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THE CALLIOPEAN



Volume 1

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, July 24, 1848.

Number 17.

OLD SCRAPS.

"Summer may spread her choicest flowers,
And zephyrs waft their fragrance round,
And smiling skies, and pleasant bowers
With the blithe songs of birds resound;
Yet will not these a charm impart,
If peace is banished from the heart,

Winter may bid his tempests rise,
And change the earth's fair robe of green,
And leafless bowers, and frowning skies,
Afford a sad and dreary scene;
Yet will the heart bright verdure wear,
If peace has fixed its dwelling there.

J. S. L.

"There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart however cast,
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own."

"Faith, Hope, and Love, were questioned, what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught:
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true;
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
Believe! expect! I know it to be so.

For the Calliopean.

THE MIGNIONETTE.

Who does not love the lonely and fragrant mignonette? Well does it merit the title bestowed on it by our lively French neighbors, derived as it is from "*minions*," or favorite. For gaiety, and variety of colors, it is inferior to many of its sweet floral sisters; but for retiring sweetness, and unobtrusive fragrance, it claims no ordinary share of notice. Lowly in stature, it is often passed unheeded amid the more brilliant beauties of the parterre; yet sought out from its clustering leaves, and placed in the bosom, it emits an odour which its more splendid competitors are wholly incapable of producing. To my heart, the mignonette is very dear; not only for its own sake; nor from the circumstance of its being a flower of common culture amid the embowered homes of my native land; but, from the fact, that with the contemplation of the mignonette are inseparably linked reminiscences, at once tender and affecting, of one who

has long since passed from mortal scenes to her home in heaven—even to the unveiled presence of her God and Saviour.

If it be conceded that the mignonette is emblematical of retiring modesty and genuine heaven-taught humility, then, most unquestionably is it a meet soubriquet for Mary W—. And here I must remind my young readers that I write simple narratives of unadorned facts; of circumstances and feelings which have transpired beneath my own eye, and in which my own heart has been deeply interested; and it may be that I fail to engage the sympathies of my readers as I could wish; yet I cherish the hope that these effusions may touch a kindred chord in some bosoms, and awaken others to a remembrance of the way whereby they have been conducted along life's entangled wilderness.

But, to return to our mignonette. Mary was the daughter of a highly respectable farmer, and formed one of a large and interesting family. From infancy, she discovered much sweetness of disposition, and many traits of that retiring modesty, which, in maturer years, became her leading characteristic. She received what is usually termed a good education, but one from which instruction in heavenly truths was excluded. Indeed it was impossible it should be otherwise, for those who taught Mary had never themselves sat down "at the feet of Jesus." No beam of divine light entered Mary's native village till she had sunlit paths of childhood. Moral darkness brooded over her and her family and neighborhood. But He who is rich in mercy caused the introduction of the preaching of the gospel to prove effectual in the uprooting of much evil, and the implanting of many trees of righteousness in that secluded but lonely parish. Among the earliest and firmest converts to this new doctrine as it was termed, Mary's eldest brother ranked pre-eminent, and there is every reason to conclude that his firm example, his patience and firmness beneath insults and temptations, were blessed by our heavenly Father in leading her to a deeper investigation of her own spirit than she had ever before attempted. She saw him renounce bright prospects in opening life; she watched him brave a father's anger and a mother's more persuasive tears, she marked his impetuous temper softened, his daring courage directed against moral, rather than physical danger; she felt his warm tears on her cheek as he left his paternal home, where he had been interdicted from the unrestrained worship of his Redeemer; and well she knew there was a reality in that principle which could support one so affectionate, amid an exile, not utterly dissimilar with that of him who was driven to the land of Nod.

From that period, the Bible became her study, and He who hath declared Himself "meek and lowly in heart," her instructor. Celestial light dawned on her spirit, leading her from step to step in the christian pathway; and guiding her amid surrounding error, in the narrow steps of truth and peace.

About this time, she caught a severe cold, which settled on her lungs; making her a constant, but most patient sufferer for twelve long years, and at length dissolving her clay tenement and placing my fragrant mignonette beyond the danger of decay. It was during this period of suffering that her resemblance to the lovely flower I have selected for her type became increasingly evident. Ranking herself as the chief of sinners, and ever conceding to others the utmost meed of respect their deportment permitted, she often held those individuals in high estimation whose christian attainments were far beneath her own, while her meek spirit was beclouded and harassed with fears for her own eternal safety. Mary was too fearful to appropriate the triumphant and consolatory language of St. Paul, when he exclaimed, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Many times have I marked the silent tears chasing each other down her pallid cheek, while her attenuated finger pointed to some precious promise in the Book of Life, which she dared not claim for herself. I was at that period but a little girl, and did not fully understand all her feelings; but I used to throw my arm around her neck and endeavor to comfort her. Through the incessant endeavors of my beloved parents, the way of salvation had early been impressed on my heart, as far as human agency could impress, and I well knew that the Redeemer had atoned for sin; that every sinner who felt his sinfulness, had a right to claim that atonement; and it was a deep problem to my young heart, how any who acknowledged the Saviour's veracity and benevolence, should doubt His willingness to receive them. I wonder not now. Years have rolled over me, bringing trials which have produced experience; and though I would not for one moment encourage unbelieving thoughts, yet I feel there is an imperative necessity for strict investigation on this overwhelming topic. When the tempest of divine wrath shall arise and beat over our unsheltered spirits, what will it avail us to have reared our structure of religious profession *very near* the Rock of Ages, if we have not laid our foundation on its eternal base?

