the creative voice: "Two lights shall glitter in the firmament, as kings of the earth and distinguishers of the rolling time." He spake, and it was done. Up rolled the Sun, the first light. As a bridegroom cometh forth from his chamber—as the hero rejoicingly pursues his victorious path, so stood he then, clothed in the radiance of the Highest. A garland of every dye encircled his head; the earth shouted for joy; the plants yielded to him their fragrance; and the flowers arrayed themselves in lovely and varied garbs.

Filled with envy stood the lesser light, for she saw that she could not outshine the lordly Sun. "Why," said she murmuringly to herself, "why should there be two princes upon one throne? Wherefore must I be the second and not the first?"

Suddenly her beautiful light, banished by inward sorrow, vanished. Away, away it flew, far off into the regions of air, and became the countless host of stars. Pale as death stood Luna

then, ashamed and confounded before all the heavenly creation. Weeping, she cried, "Have pity, Father of beings! have pity!"

Then stood an angel of God before the disconsolate mourner, and spoke to her the words of holy destiny: "Because thou hast envied the light of the Sun, oh thou most miserable! thou shalt in future shine only by his light; and when yonder earth steps before thee, thou shalt be, as now, half or wholly darkened. Yet, child of error, weep not; the Merciful hath forgiven thy fault, and hath turned it even to good. 'Go,' said He, 'speak consolingly to the repentant; let her also in her radiance be queen. The tears of her repentance shall be a balsam to quicken all that languish, and to endow with new strength all that have fainted beneath the rays of the Sun.'

Comforted turned Luna away; when behold! there suddenly encircled her the same glory in which even now she glitters; and she entered upon the silent course in which she still moves on, the queen of night and leader of the stars. Bemoaning her guilt, and sympathizing with every tear, she over seeks whom she may console.

Daughter of Beauty! beware of envy. Envy hath hurled an angel from heaven; it hath darkened the loveliest form of night—even the beautiful Moon!

#### The Child of Mercy.

WHEN the Almighty would create Mankind, He called His chief angels to counsel around Him.

"Create him not!" said the angel of Justice; "he will be unjust toward his brethrer, and with those that are weak will he deal harshly and cruelly."

"Create him not!" said the angel of Peace; "he will drench the earth with human blood, and the first-born of his race will become a fratricide."

"He will profane Thy Holiness with falsehood," exclaimed the angel of Truth, "even though Thou shouldst enstamp Thine own image—the seal of truth—upon his forehead."

While they were yet speaking, Mercy, the youngest—the dearest child of the Eternal Father, approached His throne, and clasped His knees: "Create him!" cried she; "create him, Father! an image of Thyself—a cherished object of Thy goodness. When all thy servants have forsaken him, then will I seek him, and will stand fondly by him, and will turn even his faults to good. His frail heart will I fill with compassion, and will incline it to commiserate the weaker. When he wanders from Peace and Truth—when he offends against Justice and Equity, then shall even the consequences of his error lead him back, chastened and improved."

The Father of the human race created Man—a frail and erring creature; but even in his faults a favorite of His goodness—a son of Mercy—a son of that Love which can never forsake him, but which ever seeks to make him better.

Remember thy origin, oh Man! when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the Divine attributes, Mercy alone chose to call thee into being, and hath through life extended to thee only the love and compassion of the maternal breast.

#### Energy and Mind.

ENERGY is every thing. How mean a thing is man with little motive power! All the abilities nature has given him lie useless, like a great and mighty machine, ready at every point for useful action, but not a wheel turns for want of a starting power! A great man is like a great machine. He has a great power to set in motion the varied and immense projects which he has in his hand; little motives can neither start nor stop him; they may set in full play the powers of an ordinary man, and render him a respectable, nay, even a beautiful piece of mechanism, but never a magnificent one.

Yet there is one point which lifts man supremely above the machine. By the working of his own mind he can improve and exalt himself; by directing his eye to what is great and good, he may become so. If, then, we can become what we wish to be, what high objects should we aim at, and what resolute and energetic efforts should we be ever making to attain them!

Emma Eastwood.

For the Calliopean.

LIKE many, whose natural dispositions are unpurified and unrefined by the blessed influence of divine grace, Emma Eastwood gave herself many unhappy hours, and not unfrequently much pain to kind friends, by manifesting, on the slightest occasions, a hasty and inconsiderate temper, although the very reverse of that, which, with affectionate tenderness, they besought her to cultivate.

Emma was passionately fond of flowers; and in the beautiful spot where stood her father's cottage, she had ample opportunity for cultivating them. Accordingly her leisure hours were frequently devoted to her favorites, as she termed them. And yet, so little was she benefited by the bright example of such gentle companions, that at every trifling provocation she would get angry with brothers, sisters and playmates; and by her unkind treatment, soon dissipate from every little face its happy smiles.

