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Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, January 10, 1848.

Number 4.

For the Callopean.

The Voice of the Coming Year.

I COME, I come! I have heard ye call
From the far off realms of my Father's hall—
My Father Time hath commanded me
To sojourn awhile with mortality;
So I come forward with smile and with tear—
How will ye welcome the stranger Year?

I come; yet, with many an anxious care,
Many misgivings, and sombre fears;
For I talked with my sister Year last night,
Beneath pale Cynthia's silvery light,
And she told me much that was sad to hear,
Much to discourage the timid New Year.

She spoke of the vows ye laid on her shrine,
On the morn of her entrance, and youthful prime,
How ye promised to guard her vestal dress
From stain; and her buoyant steps to bless.
Ye forgot your vows—ye ceased to hear
The warning voice of the passing Year.

I come in her room—for she hath fled
Beyond the regions which ye may tread—
I do not wish the Bacchanal rite
To greet me in my mysterious flight;
And the reckless revel is not the cheer,
Wherewith to welcome the blushing New Year.

I ask ye to crowd round love's peaceful board,
Where affection's choicest stores are poured
To rivet afresh each strong social band
Which has slipped 'neath the pressure of life's rough hand.
I call ye to comfort the lonely, the drear—
That all may rejoice in the coming New Year.

I summon ye all to your Maker's throne,
To bend each warm feeling to Him alone,
Who hath given ye each, on earth's stormy sea,
To outride the blast,—then bow each grateful knee;
And pray Him to grant His bright presence to clear
Each gathering cloud from the face of the Year.

Would ye know what I bring in my hidden hours?
What brilliant joy: or what sorrow lovers?
I may not tell ye—yet, this I may tell—
I have flowers to bloom in each sylvan dell;

I have gems of love, earth's rough path to cheer;
I have hopes to enliven the changing Year.

Some of your number I'll waft from earth,
To a clime where sorrow hath not birth;
Where my father Time hath lost his powers,
I will speed their flight to celestial bowers;
Whose dwellers have done with sadness and fears,
And have ceased to reckon by circling years.

Some—whose hearts are now beating warm—
I will chill as cold as the winter storm;
Some I will bind with the galling chain
Of wronged affection and bitter pain;
And fond groups I'll scatter, as Autumn leaves sear,
Who hail me now, as a "Happy New Year!"

Full many, now parted, shall meet 'neath my reign;
Many exiles return to their homes again;
Many broken links of love's circlet bright
Shall beam once more with a holy light;
Yet, others will follow a dark career,
Till lost is each day of the rolling year.

I come, I come! on my heaven-sent track—
Waste not my treasures—I'm hastening back—
I've a record to give, how ye spend my hours—
Gather rich clusters; cull ye sweet flowers—
Clusters of knowledge; flowers of heaven,
See that the Rose of Sharon is given;
Then, clasping it firmly, ye need not fear
The joys and griefs of the coming year.

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, December 26th, 1847.

BETHANY.

For the Callopean.

BETHANY is a small village situated about two miles eastward of Jerusalem. On the east of it rise the majestic peaks of the Mount of Olives, which though no longer covered with the luxuriant olive, yet abound in grapes, citrons, almonds, dates, and figs. In the days of its prime, Bethany must have been a delightful place of residence, inviting those Hebrews who shunned the throng and hurry of the crowded city, to elegant repose, and luxurious and tranquil pleasures. It appears to have been sought as such, many of the principal families of Jerusalem having fixed their abode there.

But to the sincere Christian it must be pre-eminently a favourite spot. It was here that the perfection of humanity chose to

Education of the young.