Believe me, young reader, though the poetry of religion may be very pleasant amid the halcyon days of prosperity, it is the inwrought principles of our most holy faith which alone are capable of sustaining the soul through the boisterous scenes of this mortal life; it is deep penitence and sincere and lively faith in a crucified Redeemer, which must irradiate the gloom of the valley of death, or the lamp of humanity must expire amid the shadows of eternal night. Do I speak strange language? Am I as one who utters dark sayings? Rest not, I implore you, till you know something of this subject, till the Holy Spirit reveal to you the reality of those truths you have lisped from infancy; till you can say, without presumption, yet without hesitation, "my Lord, and my God."

But to return to Mary. Equally unconscious of her daily deportment and holy example, as her fragrant antitype is of its delicate odour, she flourished beneath the approving smile of her heavenly Father. Her hatred of sin and dread of evil, kept pace with her knowledge and love of the Divine commandments. The law she found to be holy, and just, and good; but she often bewailed most affectingly that there was in herself another law warring against the law of her mind, "so that when she would do good, evil was present with her."

And here I would remark, that as far as my limited experience extends, I have ever observed that the path to the heavenly Canaan is strewn with briars, and interspersed with rough and toilsome steps. To some of the "heirs of the promise" are given heart-rending afflictions—trials which pierce in the most sensitive part—griefs, from which frail human nature shrinks, even in the contemplation; but with these sorrows there is usually given firm faith, and much inward peace and consolation. To others, again, is given every earthly blessing—no cloud ever arises to obscure their temporal horizon—but these mercies are

balanced by distressing doubts, as to their final acceptance with God; and oppressive fears of their eternal happiness. Rest assured, reader, whoever you are, that if you are a real child of God, a member of that little flock for whom is reserved a kingdom, you will find something spring up to harass and annoy. It may be overwhelming affliction—it may be only the frequent recurrence of disagreeable minutias; but it will be sufficient to sully the bloom of earthly glory—to take off the edge of earthly enjoyment. And it must of necessity be so. What sweetness can there be in promises of pardon to those who do not feel their need of it? What consolation can we gather from the declarations of the surpassing peace and beauty of a better world, if this scene is our portion and our home? It is when every earthly hope has perished that we turn with increasing eagerness to Him, who is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But I find I am wandering from my subject. Mary was exceedingly anxious for the spiritual welfare of those around her. With her mother, and brothers, and sisters, she conversed long and earnestly. To the religious instruction of the domestics she constantly, when her health permitted, devoted her Sabbath evenings; whilst she left no means untried which delicate and dutiful affection could suggest, to present these truths to the consideration of her beloved father. Of her unceasing anxiety for her nephews and nieces, I am a grateful witness. It was my privilege to pass many happy hours in her society—I bear her name; would to God I could equally claim her spirit!

Years glided away in the peaceful routine of domestic life. Each revolving period found Mary weaker than its predecessor, till at length the hour came which was to transplant our fragrant mignonette to an amaranthine clime. Then was fulfilled in her experience, that precious promise, "at eventide it shall be light." The clouds, which had for years dimmed her spiritual horizon, parted and passed away, leaving the gorgeous tints of the summer sunset; and she who had been all her life-time subject to bondage, through fear of death, became "more than conqueror" through Him who loved her. As her feet touched the dark river of Jordan, the water rolled back, and lo! the Ark of the Covenant was seen standing in the midst of the stream. Then she realized the glorious truth, that she was indeed one of that number "whose iniquities are forever blotted out as a thick cloud;" then it was given to her, feeble as she was, to bear triumphant testimony to the power of consolation, couched in that religion she had for many years professed; then, indeed, those who stood around her dying pillow were compelled to exclaim, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

I did not witness the parting hour. My beloved mother and myself left her two days before her decease. We had seen her ill, very ill, often: though not as we quitted her then. We both felt that we should see her no more on earth; but the message for our return was imperative, and we reluctantly yielded to the necessity.

She summoned her relatives around her—fearlessly and faithfully she warned the impenitent—affectionately and touchingly she conversed with those who had professed their faith in the Redeemer—gently she remembered those who were absent—then commending each to the Redeemer, she turned on her side as though to sleep—after awhile she opened her eyes, and requested to know the hour. Her sister replied to her question, "One more kiss; one last kiss, dear Elizabeth, and then I go." Elizabeth bent over her for some moments, at length she feebly disengaged herself and laid her head on her hand. Her breath came shorter and fainter; and ere those who waited round her couch were aware, the emaciated spirit of Mary W— stood before the unveiled presence of Jehovah.

Thus passed from earth one, of whom, but for this imperfect record, no trace would be found in man's chronicle; but one whose name is enrolled in the archives of heaven; and one who shall beam with ineffable glory, even amid the surpassing radiance of cherubim and seraphim.

And now, my young reader, suffer me to conclude this little and imperfect sketch in the words of one well known and honored,—I allude to the Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham. "Let me," says that eminent divine, "implore you to keep in mind this sentiment—that whatever and whoever may educate you for

earth, you must have the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and be made a partaker of the redemption purchased by Christ, if you would be educated for heaven. The religion which will save us is the religion of the Cross—the religion of a broken heart and contrite spirit—the religion which is fed by the sincere milk of the word—which is sustained by daily meditation and prayer—which sinks in dust and ashes, and rises to set its affections on things above. In the absence of this, all your other acquirements, however varied or perfect, will be but as the garland, fragrant and beautiful, as it may be, which adorns the victim led forth to the sacrifice.”

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, June 29, 1849.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

The seven Sages of Greece and their sayings.