One bright autumnal day, Emma was taking her accustomed walk among the flowers, of which but few now remained, for the chilling frosts of November had scattered their leaves. From among those which still lingered, like well-tried friends, she selected a bouquet of violets, for her mother. As Mrs. Eastwood received it from her hand, tears gathered in her eyes—"Emma," said she "you will be able to gather me but few flowers more." "Yes, dear mamma," she replied, "the cruel frost has almost destroyed them. How lonely we shall be without them through the long dreary winter." On looking up Emma beheld her mother's eyes filled with tears, resting upon her,—at the sight of which her kindest and most tender feelings (for Emma had an affectionate heart,) were aroused, and she anxiously enquired the cause of her mother's grief.

"Nothing unusual has occurred, my child," said her mother; "I was only thinking, were you, my dear Emma, more like these gentle flowers we love so well, how little would I lament their absence—blessed with the presence of a child as lovely in mind and disposition as they. Yes, Emma, many a happy lesson might you learn from these little violets. They spring up—grow—and are sustained by the same Almighty Power, upon whom we too are dependant. Do you ever think of this? Their earliest perfume and sweetest fragrance ascend to him as grateful tributes of praise. They are beautiful. Yet how modest and unassuming—how free from every thing like vanity. Meekly and submissively they bend before the wild blast, and kindly meet the gentle zephyr. Forgivingly they smile upon the storm—always the same, whether in sunshine or shade—loved and lovely. Such, my dear child, may you become, if, from your kind heavenly Father, you seek grace to imitate the flowers."

Emma's heart was too full for reply; but her mother's kind words and tearful eye were not soon forgotten. From that hour she strove to subdue her evil temper; and, assisted by ever ready and indulgent friends, she in a short time proved most successful. All noticed the delightful change. Her brothers and sisters loved her more; for now, when any of them came to her about their work or play, instead of a selfish, peevish answer, pleasing smiles and kind words were their happy welcome.

Many years have passed, and many changes taken place, since the time to which I have alluded. From trials and sorrows, to which all are exposed, Emma has not been exempted. A dearly loved father, and that kind mother, to whose precepts she is so much indebted, have been laid in the cold grave. One by one, have the friends of her youth passed away. She has felt the cruel breath of misfortune and adversity. But through all, like the gentle flowers, you always find her the same. Her heart ascending trustingly and in gratitude to God, bends submissively to his will. Gentle words, kind deeds, and thoughts of love, like the fragrance of beautiful flowers, herald her approach—and she trusts, that when removed by death from this, the place of her pilgrimage, she shall be transplanted to a clime of perpetual bloom.

My little sisters, for you have I written the story of Emma. Happy are you, if the admonitions and counsels of a kind and tender mother direct you in the path of duty; and thrice happy will you be, if, by attention to her precepts, in goodness of heart and amiability of disposition, you emulate the flowers.

CLEORE.

Port Dover, November, 1847.

For the Calliopean.

Sunrise from the Mountain, below Hamilton.

EARLY one clear, pleasant morning, just at the time, as Butler, with his inimitable humour expresses it,

When, like a lobster boil'd, the morn,  
From black to red, began to turn,

I set out for the Mountain, which stretches away below Hamilton. I had often before climbed up its rugged surface and beheld, with inexpressible delight, the noble prospect it presents, but never at such a time and under such circumstances. Braced by the pure, fresh air of the morning, I soon gained the summit a id, leaning against the trunk of a pine, which grew near the verge of the precipice, I gazed upon the tranquil scene which was spread out before me.

Below lay the Bay, glittering with a pale brightness, while everything around it was veiled in dim obscurity. Above, the sky was lighted up with all its bright innumerable lamps, while conspicuous among them appeared Venus in the East, Jupiter in the West, and Sirius in the Zenith, the three brightest stars of the Firmament. A crescent moon with its silver horns, was likewise sailing in modest beauty along the eastern sky.

Much has been written and sung of the witchery of the moon-light hour at night; but while there is, in the morning, the same "soft stillness" and bewitching calm, there is an exhilarating buoyancy in the freshening breeze, which the evening, from its dampness, can seldom bestow. There is a greater variety and sublimity also in a morning scene, when the earth is just clothing herself with light, and bursting, as it were, into existence.

"The morn is up again! the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And lying as if earth contained no tomb,  
And glowing into day!"

To these attractions must be added the inherent magnificence of the prospect itself, which lay before me. There was an immensity in the landscape, as it stretched away far as the eye could reach, which filled the mind with feelings of unspeakable awe and delight. The noble Mountain forming one of nature's vast amphitheatres; the blue Ontario bounding the distant horizon; the calm and beautiful Bay, reposing in the midst, with the beautiful City of Hamilton on one side, and the Burlington Heights on another, formed a union of beauties and sublimities, surpassing anything I had ever beheld.