The Intellectual education of the young, or the cultivation of their understanding, is to impress them with right views of things, and to accustom them to such a manner of thinking and judging, as is in accordance with truth, and by which they may become wise. Man is equally able to bring under the cognizance and discrimination of his understanding, both the peculiar and individual productions of his own mind, and those diversified and extraneous subjects of observation which come within the scope of his mental or physical perceptions; he can subject the nature of these things to the decision of his judgment. He can bring them together, or separate them from accidental union; and by comparing them with each other, may conceive from them new ideas, which may thus be increased by endless alternation. His nature is not so constructed, as render it necessary that he should contemplate those things which he may learn, as they actually are; or that in the opinion which he may form of them, in the comparisons which he may institute therewith, or in the harmony or discord which he may observe between them, he may not be liable to error. He can contemplate all that surrounds him, from many or from one side only; he can consider it greater, or less, better or worse, more useful or more hurtful than it really is. He can combine things which have no affinity to each other; he can separate those that are bound together in the ties of indissoluble union; he can consider a thing as the effect or cause of another with which it has not the least connection; and the less that he exercises his intellectual powers, or the more negligently and carelessly he employs them, just so much more frequently will he fall into these errors of thought, judgment and resolution.

How much benefit, then, must he not receive, if, at the time when he begins to exert his intellectual powers, he should be so directed in their application, as to learn to employ them in the best and most correct manner! Such an object is the design and aim of the intellectual education of the young. They have need of a prudent and experienced guide on that road that leads to knowledge and truth—one who shall not only warn them against all by-paths, and bring them back therefrom as often as they wander thither, but who shall also learn them to shun all the inlets and mazes of error, and to pursue their aim without turning to the right hand or the left. Their understanding must not only be brought into action and enriched by many sciences, but it also must be so exercised, as that by degrees they shall acquire a promptness and facility in investigating and judging whatever they wish to learn, in discriminating easily between truth and error, and in following the surest rules and the shortest way in such an investigation and judgment.

But this cannot be so well accomplished by learning them, or impressing upon their memories those rules of thinking, as by learning them to observe, on all occasions, whether or wherein they have thought or judged correctly or incorrectly; by socially conversing, calculating, investigating, doubting or deciding with them upon some one of their own former methods of thinking and deciding.

They may thus be learnt to become observing and attentive to the progress of their own mind, and so become acquainted with the principles and rules by which it operates; learning, by their own experience, the obstructions which impede its operations, and the advantages that facilitate them.

Never too Old to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which *Socrates* did not do, but only learned to play upon some instrument of his time—not a guitar—for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men, at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly!

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius, scire facias, &c.*, are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccaccio, was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than a *Boccaccio*, who are dying of *emul*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in discourses or political meetings, who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college learnt men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch Language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learned in a tenth part of the time required for the acquisition of the Dutch; and all because they are *too old to learn*.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by *Voltaire*, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of *Homer* and *Virgil*, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But they are *too old to learn*.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad*; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, '*I am too old to study.*'

Seek Knowledge.

If you pull up your window a little, it is far likelier to give cold or rheumatism, or stiff neck, than if you throw it wide open; and the chance of any bad consequence becomes still less if you go out into the air, and let it act upon you equally from every side. Is it not just so with knowledge? Do not those who are exposed to a draught of it blowing on them through a crevice, usually grow stiff necked? When you open the windows of your mind, therefore open them as widely as you can, open them, and let the soul send forth its messengers to explore the state of the earth. The best, indeed the only method, of guarding against the mischief which may ensue from teaching men a little, is to teach them more. Knowledge is the true spear of *Achilles*; nothing but itself can heal the wound it may have inflicted.

Passing away.