No country ever produced so many illustrious men in so short a time as Greece. It was a land of great warriors and of sublime poets—of matchless orators, statesmen, and philosophers. And though delighting in athletic accomplishments and the excitements of war, though dazzled by the beautiful creations of their painters and their sculptors, and fascinated and enraptured by the sublimest and the sweetest strains that ever poet sang, it must yet impart a high idea of the innate strength of mind of the lively Greeks, that wisdom was ever regarded by them as possessing the highest claim to their admiration. They considered the title of Sage as the noblest distinction they could confer. Seven men were thus ennobled by the united voice of their countrymen; and the “Seven Sages of Greece” have become familiar almost as a household word. Who and what they were, it will be the object of this and a succeeding paper to explain more fully than has yet been done.

They were all cotemporaneous; and they flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. The great object of their studies was human nature—its duties, and its principles of action; to benefit mankind was their great aim. Few of them attained celebrity in philosophy, as we now understand the term—Thales and Solon, indeed, alone seem to have applied themselves to any of its branches; but the benefits which, by their wisdom, they conferred on their nation, and the moral and useful precepts which they have bequeathed to us, will do more to perpetuate their fame than the greatest amount of scientific knowledge to which at that early period they could possibly have attained. One, and one only, of their number must be excepted from the greater part of this eulogy—the name of Periander of Corinth will ever be a by-word of reproach in the mouths of men—an enduring monument of the evil effects of undue ambition—a warning to bad princes that tyranny is its own punishment—a mournful picture of great talents perverted to an unworthy end.

THALES.

Thales was the first who obtained from his countrymen the high title of “sage;” and in his attainments in science and philosophy he far surpassed the other six. He was of Phœnician extraction, and was born at Miletus, in Ionia, 640 years before the Christian era. In science and philosophy Greece was still ignorant; and in order to prosecute these studies to advantage, the young Milesian spent several years in travel, residing for some time in Crete and in Phœnicia, in the latter of which countries, from the great commerce it carried on with foreign lands, Thales became acquainted with the habits and knowledge of various nations. But it was to Egypt in particular that the young Greeks of good family usually proceeded, as it was at that time the great fountain-head of knowledge to all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean. To Egypt, accordingly, Thales also proceeded, visiting the chief cities of that highly civilized country, and receiving from the priests of Memphis varied and important information in geometry, astronomy, and the other sciences, which for centuries they had successfully studied. It was doubtless from them that he adopted the leading tenets of the Ionic school of philosophy, of which he was the founder,

namely, that water was the first principle in matter, the chief agent in the convulsions which agitate the surface of the globe. There were many inducements for the priests to adopt this theory. Shortly before the time of Thales' visit, the Egyptians had acquired a considerable tract of land by the retiring of the waters of the Mediterranean; they found shells in the heart of their mountains, even in the substance of their metals; from most of their wells and fountains they drew a brackish water like that of the sea; and they depended for subsistence on the fertilizing inundations of the Nile.

On his return to his native country, Thales imparted the knowledge he had acquired to his fellow-citizens. It was probably about this time that he was intrusted with a chief place in the administration of his country; and in this he displayed much zeal and ability, henceforth devoting to the study of nature only such time as he could spare from affairs of state. He was resolutely opposed to matrimony; or, more probably, he seems to have considered the cares of the married state as likely to encroach too much on the little leisure he had to devote to his favorite philosophical pursuits. His mother was so pressed him much to choose a wife—but to this he at first pleaded that he was too young; and afterwards, on her entreaties being renewed, that he was too old.

Thales made considerable attainments in geometry; and on visiting the Pyramids in Egypt, he was able to measure the proportions of one of the largest from the extent of its shadow. But it was in astronomical science that Thales chiefly distinguished himself. He advocated the division of the year into 365 days; and studied the motions of the heavenly bodies with so much success that he was the first Greek who accurately calculated and foretold an eclipse of the sun. Like most men of a contemplative turn of mind, fits of abstraction were not unusual with him. One night, it is narrated, when, as was his wont, he was walking with his eyes fixed on the starry skies, he stumbled into a ditch. “Ah! served him right!” cried a Thracian girl, who was attending him; “he would read the skies, and yet doesn't know what is at his feet!”

Thales as we have mentioned, was the founder of the Ionic school of philosophy—the speculations of which upon the nature of man and the structure of the universe, though often ingenious, and in some points far in advance of the age, were in the main very absurd and erroneous. This school, however, obtained much celebrity, and many of its philosophers stood high in the estimation of their countrymen. Some of the theories held by members of this school were very singular. Some fancied that the sun was a rim of fire—others that the heavens were a solid concave, on which the stars were nailed—that earth was cylindrical-shaped—that it was a level plain—that earth and sky were of one—that the moon was inhabited—and that man was originally formed by the union of earth and water, to which the sunbeams imparted the spirit-fire of life. Thales was free from many of the absurd doctrines of his followers, very much, doubtless, in consequence of his attainments in astronomy; and as his leading doctrine, he regarded the intelligence, or God, as the author and soul of the world, and water, as we have said, as the principle of everything. None of the philosophical writings of Thales have come down to us; but we have several pithy aphorisms, exemplifying his knowledge of human nature. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-six, dying about 545 B. C.

SAYINGS OF THALES.

Nothing is more ancient than God, for he was not created; nothing is more beautiful than the world, and it is the work of God; nothing is more active than thought, for it traverses the whole universe; nothing is stronger than necessity, for everything yields to it; nothing is wiser than time, for to it we owe every discovery.

Which is the happiest of governments? That in which the sovereign can without danger take the most repose.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have lost all still possess it.

Do not do yourself what offends you in others.

Know your time, and do not publish beforehand what you pur-

pose to do. You would fail in your project, and be laughed at by your rivals.

Love your parents. If they cause you some slight inconveniences, learn to support them.

SOLON.