The East first appeared in a ruddy glow, and soon the same brilliant hues began to clothe with vermilion the clouds, which lay reposing in massive grandeur on the western horizon. The lofty range of mountains which rises on the opposite side, as if to rival the one on which I was standing, was next enveloped in light; and the villages of Dundas and Wellington Square, in the distance, appeared rejoicing in the splendor of their illumination. The Castle of Dundurn and the Burlington Heights were soon lighted up; and the Bay itself began to glow, like a sea of molten gold. The vivifying rays then seemed to burst all at once upon the wide-extended city; while windows, roofs, and spires, reflected the joyous light, as if to join in the general gladness. The sun rose up rapidly in the eastern sky, and all nature seemed to exult in the smiles of his life-giving countenance. The busy hum of morning industry, and the noisy rattle of the early car came rising up the mountain, and I hastened to retrace my steps homeward.

The beauty and grandeur of the scene I beheld, have been but feebly described in this hasty sketch; and I sincerely trust that many of my readers will take an early walk before sunrise some morning, and enjoy the prospect itself in all its magnificent realities.

A. B.

## TEARS:

Tears are but dews that Mercy throws  
Upon this world of ours:  
Like 'beads of morning on the rose,  
To nourish feeling's flowers.

For the Calliopean.

Christ Rules the Tempest:

Softly sighs the evening zephyr,  
O'er the dark, portentous deep;  
Gentle winds the canvases gather;  
Christ, the Master, sinks to sleep.

Onward moves the fragile vessel;  
Darkness hides the distant land;  
Now the frequent lightnings dazzle,  
And the tempest's near at hand.

Awful thunders now are pealing;  
Night winds rend the flowing sail;  
Wake thee, Master! where's thy feeling?  
Lo, we perish in the gale.

Every heart with fear is quailing;  
Tears are mingling with the spray;  
Mighty waves are now prevailing;  
Dark despair has seized her prey.

Calmly rising from his slumber,  
Jesus bids the wind "be still;"  
Hushed to silence, as in wonder,  
Even storms obey his will.

He, who rescues infant Zion,  
From the angry rolling deep,  
Thus appears the "Judah's Lion,"  
Who will still in safety keep.

NEVA.

## TRUTH.

Truth has been thus eloquently described by N. Breton, who wrote in 1616: "TRUTH is the glory of Time, and the daughter of Eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom: she is the beauty of valor, the brightness of honor, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith; her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with His servants; her will is in His wisdom, and her work to His glory; she is honored in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved; she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame, the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown; she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise; she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honor of trade, and the grace of labor; she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart: she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes her rest but in the resolution of goodness: her tongue never trips, her heart never fails, and her faith never fears."

## Propagation of Thought.

Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of any individual now on earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling, once communicated to another mind, is gone; it is beyond recall; if it bore the stamp of virtue, it is blessing man and owned by heaven; if its character was evil, vain the remorse that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible, effect may soon be spent; its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to day, owes its form, its species, and its tint to the acorn which dropped from its remote ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped. "Human life extends beyond three-score years and ten which bounds its visible existence here." The spirit is removed into another region, the body is crumbling into dust, the very name is forgotten upon earth; but living and working still is the influence generated by the moral features of him who has so long since passed away. The characters of the dead are inwrought into those of the living, the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth, the existing generation is moulding that which will succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day.—The Parent's High Commissioner.

## Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 1.  
Lady Jane Grey.

For the Calliopean.

It is a remarkable fact, that though wonderful advances have been made toward perfection in the Sciences and Arts, during the last two or three centuries; yet we seem to be becoming superficial in the same proportion, as the field of knowledge is extended. There was a solidity in the character and attainments of our ancestors, which we rather admire than imitate. The same was the case with the ancients. Possessed of very few books, in consequence of their ignorance of printing, they perused these the more carefully, and drew more from the resources of their own minds: hence, they produced poets, historians, and philosophers, who have never been surpassed—showing conclusively, that it is not the number of books an individual reads, but the manner in which he reads them, which makes him a man of knowledge. "If I had read as many books as other persons," said the learned philosopher Hobbes, "I should probably know as little." "Instead of always reading," says Sheridan, "think, think on every thing—there are only a few leading ideas, and these we may excogitate for ourselves."