BRIGHTLY did the sun look down on Ocean's vast expanse, on its sheet of boundless blue, and swiftly did a gallant ship speed on its way. But soon clouds obscured the sun; darkness brooded over the sea, like a funeral pall; the waves roared angrily, and lashed the sides of the vessel; and as it went down beneath the mighty waters, a wail, loud and long, came up from the sinking crew. The rolling billows, white with foam, gradually became calm, their murmurs grew fainter and fainter, and, as the last low sound fell upon the ear, it seemed to whisper, "passing away." Far, far remote from the noise and din of the busy world, in a quiet and secluded nook, stood a vine-clad cottage. A silver stream ran murmuring near it; trees, in all their natural wildness and beauty, shaded it from the scorching rays of the sun; the humble violet, and blushing rose, wafted their perfume around. It was indeed a fair and lovely spot; but storm-clouds rent the air, the deep thunder muttered in the distance, and the forked lightning flashed fearfully about. One moment of dread calm, then a loud crash, and the beauty of the scene had fled; its loveliness had forever "passed away." 'Twas a calm summer's morn. The sun arose with more than his wonted splendor; beautiful flowers were spread around in the greatest profusion, and on each blade of grass, rivalling the most brilliant diamonds, sparkled bright drops of dew. But, ere the sun had reached his meridian, the flowers, parched by his beams, had drooped their heads, and died, and the morning dew had "passed away."

From a wild and lonely spot, thickly shaded with heavy forest trees, issued a small streamlet. Gently o'er hill and dale it pursued its course, now meandering through green meadows, and anon forcing its way among rocks and stones; sometimes, almost hid from view, and again bursting into sight, having gained, in its wanderings, additional size and strength. Yet still, as it glided along, whether in the dark shade of the forest, or brightly glittering in the sun, whether calmly gurgling, gaily dancing or wildly dashing onward, it too seemed to murmur, "passing away." Alone, unwatched and ununsured, a delicate flower raised its head, and opened its tiny petals to the light, diffusing beauty and fragrance around. But, though fair, it was also fragile. Crushed and broken, it soon fell to the earth; and, as it wafted abroad its last faint gush of perfume, it seemed to breathe forth the words, "passing away." In a shady dell, roamed a fair child, culling flowers from the banks of the stream that rippled at her feet. Twining a garland for her head, she bent over the clear waters, and as she there saw her youthful brow so gaily ornamented, with a bounding step she hastened homeward; but, ere there, the flowers had withered and died; and, while with tearful eyes she gazed upon them, she received, thus early, her first lesson of the vanity of all things earthly, that, like flowers, they swiftly "pass away." The sun had set behind the western hills, and twilight was gradually deepening into night, as a strain of music, low and sweet, fell upon the ear. Louder and clearer came the notes, till at length they burst forth into one rich, full peal; then, grew fainter and fainter, weaker and weaker; but, as its last, low tone died in the distance, it feebly murmured, "passing away." In a dark and lonely room, sat an aged man. His head was bereft of hair, save a few locks, which were completely silvered o'er. Life, with him, was ebbing fast; his course was nearly run. The threescore years and ten allotted to man, he had more than numbered; but, to him, they had brought nothing only "vanity and vexation of spirit;" and, as he silently gazed on a clock which stood near, whose distinct and regular ticking told of the flight of time, he felt that he too, like the moments, was swiftly "passing away." Thus is mutability stamped on all things: the fashion of this world, and even the heavens and earth, will finally "pass away;" nothing is exempted; wherever we turn our eyes, we behold stamped, as in words of fire, "passing away;" and on every sound that comes to our ears, are borne the words, "passing away! passing away!"

MARGARET.

The Bible.

WHAT sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improve-

ment has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisdiction have arisen, and run their course and expired. Empire after empire have been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and soothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius?—does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

No proof of the present existence of a single Star or Planet.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, in his "Essay on the power of the Telescope to penetrate into space," a quality distinct from the magnifying power, informs us that there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the Astronomer who should record the aspect or mutation of such a star, would be relating not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by.

MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE.

Beautiful Passages.

[Selected from a little work entitled "Nature," by Ralph Waldo Emerson.]

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things.—One might think that the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because, though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does a wise man extort all her secrets, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfections. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

In the woods, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace—no calamity—(leaving me my eye)—which Nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed by the blythe air, and uplifted into infinite space, all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the dearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers—to be acquaintances—master and servant—is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontaminated and immortal beauty.

Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

live hereafter to examine this atomless substance, this frictionless machine, moved by the Mover of the planets, by the Agent that turns the Universe on its axis. 'Tis the noblest work of God. The skies were called into being by a word. The sun, the moon, the planets, all found their places at their Maker's word. At the touch of his finger the earth, with its landscapes and oceans, rolled in its orbit. But the soul is of the Almighty's breath—a spirit like its Giver. Then say, gentle reader, "what wilt thou receive in exchange for thy soul?"

JOSAPHINE.

Dundas, 14th Dec., 1847.

H Y M N .

BY CLARENCE ORMOND.

My God! I would no longer be
A slave to sin, a foe to thee:
I would renounce all other sway,
And thy commands alone obey.

My sluggish soul to thee would rise,
And shake the slumbers from her eyes:
Oh let thy grace the effort own,
And make me henceforth thine alone.

Why should affection, hope, desire,
On worldly themes exhaust their fire?
Why should my powers descend so low,
And nobler, loftier themes forego?

Let thy good spirit change my heart,
And holy love and fear impart;
Devotion's heavenly flame instil,
And all my soul with goodness fill.

When first the morning light I see,
May my freed soul ascend to thee;
And, on my nightly pillow laid,
To thee my latest thoughts be paid.

Let every waking, active hour
Confess thy guidance and thy power;
And when the last dread scene shall close,
Oh may thy soul in thee repose!

For the Calliopean.

STUDIES FROM HISTORY.
The Puritans.

THE phases in national character, during the progress of its history, are as evident as the causes of them are various, and to some extent unsearchable. The general movement is accompanied by multiplied minor revolutions in manners and sentiment, occasioned by causes of hindrance or acceleration, infinite, both in manner and kind.

Its course is somewhat like the resultant of the several motions of a planetary orb; but so much more complicated as to defy calculation. The study of these conflicting causes, however, has an importance quite commensurate with its difficulty—they may be as concealed as the lurking places of the storms, whose disastrous approach the practised mariner observes by signs, which to the unskilful afford no indicia of impending ruin.

The lessons of history, especially rich in practical wisdom, have ascribed to them a proverbial worth, which men, however sagacious to perceive, are, unfortunately, slow to apply in the conduct of their lives.

If any period of English history were to be chosen, as singularly deserving of careful study, we should select the age of the Puritans. The time has scarcely passed, when anything like admiration of the Puritan character, would arouse in the minds of many, a feeling of factious resentment. The mental and moral greatness of Oliver Cromwell, is yet obscured by lingering prejudices; notwithstanding the clearing away of nearly centuries. Carlyle, Macauley, and d'Aubigné, have lately developed novel features in the history of times, the annals of which, with wonderful distinctness, exhibit the comparative effect of motives and principles, whose importance, not less than their ubiquity, invites attentive regard. The character and conduct of the Puritans and their adversaries, afford not an unfair measure of the estimate due to their respective sentiments.

The vain heroism of the one side; the insolence, and pomp, and recklessness of dissolute valor, and presumption of courtly

pride, were opposed to qualities, their very antipodes. They met in the fight at Naseby. A conscientious confidence in the favor of heaven, and abhorrence of the licentiousness of their adversaries, begat in the Puritans an earth-and-hell defying determination, which was invincible.

The extremes of voluptuousness, pride, profanity, and indeed, of every species of sensual vanity, contrasted with vigorous religious zeal, marked the tremendous oscillations in national manners and maxims, as their opponents and the Puritans alternately gained the ascendancy. It is almost evident, that the mind perceives a charm in what are called the "pomp and vanities of this world;" perhaps, because they are akin to its own depravity; but it is certain, that they are in positive opposition to the genius of christianity—and when we think of the spectacle which society must have presented, when the high places, instead of being filled with patterns of vicious pleasure, were invested with the emblems of holiness—when fervid, godly zeal was not unwonted in the discussions of the Senato-house; and the theatres, those temples consecrated to vanity, wore shut—we recognise an appearance of christian consistency, that, alas! is too extraordinary.

Making allowance for much accidental error, we must regard the distinguishing traits of Puritanism, as traced by motives, the sanction of which were the will of God and the hopes of heaven—these marked the friends of John Hampden; beside whose thrice ennobled greatness, the perfection of earthly honor is vileness itself.