Solon, the celebrated Athenian lawgiver, was born in the small island of Salamis, on the southern coast of Attica, 592 years before Christ. He was of noble lineage, being descended from Cadmus, the last king of Athens, and a family relationship existed between him and his future antagonist Pisistratus. His father had expended the greater part of his fortune in acts of benevolence, and at his death the family were no longer able to maintain the rank to which they had been accustomed. Young Solon, however, received a liberal education at Athens, and became desirous of re-establishing the fortunes of his family. From the maritime situation of Athens, and the natural bent of its citizens to mercantile pursuits, the Athenian nobility considered it in no way derogatory to their rank to engage in commerce; and Solon accordingly entered into commercial life, and it would appear with considerable success. It was doubtless in the capacity of merchant that the greater part of his early travels were undertaken, when he visited almost every part of Greece, and during which his already well-informed mind closely observed the habits and customs of the places he visited. During those travels his attention was principally directed to the study of mankind and their principles of action, which was of great service to him in his subsequent office of legislator; and from his various attainments, on his return to his native country, he was already one of the greatest philosophers and politicians of his day. He cultivated the acquaintance of all those who were most distinguished by their virtues and their wisdom—especially such as were void of personal ambition, who were animated by a patriotic spirit, and by the desire of ameliorating the forms of government, and of directing the passions of their countrymen to a useful and an honorable end. Periander too, the talented but tyrannic ruler of Corinth, was at this time among the number of his acquaintances; and it is narrated that one day, when they were at table together, Solon was unusually silent. "Why don't you converse?" inquired Periander; "is it stupidity? is it barrenness of idea?"—"Do you not know, then," replied Solon, "that it is impossible for a fool to keep silence at table?"

The Athenians at this time groaned under the sanguinary laws of Draco, which punished every crime indiscriminately with death. Athens, indeed, was in a state of anarchy, for the laws were too atrocious to be put in force. A new code must be drawn up, more conformable to the spirit of the age and the spirit of the people; and Solon was unanimously chosen by his fellow-citizens for that high but difficult office. He was created archon and supreme legislator. He executed his task with great zeal and with great impartiality, and it was one which required all the wisdom of his matured mind. One day, when engaged in his task, Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, entered his apartment: "What are you taken up with, my dear Solon?" said he. "Do you not know that laws are like cobwebs? The weak are caught in them; the strong break through."

Solon acted very much on the principle conveyed in this remark; and if in his laws he has unduly favored the people, it was because he was deeply interested in their happiness, and because he saw how many means of oppression were possessed by the powerful, and how difficult it was for the poor man to protect himself. Whether the institutions he framed were the best to effect his purpose may be doubted; he himself remarked, "I have not given the Athenians the best of laws; but I have given them the best they were capable of receiving." But unquestionably he placed a very dangerous power in the hands of the people, by constituting them a court of last appeal in every cause, and in framing his laws so obscurely that an appeal to the people to interpret them was of constant occurrence. In regard to the domestic relations, the code of Solon was far in advance of the spirit of his age, and infinitely superior to that framed by Lycurgus for the Spartans.

Solon was the first of his nation who invested the family com-

pass with a dignity becoming its importance, by regarding marriage as a sacred tie, and strengthening it by legislative enactments. But he could not at once rise superior to the lax morality of the age; he permitted divorce, though under restrictions, yet on grounds that would appear far from sufficient in modern times. It was reserved for the religion of Christ to raise woman to her proper rank in society; the New Testament is the great charter of her liberties. The character of Solon makes it probable that he sought much of his happiness in the domestic relations; and we know that he was an affectionate father. He was deeply afflicted by the death of his son; and a friend one day visiting him, surprised him in tears. "Why do you grieve so bitterly?" said his friend; "tears cannot bring back the dead."—"Tis because of that I weep" was the sorrowful rejoinder.

The conduct of Solon, and the laws which he framed, gave so much satisfaction to the Athenians that he might now have easily have obtained the sovereign power in the state. But he refused the offer of the kingly office; and having now completed his legislative duties, and fearing lest he should himself be the first to alter his code, he withdrew into voluntary exile for ten years, having previously obtained from his countrymen a solemn oath that they would strictly observe his laws for one hundred years, and that they would live at peace till his return. Upon leaving Athens he visited Egypt. From thence he repaired to the court of Croesus, king of Lydia, who seems to have treated him with great favor, although the opinions of the frank-spoken sage must have been at times disagreeable to the most opulent monarch of the age. On one occasion being asked by Croesus if he were not the happiest of mortals, "Tellus, an Athenian," replied the sage, "who always saw his country prosperous, his children virtuous, and who died himself in his country's defence, was more truly to be called happy than the possessor of riches and the ruler of empires."

Thus living as it were in seclusion, removed from the cares of state, and free from the anxieties of his late legislative office, Solon indulged the belief that, by the wise and mild constitution which he had framed, he had permanently secured the happiness of his countrymen. But if in this he was forgetful of the fickleness of the people, he underrated also the ambitious projects of individuals. In his absence, the republican constitution which he had framed was already tottering. The blow was struck by a relation of his own—Pisistratus. While yet a youth, Pisistratus had fixed upon himself the admiration of the Athenians no less by his military talents and personal valor in the field, than by his eloquence and address at home. Gifted with a fine person—brave, frank, and generous, he was every way fitted to become the idol of the people; he redressed private grievances, listened to the complaints and encouraged the hopes of those who flocked around him; and on the return of Solon, he was rapidly smoothing his way to supreme power.