The education of our progenitors affords an excellent index of their attainments. The instruction, even of their females, was stern and severe—carried among the abstruse depths of logic and philosophy, and extending to the most intimate acquaintance with the classics. A better example of this can hardly be found than lady Jane Grey. The grand-daughter of the youngest sister of Henry the eighth, and daughter of one of the most powerful noblemen in England, she was nourished in the bosom of luxury, titles, and wealth; but, though these have enticements, which few, especially females, have the moral courage to resist, and devote themselves to literary pursuits, she became the most celebrated woman of her age for vigorous understanding and extensive attainments. Though excelling in music, embroidery, and penmanship, she did not confine her attention to these. The French, Italian, and Latin languages, but especially the Greek, she read and wrote with the greatest facility. She was also conversant with Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; and acquainted with most of the sciences. All this was accomplished before she was fifteen years of age. At this time she was visited by the famous Roger Ascham, who has given us the following interesting account of his interview with her:—

"Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædo Platonis, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boecæ. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, "I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow, to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

It was this education, and the application of the precepts of philosophy and religion to her own situation, which enabled her, as it did the noble Cornelia of ancient times, to bear up under sufferings the most painful and trying. Led to the throne by ambitious and designing relatives, she received the crown with the greatest reluctance; and when called upon, after nine days of sovereignty, to resign it to her prosperous rival, she did it with the greatest satisfaction. Gloomy as was the confinement which followed her unfortunate exaltation, it could not disturb for a moment the equanimity and peace of her well-disciplined mind—and when, at last, the death-sentence came, she meekly exclaimed, "that she was prepared to receive patiently her death, in any manner it would please the Queen to appoint. True, her flesh shuddered, as was natural to frail mortality; but her spirit would spring rejoicingly into the eternal light; when she hoped the mercy of God would receive it."

It was hard, when the day of execution arrived, to see her beloved husband, Lord Dudley, borne away to the scaffold; and then to view his mangled corpse, as it returned; but she beheld these affecting spectacles with a settled countenance; and afterwards wrote in her table-book three short sentences, in Latin,

Greek, and English; the last of which was as follows,—“If my fault deserved punishment, my youth, at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor.” It was hard, herself to be carried away to an ignominious death; but even this did not ruffle the heavenly calm which pervaded her soul.

Knowledge and piety, in her, seemed to become but one principle; so beautifully and harmoniously were they united. It was not one of them, but a happy blending of both, which gave her that resignation, humility, and confidence, which triumphed over suffering, and trampled on vanities. How necessary, then, that both these should be combined in the education of every young lady; that if she is called upon, like Lady Jane Grey, to suffer affliction and sorrow, (and how few are not,) she may bear them with the same resignation and peace; and if placed in circumstances of prosperity and wealth, she may not be carried away by the enticements of the world. Palsied be the hand that would separate knowledge from piety, or piety from knowledge, in training up the young and tender minds of youth.

Education for females has often been decried, as giving rise to pride and conceit, in its possessors; but in her it produced exactly the opposite, because it was sound and practical. The great Bishop Burnet says—

"She read the Scriptures much, and had attained great knowledge in divinity. But with all these advantages of both and parts, she was so humble, so gentle and pious, that all people both admired and loved her. She had a mind wonderfully raised above the world; and at the age when others are but imbibing the notions of philosophy, she had attained to the practice of the highest precepts of it. She was neither lifted up with the hope of a crown, nor cast down, when she saw her palace made afterwards her prison, but carried herself with an equal temper of mind in those great inequalities of fortune, that so suddenly exalted and depressed her. All the passion she expressed in it, was that which is of the noblest sort, and is the indication of tender and generous natures, being much affected with the troubles into which her husband and father fell, on her account."

She was one of the first victims of the "bloody Queen;" but her piety and knowledge, as one has observed, "spread a glory around her, which eclipsed the faint lustre of the superstitious and cruel Queen Mary on her throne." JUNIA.

Breathings of Nature.

For the Calliopean.

NATURE is full of language. Everything, from the tall proud pine on its cloud-capped mountain, to the simple flowret rearing its little head in the vale beneath, breathes a more powerful eloquence than man, in all his boasted glory, could ever utter. Music, poetry, joy, sadness; these are thy breathings, Nature! How beautifully potent the language of the moon, as in her crescent state she seems faintly smiling to meet the star-beams, till at length, full disked with silvery sheen, she greets those heaven-born orbs. Slumbering beneath is a beautiful lake, whose bosom seems hushed to repose as by the magic influence of Cynthia's softly falling beams. Mark the setting sun, when with the gorgeously reposing clouds around, he sinks, in all his greatness, gradually to rest. Impressively emblematic of life's close, how irresistible are his breathings of another world, of the hour when the truly great pass in calm security to a purer, holier region. What were life without these communings of the soul with nature? a blank—a wilderness! The magic power of her beauty, softens and soothes the asperities of life,—lifts the tried and wearied man of earth above his grovelling cares, and teaches him to adore his Creator. Each season has its music, its poetry, its charms; but Autumn, thy pensive loveliness, thy rich beauty breathes a more thrilling, a more diversified language than any other. Thy harvest-home nerves the peasants arm, and fills his heart with gladness. For the Poet and Divine thou spreadest a rich and varied banquet, where thought may regale and imagination revel.