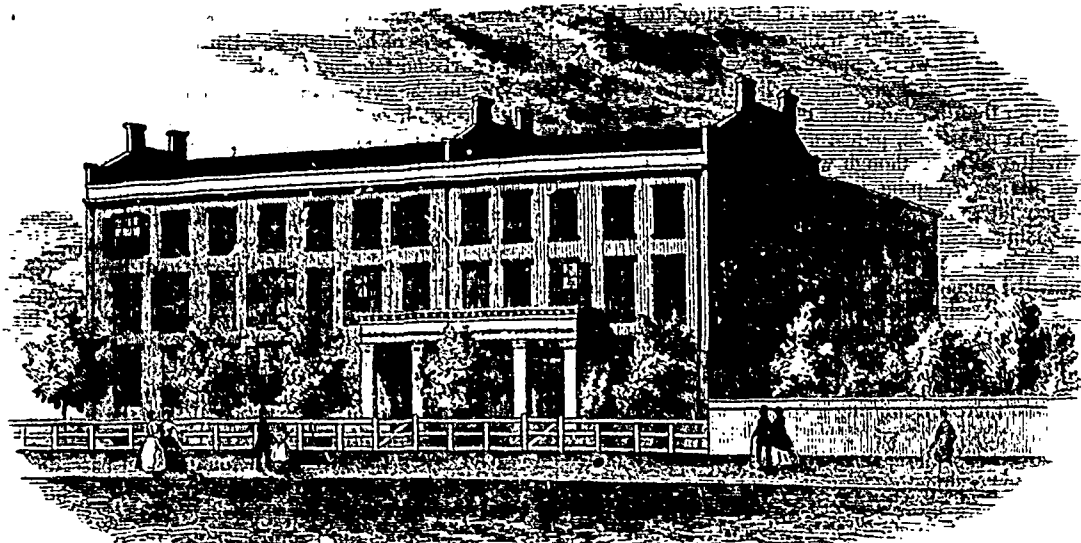
But if those traits were the effect of cunning hypocrisy, this is far more desirable than the opposite character, which, down to the present time, evinces its prevalence in the corrupting habits and amusements of the so-called *polite* and fashionable circle in society. Considered in its most unfavorable light, Puritanism is, at least, homage to religion. Who will say this is not more worthy than the practical infidelity of those, who regard the habits of dissipation as identical with happiness—whose lives assert the worthlessness of piety, in competition with personal accomplishments; and whose intercourse seems to be entirely *corporeal*—where merely human sagacity cannot trace the presence of soul.

SIMON.

Toronto, December 28, 1847.

A CELESTIAL REVERIE.—There comes, to the thoughtful and contemplative man, a peculiar sense of serene majesty, when twilight falls upon the earth in spring-time. The heart is then a devout worshipper in the great cathedral of nature. Low, deep-toned harmonies seem to vibrate in the still and solemn air; and faint mellow beams, fading every moment, steal from the stained windows of the west, as one by one the evening lights 'go up to their watch.' But when twilight deepens into night, the wide, overhanging firmament—that 'majestic roof fretted with golden fires'—in its bright and countless hosts of worlds, overwhelms the wrapt gaze with awe, at the power and majesty of the Great Architect. 'Are those bright orbs,' he exclaims, 'inhabitable worlds, like this of ours? Lo! even when we gaze, one falls far down the deep blue vault, and vanishes away. Was a world, in the inscrutable providence of the Supreme, then blotted from being? Is our universe but as a star, to the dwellers of those suspended spheres, and will be seen ages hence, from yon gleaming orbs, suddenly to fall and fade, like a transient meteor in the sky? He alone knoweth, who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and hangeth the earth on nothing! Faint glimpses are indeed afforded to the searcher after the unseen—dim perceptions of Nature's sublime mysteries. We wonder and admire, when, at a moment for years foretold, one celestial system clips with its mighty shadow a fellow system, as far in space they sweep their awful circles. We marvel when, commissioned by the All powerful, a wan and misty orb, predicted for a century, 'streams its horrid hair' upon the midnight sky. But of even those phenomena, how limited is our knowledge! "Our best philosophical system is none other than a dream-theorem; a not-quotient, confidentially given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown.—Knickerbecker.