Republican in principle, and grieved to see the liberties of his country thus endangered, Solon struggled against the rising power of his ambitious relative—but in vain. Strong in the love of the people, Pisistratus soon obtained the protection of a body-guard to his person—Solon alone raising his powerful voice in opposition. Henceforth Athens was no longer free. Yet Pisistratus knew how to gild the chains which he threw round his fellow-citizens; and his conduct while in power was in many respects most praiseworthy. His rule was distinguished by justice and moderation; he raised the dignity of Athens; he encouraged literature and the arts; and was the friend and patron of illustrious men. He always treated Solon with the greatest respect, though the latter continued his inflexible antagonist; and even, by kindly offices, endeavored to renew the ties of friendship which formerly had existed between them. But Solon rejected the friendly advances of one whom he deemed the destroyer of his country's liberty; and grieved at the overthrow of his best plans, and chagrined at the sight of his countrymen forging their own chains by the favor they showed to Pisistratus, in bitterness of heart the old man withdrew from Athens, and retired to Cyprus, where his declining years were sustained by the kindness of King Philocypus.

(To be Continued.)

THE CONTRAST.

The Novel Reader.

She slumbered in the rocking chair
She'd occupied all day;
And in her lap, half-opened there,
The last now novel lay.
Upon the hearth the dying brands
Their latest radiance shed;
A blazing candle near her stands,
With a crown about its head.

Her hair, which long uncrimp'd had been,
Was hanging loosely round;
A single curl, by a crooked pin,
By the side of her head was bound.
Her gown had once been white I ween,
But white it was not then;
Her ruffles too had once been clean,
And might be so again.

One slipshod foot the fender prest,
The other sought the floor;
And folded o'er her heaving breast,
A dull red shawl she wore.
The flickering light is fading fast,
Yet cares not she for mortal things—
For in her busy brain
The novelist's imaginings
Are acted o'er again.
But, while in this delicious nap
Her willing sense is bound,
The book, escaping from her lap,
Falls lumbering to the ground.

She wakes; but 'tis, alas, to see
The candle's quivering beam;
Nor in the blackened coals can she
Revive one friendly gleam.
Then groping through the passage far,
She steals with noiseless tread—
And leaving every door ajar,
Creeps shivering to bed.

The Bible Reader.

She to her chamber doth repair,
Now closed the busy day—
Where on her toilet, kept with care,
The precious Bible lay.
Though all is still around, no dread
Doth agitate her mind—
No superstitious fears of dead
Can there a harbor find.

She briefly first reviews the day
Which is for ever gone—
Through Christ, for pard'ning grace,
Gives thanks for mercies shown.
Encouraged by the good received,
Whatever may betide,
She hopes that every future need
Will be by God supplied.

One little moment she employs
To read the sacred word,
And meditate upon those joys
There promised by her Lord.
The gay world to their pleasures hasten,
She heedeth not their dissipation;
Her contemplating mind
In the word of inspiration
Transporting joys doth find.
Christ's word doth richly in her dwell
And fills her with delight;
His precepts too she ponders well,
To guide her steps aright.

And if, in passing to that hour,
She had met an enemy,
Such are included in her prayer—
Lord, bless mankind and me!
At peace with God, with all mankind,
With hope of heaven blest,
Sweet thoughts revolving in her mind
She sinks a way to rest!

Read at the Annual Review.

The Mind—Its Dignity.

[The compositions, read at our Review last spring, have been published, not in the order of their supposed excellency. The following is the last of the series.—Ed.]

THE works of nature have ever been objects of admiration and delightful contemplation; and with good reason, for they body forth in characters not to be mistaken, the grandeur and glory of the Great First Cause—they truly bear the impress of the Deity. We hear His all-powerful voice in the thunder's reverberating peal; and gaze with wrapt wonder upon his goodness, as shadowed forth in the unnumbered gems beaming kindly upon us from the blue expanse above.

But, though nature bears His impress, it is in the mind of man that we behold the most striking example of His creative wisdom and power. Methinks it was a glorious morning, when God beheld the beauty of the world which He had made and called it good; but what greatness and excellence were added, when, at His fiat, man sprang into existence, endowed with dominion over all other living things, and with a soul, whose highest bliss was to drink continually of the streams of love flowing from his Father's throne. How glorious, then, the spirit's origin—a breath from the uncreated and all-sustaining Jehovah, giving man a position only a little lower than the angels, and crowning him with glory and immortality. How incomprehensible is the mind of man! In its contemplation we are lost in a vast profound. Philosophers have vainly sought to reveal all its hidden depths and mysterious workings. We know that it holds communion with the external world, and receives impressions from it. At its bidding visions of the past spring up before us, endowed with all the vividness of original perception; and it may be almost said to lift the veil of futurity and scan the records of coming ages. How these effects are produced, we know not—the facts alone we know.

Even in its lowliest mien, it shadows forth its divine Original, giving evidence of a higher pedigree, and more glorious destination than pertain to earth. But how transcendently beautiful its movements, when a Milton or a Pollok, soaring to the empyrean, or swooping down, with flight reversed, to dark *Avernian* regions, sweeps the strings of poesy. Uphorne on fancy's wing, we follow these sons of the laurel-crowned goddess, till worlds and systems roll beneath our heaven-aspiring gaze, our spirits are ravished with the visions of Paradise, and drink in heavenly melody. Nor is it in the lofty soarings of imagination alone, that the mind exhibits its majesty and power. If so, the vast expanse above, now fraught with so much interest to the astronomer, had been to us a sealed

“Book of eternal wonders; lit with gems
Of unknown glory. But now,
Though these orbs appear
Convolved and complex to the untutored eye,
Yet order and harmonious beauty, all,
To the instructed soul.”