Thy animating amusements serve to dispel ennui, and cause the vital current to leap more warmly through the veins of the gay and sportful. To the heart-broken and dying, thou speakest of the decay of earthly things, and elevatest the thoughts and affections, to the unwithering beauties and perennial bloom of immortality. Thou art dear to all—at least to all—who have a soul, responsive to the beauty and harmony of nature. EDITH.

Reminiscences of a School-girl. For the Calliopean.  
S L A N D E R.

My first room-mate, on entering the school, was Mary T. . . . , any only daughter of respectable parents, residing in the village of L. . . . Her mother having been for some years an invalid, Mary had grown up chiefly under the superintendence of servants; and as her mother was so nervous as to render noise insupportable, my little friend took up her abode in the kitchen, with 'the girl.' Now, as this office was seldom filled by the same individual, longer than six or twelve months, Mary was consequently brought under the influence of almost every temper and grade of this class of persons. She was a giddy, playful creature; caring for nothing but fun and mischief; and, although taught to read; yet, during childhood, she never opened a book, except in the presence of a teacher; or when, as a punishment for some misdemeanor, she was shut in mamma's room, to learn verses or catechism. The natural result of such training was, that the poor child had no resources in her own mind, and being of an active temperament, she must find something with which to busy herself—thus every trivial occurrence which took place in her own family, or among neighbors, was hailed as something to break the tedium of monotony.

This propensity was fostered by observing, that most of her indulgences depended on keeping the good will of the servant girl; and also, that whenever a new one came, the best way of securing her favor, was to traduce her predecessor; making invidious comparisons, and detailing to Ann all the minutiae of Betty's character.

Things went on in this manner until Mary was about fourteen years of age, when she was sent to a boarding school, where she had been nearly a year, at the time of my entrance. Naturally warm hearted and ardent, she soon professed an attachment; of the truth of which she endeavored to convince me, by at once making me her confidant. She had been long enough in the school to become acquainted with the persons and business of all its inmates, and but for my disposition to sleep a few hours out of every twenty-four, she would have entertained me whole nights with the relation of rare secrets. Having been brought up under the immediate watchcare of my mother, who taught me, as a first principle, to "mind my own business," I was for some time at a loss to comprehend the admonitions and cautions of my devoted friend and guardian spirit, as my enthusiastic companion styled herself. She had a wonderful facility in finding out who were teachers' favorites, and who were plotting and scheming to make themselves appear better than they really were, in the eyes of our preceptor—could pick out deep meanings from simple sentences, and detect plans in what others would regard as unmeaning glances—knew just what all the pupils said and thought of each other—pitying one who was imposed upon, and another who was rendering herself odious by her officiousness, being extremely anxious to have every individual in her proper place. But, besides all that passed in our own community, her head was stored with intelligence from abroad. By means of the day scholars she knew all the principal personages of the town, with their opinions of each and all the ladies of the Institution, frequently remarking that such a girl, who was regarded as mild and amiable would yet be found out, and that she was really afraid the boldness and indecorum of Misses second and so would be the ruin of the school. As a necessary consequence of being thus burdened with the affairs of others, poor Mary often found her own neglected. Returning from the classroom, she would often sit down and weep bitterly declaring she had not time to prepare her lessons; and as for those who accomplished so much more than herself, she understood how they got along, and only wished the teachers could see through their recitations as well as she could, they would not be thought so remarkably clever. During the first two or three weeks of our acquaintance I was almost bewildered. Deeply interested in my studies, and not being able with my as yet feeble perceptive faculties to discern either syrens or harpies about me, I felt great unwillingness to believe myself in a situation, where all my powers must be engrossed and exerted in continual efforts to keep up with the intrigues and machinations of my companions; yet as Miss T. . . . had been there so long, and certainly did know