KINDNESS will often melt what violence cannot break.



BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

We present our Readers, in the present number, with a Cut of the *Burlington Ladies' Academy*. The Building is pleasantly situated on the corner of King and Bay Streets, commanding a fine view of the Bay, and the Picturesque Scenery of the Mountain, Heights, and surrounding country. It is four stories, including basement, and presents two fronts, as represented, 122 and 114 feet. The Dormitories, 48 in number, are sufficiently spacious to accommodate comfortably two occupants each. Besides the Drawing, Library and Philosophical rooms, the former of which is 60 by 24; it contains four School rooms, Music rooms, Painting room, &c., &c., affording ample accommodations for every department of a well organized School. The building is warmed with heated air, a much more safe, convenient, comfortable and healthy method, than by stoves.

For the Calliopean.

Suggested by the Parting of the Pupils for the Holy-Days.

Not with the rites of the banquet halls;
Not with the tones that the reveller calls;
Not with the scenes of the festal board,
Where the wine in its crimson glance is poured;
Not from the turrets, where warriors stood;
Not thus, or there, parted our sisterhood.

Our final meeting spoke much of love,
And of holy greetings in lands above;
No scorning beholders were standing by;
They heard not, they felt not, each deep drawn sigh.
The world and its followers gazed not there;
They heard not, they felt not, that parting prayer.

It is no light thing, for our youthful throng
To mingle their voices in one sweet song;
Though some are far from their early home,
And some have dared the proud ocean's foam;
Yet, as sisters of one hearth—as beings of one land—
We knelt for a blessing to shield our band.

And for *him*, our leader, oh! God, we pray,
That thy constant smile may illumine his way.
Sighing and weeping, he bends the knee;
Hoping and trusting, he looks to Thee;
Show him, that those who sow precious grain,
With bright golden sheaves, shall return again.

And when our eyes shall grow dull and dim—
Our voices re-echo no cheerful hymn—
When each hand shall be cold, as the icy mount;
And the pitcher be broke at life's gushing fount—
Heavenly Father! may we be blest,
Being one with Thee, in thy promised rest.

Hamilton, December 27, 1847.

HARRIET ANNIE

KINDNESS.

"SMALL acts of kindness—how pleasant and desirable do they make life? Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path of life cheerful and pleasant. Who will refuse a kind act? It costs the giver nothing, but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing. It raises from misery and degradation, throwing around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost with paradise. One heedless word may sever hearts forever. It is useless to say, "It was spoken in sport." A spark of fire unintentionally thrown upon powder, will ignite it as soon as one thrown intentionally. Our motto should be—kind feelings, kind words, and kind acts."
"He who retorts angry expressions, instead of letting them fall harmless, is like one who throws back a missile which has been hurled at him, only to have it hurled again with a surer aim and deadlier force. How much better to let it lie untouched at his feet.

Angry Words.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour:
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip:
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar,
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Buttest thro' his are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

J. MIDDLETON.

Temple, London.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

linger. It was among the spicy gardens of Bethany that Heaven's own King deigned to wander, with expressions of preference and regard, during his weary pilgrimage with the children of men. It was here he condescended to link himself by ties more true and tender than human heart ever wove—to link himself with humanity in its holiest, purest aspects.

In Bethany dwelt a solitary, though wealthy family. The angel of death laid his icy grasp on the parents, and "they were gathered unto their fathers." Two fair girls were left—torn as the clinging woodbine, suddenly and rudely severed from the supporting oak. Around whom shall their fond sympathies now cluster? Who will henceforth be their protector, their friend, their comforter? Ah! who knoweth the value of a true-hearted brother, till such blighting hours come in all their poignancy? Happily these young girls possessed such a treasure; and from the moment that the clouds fell heavily on his father's simple coffin, Lazarus became their unremitting guardian and affectionate counsellor.