To Newton's great, observing mind, the simple falling of an apple, revealed the laws by which the harmony of the universe is maintained. He saw, and, expanding with the mighty conception, his mind grasped the measuring line of the heavens, and, transferring his diagrams to earth, enabled even a Mrs. Somerville to verify the correctness of those demonstrations, by which the magnitudes, distances, weights, and revolutions of the heavenly orbs are determined. Illustrious examples of the power of mind, even in this, its infant state, might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. Witness it in Locke and Bacon, who, scorning to remain contented with the discoveries made by their ancestors concerning mind and matter, threaded out their most bewildering labyrinths, and irradiated their darkest recesses with the lamp of truth.

How splendid the achievements of mind in the arts, which lend their aid to the convenience of human life, and which diminish the evils and dangers of our existence.—It has arrested the airy lightning in its dazling course, and conducted it harmless to the ground. And more wondrous still—seizing this

subtle agent, it has made it the vehicle of thought, along the magic wire: thus annihilating time and space, and enabling persons, thousands of miles distant from each other, to converse familiarly, as if face to face. Nor is its power less visibly displayed in that invention which caused the little birch canoe, which, but a few years since, glided unobscured over the surface of our own loved Ontario, to be supplanted by the noble steamer, which now in majesty

"Walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

In this we recognise an effective agent, in the intellectual and moral elevation of the human family. Laden with the elements of civilization, it penetrates the hitherto inaccessible parts of the earth. "till, even the death-betridden gales of the Niger yield to the force of scientific enterprise; and the fountains of the Nile emerge from the awful obscurity of six thousand years." But, great as have been the conquests of mind in bending the elements of nature to its chariot-wheels, still methinks wonders not yet conceived would be revealed, could we but pierce the veil of futurity.

Not only was this beautiful world, with its numberless sources of enjoyments, created to promote its happiness, and the expansion of its mighty powers, but when the mind, prostrated by its fall, lay in helpless ruins, the infinitely glorious Creator proclaimed its value by sending His only Son to redeem and restore it. God has thus invested the mind with a dignity that must command the respect of the brightest seraphs that wait around His throne. The mind, endowed by its Creator with powers susceptible of endlessly progressive improvement, is ever advancing. To-day an infant appears on earth—gradually light shines in upon that infant soul. Behold the kindling eye, as truths new and strange are grasped by its expanding powers. The wonders of nature and science are revealed to his penetrating glance as he springs into manhood. To-morrow that infant is a Newton. At the bidding of his herculean energies, mystery after mystery unfolds its hidden depths. We look again. That infant is an angel now. Clay organs no longer cloy its powers, nor impede its onward flight. Age after age rolls away, and still its course is upward; and its powers expanding, grasp more and more of God, till arrived where Gabriel stood, when, like the opening flower, it sipped the first dew-drops of knowledge. And yet it pauses not, but onward and upward speeds its dazzling course, where

"Floods of living knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul."

OLD SONGS.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

[CONCLUDED.]

Once more the woman's shrill voice rose up, mingled with the pattering of the rain against the casement, and penetrated home after home in vain; there was no kindred echo in the hearts of those who heard it. A veteran author, whose thoughts came slower than they were wont, what with age and poverty, and the *incubus* which weighs ever on those who are forced to coin poetry into bread—wearied and annoyed, sent down word that if she did not move on, he would give her in charge. But upon his wife's observing that it was a terrible night to be abroad in, qualified the command by a few half-pence, and the half of their frugal supper.

"After all," said he, with a smile, "it is easier writing songs here by our bit of fire (and it was but a bit), than singing them in the cold, wet streets." A blessing surely rested on his poetry that night.

Again the ballad-singer passed on, and her voice had more of melody in it. The kind face and gentle words of the poet's wife had done her good, beside providing for the wants of the present hour; and the poor, happily for them, in one sense, seldom look beyond. Presently the door of a respectable house opened, and a young woman, decently dressed, beckoned her forward, and slipped a shilling into her hand, observing that it was a wild night. The ballad-singer looked up astonished at

receiving so much, and saw by the lamp-light traces of tears recently shed on the thin cheek of her benefactress. The young woman shook her head when she offered her one of the ballads which she had been singing, declaring with a sigh that she knew it by heart; and interrupting her thanks and blessings by again closing the door, went back into her little parlor, and leaning her head upon her hands, wept long and bitterly.

A love of country, as well as kindred and friends, is indissolubly linked with old songs. The Swiss, although not in general a people of great susceptibility, are said to be peculiarly alive to this feeling; and also the Irish and Scotch, more especially the latter. How touching it is to hear home-songs in a strange land!—the simple melodies of childhood, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, like the sweet voices of familiar friends. Terpander, the Lesbian musician, is said to have quelled an insurrection in Lacedæmon by his songs. "Who has not heard or read," says a late author, "of the extraordinary effects of the Jacobite airs, so associated with the cause in which they had been such powerful agents, that even still they make the blood to tingle, and the heart to throb? and that enthusiasm which flew like the electric spark through every rank wherever the *Marseilloise* hymn was heard—a whole audience rising simultaneously, and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, and gestures of devotion, joining heart and voice in the national anthem—regiments dropping on their knees, and as it were, solemnly devoting themselves to the cause in which they were engaged!—or the *Rans des Vaches*, upon the hearing of which expatriated Swiss soldiers were wont to melt into tears—many deserted—others fell ill—and not a few actually died, it is said, of mere home-sickness?"

We are told by Mr. Malone, that one night, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was at Venice, the manager of the Opera, in compliment to the *English gentlemen there*, ordered the band to play an English ballad tune. It happened to be a parlor air, which was played or sang in every street at the time of their leaving London; and by recalling to mind that metropolis, with all its connexions and endearing circumstances, brought tears into the artist's eyes, as well as into those of his countrymen who were present. In all this the spell lies simply in the old song, hallowed by memory and association.