the secrets of nearly every body in the house, how could she be mistaken? However, after a little time, I began to discover that these evils, if existing, were not so frightful as represented, and allowing that some remarks were made upon my character, appearance, &c., I did not apprehend any serious injury, and concluded to let them pass without fretting myself or suffering my feelings to be soured by matters of such little importance. Thinking that Mary needlessly harassed herself, I remonstrated with her; but she quickly told me, that she had learned by experience, not to be so easily duped, and would rather make herself miserable in studying to outwit her adversaries, than become a laughing stock of the community as I had rendered myself by my simplicity. Finding she would take her own way I resolved to treat her kindly, but give little heed to her tales or surmises. By adhering to this resolution, I managed to live without quarrelling with her but was very much annoyed. Among the students was Caroline R. . . . , a girl of superior abilities and apparent worth, to whom I became almost instinctively attached, for as she recited in several classes with Mary and myself, the power with which her mind appeared to grasp knowledge, and the clearness and animation with which her thoughts were expressed, at once engaged my attention and admiration. Now, unfortunately, to this young lady Mary had a decided aversion; and daily was I obliged to hear a long "rigmarole" about the "artful creature." One day on coming from the composition class, in which Caroline had been more than usually successful, Mary came in with a bounce and rudely pushing the door exclaimed,—"that Miss R. . . . is the most detestable hypocrite I ever saw in my life. There she sat in the class all good humour and sweetness just because she knew she had the best composition, and the instant we came out, commenced showing off her wit and consequence." "Indeed," replied I, "I did not observe any thing of the kind." "Oh no, I suppose not, nor that she was making sport of you, mimicking the manner you read your piece!" "Mimicking me! When? Where?" "Why just as we came out of the door. I saw her winking and making up a mouth to Jane C. . . . in mockery of you." "Nonsense Mary, I was looking directly at her and observed no such movement, 'twas only your imagination." "Very well, if you don't care I'm sure I needn't for 'twas merely on your account I was insulted. I'll risk her making fun of me, she knows I'll soon be even with her; and as to that composition, she borrowed every word of it; but one thing I really hope,—that you'll get enough of your beloved Caroline, and that she'll make a fool of you to her heart's content."

Endeavoring to reason with her, was but to multiply words and increase contention; therefore, whenever she commenced railing, I maintained a rigid silence; so that she, finding me a heartless being, who could not appreciate the confidence reposed in me, obtained permission to change her room-mate. But poor Mary went from room to room, successively, until she had tried nearly every lady in the house; never remaining long with any, and ever embroiled in petty jealousies and disturbances. She remained in the school a little more than a year from the time we separated, during which period her teachers labored in vain to correct her fault; it seemed to have taken such a hold on her soul as to become incorporated with nature itself, and inseparable from her existence.

Three years after leaving the Institution she married, and went to reside with her mother-in-law. This was the situation, of all others, calculated to call forth the vigorous exercise of her peculiar disposition. The last time I met her, she held me, for two hours, by the string of my cloak, while she poured into my ear a long complaint, of the meanness, tyranny and cruelty of her husband's relatives; with a few, not very tender, reflections on the husband himself—then, suddenly recollecting herself, begged me not to say anything of the matter to any one, as she would not care to provoke such a revengeful set;—but she knew me of old; therefore, had unbosomed her trouble, as I would not repeat a syllable, etc. etc.,—ending her wail by asking me if I did not think her the most unfortunate being in creation. Since becoming more acquainted with human nature and pondering over the various traits of Mary's character, I am well convinced that this sad propensity was no innate part of her soul, but the natural result of her early education, and that had her

mind been trained to seek gratification in what is good, noble and intellectual, she would not have acquired that morbid taste for dwelling amidst the miseries and imperfections of humanity, and I do not hesitate to say that all the tattlers and busy-bodies I have ever known, were persons whose minds were either very weak, or very empty. Therefore the best preventive against the contagious influence of slander is, doubtless, the pre-occupying of the youthful mind with subjects which would expand and agitate its powers. To those who hold the opinion, that literary and scientific knowledge is detrimental to domestic happiness, and injurious to women, by distracting their minds, and taking their attention from household duties, I would simply say, that had Mary T. . . ., in childhood, enjoyed the instructions of an intelligent mother or governess, she would, in all probability, although a little more bookish, have been quite as efficient in household affairs; a much more agreeable companion, and susceptible of that high bliss, which she appears never to have tasted—the bliss of promoting the happiness of others.

IDA.

## FILIAL AFFECTION.

For the Calliopean.

TO LOVE and respect our parents is a duty, which we owe not only to them, but to God; since the only commandment with promise is, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Three most important duties are comprehended in the word—Honor—viz: love, obedience, and reverence.

We should love our parents, as our best and most faithful friends; who have watched over us from our infancy, and protected us from the many dangers to which we have been exposed—who have borne with our waywardness for years, and whom our unkindness and ingratitude could never estrange. How much of their own comforts did they relinquish to promote our happiness, when we were utterly helpless ourselves? If we would think how willingly a kind father labored for our support—with what affection a loving mother suffered her night's repose to be disturbed to administer to our wants—with what solicitude and anxiety they watched over our youthful steps, and taught us to "eschew evil" and "cleave to that which is good,"—how differently would we act, and how would it be our constant aim to show our attachment, by doing all in our power to render them happy—indeed, all we can do, will be but a very partial recompense to them for all their trouble and watchfulness.

But their solicitude and kindness end not with the helplessness of infancy. They are still concerned for our welfare, as is plainly shown by their self-denial and sacrifices to provide for our education—that we may be fitted for usefulness in the world—prove a blessing to our fellow creatures, and an ornament to christianity.

We cannot indeed esteem our parents too highly, or love them too sincerely. They are deserving of our purest affection, and every mark of respect we can show them is but a trifle. How affectionately have we been summoned by them to surround the family altar; where we have heard the word of God read and explained—listened to their earnest prayers at the throne of grace, in our behalf; and been exhorted to give our hearts to God.

Every well-instructed mind cannot but admit, that the claims of parents are sacred, and that their opinions should be received with deference, and concurred in so far as they are in accordance with the revealed will of God; and that their feelings should always be regarded with the greatest tenderness, and in no case willingly wounded by the folly of those, whose welfare it has always been their most earnest desire to promote. Their instructions and requests, however mildly expressed, should be listened to with submission, and carefully obeyed.

How delightful to contemplate the happiness of a family, in which affection and tenderness animate the hearts of each of its members; where all endeavor to lighten the labors of each other, and sweetly harmonise in their efforts to promote the general comfort. Such a scene is one which might cheer the angels of heaven in their missions of love to the world, and upon which the eye of Omnipotence might rest with peculiar approbation.

E. A. S.

## Salut Paul

"WHILE examining the pages of history, and looking through the postern of time long elapsed, our attention is very often arrested, and our feelings excited, by the wild grandeur in which the heroes of antiquity are invested. The partiality of the historians of those days of chivalrous deeds, the romance and high wrought enthusiasm of the times, and the lofty perceptions of their poets, have contributed, in no small degree, to cause that magic influence which is almost universally felt by mankind, while contemplating the master-spirits of other days. But where do we find such a soul moving in the breasts of their most renowned warriors and statesmen, as may be seen stirring in that of the great apostle of the Gentiles—point us out the spirit among them all, who, though fettered and imprisoned, yet maintained a noble contest with principalities and powers, and with spiritual wickedness in high places. His intrepid soul no chains could bind, no threatenings shake; he was alike regardless of sufferings, and unmoved by the flatteries or applause of men. Other great men move forward with the tide; the wave of glory buoys them up; the breezes of prosperity waft them along; nature herself aids them in their bold undertakings; both the Indies pour treasures at their feet, and hosts of armed bands succeed and back their most ambitious projects. But in Paul we see a man pushing against wind and tide, buffeting the rude, rough surges of a thousand adverse seas, smiling at impossibilities, trampling upon opposition, poor and penniless, forsaken, distressed, insulted, and degraded,—yet contending with a world of foes, and maintaining his ground even in the very heart and centre of the dominions of the prince of darkness. In a word, the case of Saul of Tarsus, once the bold persecutor of christianity, afterwards its most zealous and successful champion, is without a parallel in the history of man."

## One's Mother.

AROUND the idea of one's mother, the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, head-strong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent, with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

## Editorial Department.

☐ We regret, that through inadvertency some of our city subscribers did not receive the first number. If any should still be deficient, we beg they will do us the favor to step into the office of the publisher and get their copy. We shall endeavor to be more careful in future.

WE hope our able correspondent, "SIMON," will not forget to favor us with, at least, an occasional article from his pen.

☐ THE communications from "Burlington," and "Doreas," are too late for the present number, but shall appear in our next.

ALL the matter for the present number, excepting the editorial, being in type, we gladly give place to the following letter, just received from an esteemed friend, the Rev. J. Scott. We do so for three reasons. 1st.—Because it is

very comforting and encouraging to those more especially interested in the success of the undertaking to which it relates. And.—Because it contains a pretty full and clear exposition of our sentiments, and the principles on which we intend to conduct "THE CALLIOPEAN." Finally, and chiefly—Because we believe its publication will do more good than anything we could write.

We beg to state, in extenuation of the fault, for which our friend administrators so wise and gentle a reproof, that the title of our paper was the result of previously established circumstances, rather than of choice, it being the name of the Library Association, under whose auspices the paper is issued.

We thank him for his very kind and well timed apology and explanation, and hope to have the pleasure of receiving and presenting to our readers, through our columns, many lessons of wisdom and experience from his eloquent pen.

THE CALLIOPEAN.

To the Editors of The Calliopean.

ESTEEMED FRIEND.—I am obliged by your transmission to me of the first number of your elegant semi-monthly, which to day came to hand, and hope to have the pleasure of reading it regularly after you have received the enclosed. For several reasons I warmly welcome "The Calliopean."