Religion, also, has her old songs—the Canticles, that "songs"—as the name so sweetly signifies "the most beautiful song!" And more ancient still, when Moses sang at the head of the tribes, after the miraculous passage of the Red Sea, Miriam's Song. The Songs of David, the Song of the Angels, the Song of Zion, began on earth, and perfected in Heaven. A theme full of holy and beautiful thoughts and imaginings—hauntings of a glorious immortality, but all too sacred for our present paper. Hymns are a kind of spiritual song, the influence of which are perhaps more lasting than any other kind of uninspired melody. We learn them in childhood, and in old age their memory comes back to gladden and to bless us. We lisp them at a mother's knee, and murmur them on a dying-bed. A hymn is often among the last things retained by the fading memory—the last sound upon the trembling lips;—like "Much-a-fraid," in the "Pilgrim's Progress," we pass through the river singing.

It is astonishing the pertinacity with which old songs linger in the heart, long after things that seemed of far more importance have been forgotten. The aged man, looking dimly back upon childhood's hardly-acquired love, remembers little else save its songs. We can well recollect such an one, who for many years filled the professor's chair at Edinburgh, and was justly celebrated as the first classical scholar of his day. But all these things have passed from him now like a dream. It is sad to mark the wreck of that glorious intellect—the wandering mind—the failing memory—and yet he can sing "Auld Robin Gray" throughout, from beginning to end, without missing a word, and with evident appreciation of its sweet and quiet pathos.

And now we hasten to conclude a paper over which a few may smile, while the many will bear witness by their tears to its deep truth—and it may be, even the sceptics become followers of our simple creed; when the songs, warbled night after night

to gladden the cheerful fireside, around which cluster a loving band of undivided hearts, shall be all that is left to remind them of past happiness—when the mother's favorite song shall be sung, and the mother not thore to listen—the song of the beloved, now changed or dead—the cradle-song, and the little one in Heaven—the song of joy that serves only to set us weeping—the song that marks an anniversary in young lives, turning our tears into laughter, and our laughter into tears, recalling scenes, events, fair faces, gentle tones, hopes, fears, and memories, mysteriously linked and associated with old songs.

In the early stages of life we can have but few anniversaries. Time is unmasked by memory and full of hope. Gradually, however, there arises a calendar in our individual history, made up of such strange hieroglyphics as to be incomprehensible to any but ourselves. Bright days, hours never to be forgotten are signified only by a flower or a song. An old tune, registered long since in that fairy almanac, brings along with it a crowd of recollections that have not visited our minds for years, and seemed to have gone away for ever—dim shapes familiar to the memory, forgotten and remembered again like the fragments of a dream. "Once more we walk the great city of the past," so vividly described by Professor Longfellow—"with its silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like flickering motion,—and here, amid the mournful sound of funeral bells, sweet and sorrowful voices that keep continually singing, 'O, forget us not! O, forget us not!'"

Happy, for the most part, are those families where Aoido holds a place among household deities, and has an altar on the domestic hearth. It is to be regretted that music and singing, especially the latter, should be so little cultivated in the homes of our English poor, where it could scarcely fail to shed a gentle and humanizing influence, besides forming a fresh link to bind its inmates together. Attention has, however, been already drawn to this subject, and Harmony now forms a prominent branch of education in most of our principal schools. Throughout the greater part of the Continent, the cultivation of music and singing prevails more or less among all classes, and is a source of pure delight to the poor as well as to the rich. And also in Bohemia, and other districts of Germany, Professor Robson mentions, that he has frequently heard pleasant vocal music even among the Russians boors.

The celebrated Dr. Rush advocates singing on a fresh ground from any we have yet touched upon considering it as a powerful corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints; and records his entire conviction, that the true cause why the Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption is the strength which their lungs acquire by being constantly exercised in vocal music. He considers no education complete in which singing is not included; learned not as an accomplishment, but a sweet and untiring source of enjoyment for ourselves and others; and thus lessening the temptation to wander out of the charmed circle of home in search of amusement or pleasure.

The utilitarian spirit of the present age, so far from destroying, as some murmurers assert, keeps guard over the Beautiful! not as a thing apart, to be worshipped by the few, but a feeling and an influence to be shed abroad among the common things of every-day life, to gladden and to bless the many. Nothing can be too highly prized which tends to cherish and keep alive the flame of domestic love and sympathy. The spirits of that lamp, whose gentle radiance makes our happiness here below, are many; but Aoido is the blithest and busiest of them all! Her sweet voice lures back the wanderer, and cheers the weary exile with visions of his lost home. A welcome guest in palace or bower; or sitting with the home-loving, by the quiet hearth, making the long hours pass pleasantly away—she hushes to sleep the cradled child—makes melody for the young—and soothes the aged with a world of bygone memories. While enjoying the present she forgets not to lay up a precious store of sweet thoughts for the future; and, like an enchantress as she is, weaves many a tuneful spell, which winds itself irresistibly about the heart for evermore! A blessing on Aoido! A blessing upon Old Songs!

Hamilton and its Scenery.