I observe you have gone to Pagan Mythology for a name. CALLIOPE is said to have been the Muse who presided over eloquence and poetry. Horace calls her Rognia, a cognomination which British Royalty has adopted. "Her distinguishing office was to record the worthy actions of the living." Yours is not a fabled, but a real, not a Pagan, but a Christian Calliopean.

I welcome it as the first publication of the kind Canada has produced, or rather, which the accomplished daughters of Canada have presented to the public. I honor the untaught daughters of the laborious settler, whose axe has not long been swung for the support of his family, when those daughters obey their parents' voice, and incessantly busy themselves at home to lesson a father's and a mother's care, and all the while long for instruction; and my heart-felt wish is, that ere long such daughters may be taught. I honor those parents, who, though their daily lot is one of toil, remember that each child of theirs has a mind which needs cultivation, and, with noble motives, resolve that it shall be trained. The Calliopean tells me that there are high minded parents, and daughters worthy of them, and in Canada, too. It will, doubtless, be intimated that such a publication compromises the amiable seclusive habits of the female: but they can hardly be doing wrong, who modestly follow in the footsteps of a Hannah More, a Harriet Martineau, or a Jane Taylor.

I welcome your periodical for its literary excellence. I see that some of the articles are not far from first attempts; and I value them as such, calling to mind the fact, that genius never yet became vigorous and attractive till after repeated trials. I see that a few of your contributors write somewhat floridly; and this pleases me when the writer is young: for if the compositions of youth be unrhistorical, what will those of age be? I must not be invidious, but the article on "Education," by "Ida," is very satisfactory to me, and leads my thoughts to James Montgomery's amiable Lecture on Literature. "Autumnal Musings," by "Martha," is impressive. "Composition Writing" is innocently humorous, and instructive. "The Mother—a Guardian Angel," an extract, is one of the chief charms of your first number; and you will not say I am unmanly for thinking of what Miss Cook passionately affirms in her inimitable recollections of the "Old Arm-Chair:"

Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from A MOTHER'S old arm-chair.

I welcome the Calliopean most warmly for its CHRISTIAN SPIRIT. It gives prominence to piety. The piece on "Fanny Ellsler," the adored, but shameless dancer, is very opportune and correct, and justly severe; and, to me, bespeaks your righteous indignation against a refined, a costly, a guilty idolatry; and, likewise, your purpose to censure sin however fascinating. The writer believes, what every religious mind must believe, that modern Dancing conducts to dissipation—degradation—death. Your pages know nothing of the taint of a languishing, unhallowed sentimentalism: nothing of silly and disgusting love songs: nothing of the staple of many pueriferous periodicals—puerile talks: nothing of nonsense. The entire publication indicates your conviction of the existence of an immortal spirit in the young breast,—which enshrined spirit you know is redeemed, and are wisely so-

licitous to have sanctified by the Divine Spirit. You inculcate what is Ornamental, and in doing so recommend what St Paul denominates "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." You admire Beauty in art; but it must have the symmetry of truth, and borrow its best tints from the Rose of Sharon. You extol Music; but it must partake of the inspired tones of David's Lyre, and swell with the harmony of heaven's harps. You applaud Learning; but every student is to sit where Mary sat. While such is the object,—the salutary and transcendent object of the Calliopean, may it be favored with an extensive and extending circulation!

I welcome the paper because it shows that my respected friend, the Rev D. C. VanNorman, A. M., is the proprietor and Principal of an Institution which merits the confidence and support of the fathers and mothers of Canada; and I cordially commend to their notice and patronage "THE BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY."

To it they may send their daughters, assured that they will be well educated, not only for domestic and general society, but for eternity.

How important is Education for the daughter! How much more important the Grace of Christ! Your correspondent "Edith," in her eloquent "Apostrophe to Genius," very properly thus speaks to the young person of the best guide:

That guide is Piety,  
She can alone direct thy erring steps,  
And give thy soul expanded views  
Of Nature and of God.

Asking your forgiveness of these spontaneous observations, and wishing you great success in your new and very laudable enterprise, for the literary and religious elevation of our fine British Colony.

I am,

Yours, very respectfully,

J. SCOTT.

Cobourg, November 29, 1847.

ERRATA.—First No.

FIRST page, for Titan read Titans. Sixth page, first column, twenty-third line from the bottom, for eye read age. In the same article, last line but two, for Silva read Siloa.

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.

The Calliopean is Published Semi-monthly, by PETER RUTHVEN, James Street, Hamilton. TERMS—One Dollar a year; in all cases payable in advance.

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 Editress of "THE CALLIOPEAN," Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, Canada West.