HAMILTON, if not world-renowned, is at least Canada-renowned for its scenery. Placed on an elevated plain between the Burlington Bay and an extensive ridge called "the mountain," it affords the most delightful situations for building, either on the sloping hill-side or on the heights overlooking the bay. The view from the eminence above Hamilton combines, indeed, more than the usual beauties of mountain and lake scenery. Standing at this point, we see the ridge extending for several miles towards the west, and then sweeping round to the north, forming one of nature's vast amphitheatres. The beautiful sheet of Burlington Bay, about seven miles in length, lies reposing within this ample semicircle, with the city of Hamilton spread out at a little distance from its southern side, along the foot of the mountain, having all its buildings and streets fully revealed from our elevated position above it. A narrow sandbank, called "the beach," pierced by the Burlington canal, separates the bay from the broad surface of Ontario; while just beyond it, on the northern shore of the lake, are dimly discerned the roofs of Wellington Square. The Burlington Heights bind the head of the bay crowned at one end by the noble castle of Dundurn, the residence of Sir Allan McNab. The Dundas Marsh stretches away on the other side of these, filled with rank flags, or the broad leaves of the water lily except where it is traversed by the Des Jardines canal, which leads to the thriving village of Dundas, embosomed among the hills. The vastness of the circular range bounding the horizon on every side save that of the lake, the placid beauty of the bay encircled within it, and the stirring, life-like appearance of the city by its side, all contribute to awaken in the mind sensations of the most unmingled delight and contentment. The pleasure which we receive in contemplating the scene, is likewise enhanced by the reflection that it may at one time have been the bed of a large body of water, as seems probable from the circumstance of the country being perfectly level after we reach the summit of the ridge as well as from the nature and position of the land in the valley.

Next to the mountain, the Burlington Heights afford the greatest attraction to the lover of nature and art. Commencing at the north-west of Hamilton, they extend along (with a level surface and no greater elevation than that of the city, though much higher than the water) between the Burlington Bay and the Dundas marsh, in the form of a promontory, gradually diminishing, around the extremity of which pass the vessels to Dundas, on the outlet between the two bodies of water. On the side nearest Hamilton appears the castle of Dundurn, placed near the verge of the heights, and commanding an excellent view of the bay and the surrounding scenery. Two turrets project on the side of the water, with a balcony between them, and rise up above the building, giving it its castle-like appearance; while a row of columns improves its aspect on the opposite front towards the road. The edifice, however, is seen to best advantage from a boat on the water or from the mountain. Passing on beyond the grounds of the castle we have a new but still pleasing view of the bay, walled in on the left by an almost perpendicular bank with smiling farm houses here and there interspersed upon the top—the beach on the opposite side appearing like a dark line resting upon the blue waters, and the shore on the right studded with sails, storehouses, and wharves, that speak of man's industry and enterprise.

But besides the natural beauties with which the Burlington Heights abound, they possess some historical relics, which give them a still livelier interest. Nearly opposite the castle is seen a large mound of earth, on which lie the last mouldering remains of an old block-house. A few rods from this a high embankment stretches entirely across the ridge, and still farther on another where the space is very narrow. It was behind these entrenchments and protected by this block-house that the English army encamped, during the last American war, in 1813, after being driven by superior forces from Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara river. The American army pursued them and took up a good position by the side of Stony Creek, about eight miles from Hamilton. The British, however, did not await their attack, but, rousing up by night, surprised them amid the dark-

ness and captured two generals, one hundred and fifty men, and four guns, after which the Americans retreated to Fort George. The position on the Burlington Heights was of still greater service in a later period of the war, when the English, after their defeat at the battle of the Thames, so celebrated by the fall of Tecumseh, retired thither, and presented so formidable a front that the enemy did not dare to assail them.

Hamilton, according to a census lately taken, contains 9990 inhabitants. The principal institution of which it can boast is the Burlington Ladies' Academy, which, for the efficiency with which both moral and intellectual training is administered, is equalled by few kindred establishments in America,

Hamilton, June 21, 1849.

W. P. W.

Education of Idiots.

SINCE the success of the efforts to instruct the deaf and dumb, and the blind the attention of philanthropists has been turned to idiots, the melioration of whose intellectual condition had been regarded hitherto as almost utterly hopeless. But the minds of your children, as they develop and strengthen. Select their miscellaneous reading yourselves. Let not a book come into their hands without your inspection. Before you are aware, their taste becomes vitiated, their imagination corrupted, and their minds contaminated. Too much vigilance cannot be used,—“Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”—*Sketcher.*

Our Library.

“Essays on Decision of Character, &c. By John Foster”

THE Essays of this celebrated moralist are distinguished by great penetration of mind, as well as extensive information. The one on decision of character, displaying the principal characteristics of this important quality, and the means of attaining it, is especially useful. The effects of this attribute, as seen in the characters of the illustrious Howard, and others, are thus portrayed:—

“But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, or ever will exceed, for instance, the late illustrious Howard.

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity, kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a pitch of excitement and impulsion almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds; as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of determination which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene which he traversed; his subordinate feelings nearly lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he

must have inspected and admired them, would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel, was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, (which kept a scrupulous charge of his time,) as the duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic acknowledged rule of duty, as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the tedious length of labor and enterprise by which he was to reach it. So conspicuous was it before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Providence.

Unless the eternal happiness of mankind be an insignificant concern, and the passion to promote it an inglorious distinction, I may cite George Whitefield as a noble instance of this attribute of the decisive character, this intense necessity of action. The great cause which was so languid a thing in the hands of many of its advocates, assumed in his administrations an unmitigable urgency.

Many of the christian missionaries among the heathens, such as Brainerd, Elliot, and Schwartz, have displayed memorable examples of this dedication of their whole being to their office, this abjuration of all the quiescent feelings.

This would be the proper place for introducing (if I did not hesitate to introduce in any connexion with merely human instances) the example of him who said, “I must be about my Father's business. My meat and drink is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!”

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER SESSION, consisting of FIFTEEN WEEKS, will commence on THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH day of MAY, 1849.

The Principal and Preceptress are assisted by eight Ladies, eminently qualified to impart instruction in their several departments.

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.,
Principal.

Hamilton, March 9, 1849.

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Although “THE CALLIOPEAN” is under the management of the Young Ladies connected for the time being with the Burlington Ladies' Academy, Contributions of a suitable character will be thankfully received from all who take an interest in the work.

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