Oh! how strongly were these three individuals united; their hearts beat in unison; sympathy of taste, and congeniality of pursuits rivetted yet more closely their polished bands of love; and when, in the solemn hush of even, they knelt around one altar, and poured one prayer to the one God of their fathers, it seemed to their wrapt spirits that earth touched Heaven.

Time passed on, even as he passes now. Lazarus returned home one evening from Jerusalem full of encomiums of a form which passed him in the crowded mart.

"I can not describe his mien; his majestic sweetness; his dignified and mournful air; his godlike excellence. But when he speaks there is no human heart unhardened by crime, that can hear the accents of his voice unmoved. I saw him compassionately bending over a sick man, and it seemed to me that his very look must heal him."

"Did it do so, brother?" enquired Martha.

"I know not, for business pressed, and I passed on. But that look, those accents I can not banish."

"It must be Jesus of Nazareth," exclaimed Mary, after a short silence.

"Can such be the despised Galilean, dear Mary? If so, henceforth I am his disciple. I will seek him, and bring him home to you."

From that period He "who spake as never man spake" became the constant visitant and intimate friend of that little family. There, after the fatigues of the day, would He repose himself in the bosom of inviolable friendship, and innocent cheerfulness.—And when the iron hand of death clasped the form of their earthly protector, Jesus the Saviour caused the insatiate tomb to yield its prey to the arms of the weeping, yet overjoyed sisters.

Marvel not, that from that solemn display of His mysterious power, and unwavering sympathy, Jesus became unspeakably, and increasingly dear to that little group. Then did the contemplative and retiring Mary comprehend fully, what before she had only dimly imagined, that He who honoured them with such close friendship, was indeed "the resurrection and the life." Then was revealed to her delighted mind, that Shiloh had indeed appeared. Hour after hour would this beautiful girl sit at the Saviour's feet, silently listening to His conversation with her manly brother, and his friends; hearing His explanations of ancient prophecy; reaping rich clusters of knowledge and wisdom from his words. Oft times her thoughts would wander to the future, when she fondly pictured the Saviour's triumphal reception among her countrymen; and her cheek would flush, and her eye brighten with these contemplations, till overpowered by her own thoughts, she would seek the refreshment of the embowered garden.

Then also, for the first time, did the conviction dawn on the lively and versatile Martha, that He whom she had so long cherished as a fond friend, was something more than mortal—that in him "dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Then did her full heart pour its deep tide of gratitude at His feet, and acknowledge Him in very deed as her Lord and her God.

But Bethany was also the residence of Simon the leper; and we may well imagine that the feelings with which he regarded the Lord of glory, formed a strong contrast to those of Lazarus

and his sisters. After inviting his guest, he neglected the customary rites of hospitality. But one was there, who, with throbbing heart and burning cheek, supplied his lack.

Within the sylvan shades of Bethany dwelt also the beautiful, but crring Mary Magdalene. Once, alas, a courtesan in Herod's train; but no sooner did the precepts of the Saviour find a home in her heart, than they also found a response in her life; and seeking a secluded residence in Bethany, she bent her whole soul to the attainment of her Redeemer's instructions. Her convictions were not evanescent. In the last dark hour of more than mortal suffering, she forsook not her Saviour; and in the faint twilight of the morning of His resurrection, the first word the newly risen Redeemer pronounced was "Mary;" and the ready "Raboni" proved her heart's deep emotion.

As the Saviour approached the consummation of His mission, He took increasing interest in Bethany. Every evening during the last months of His earthly sojourn, he retired to its shades, or the adjacent Mount of Olives.

And when the last dread conflict had passed—when all was accomplished, and it remained only for the victorious Conqueror to resume His regal throne—then He led His wondering, sorrowing disciples out from the din of the city's throng—from the confusion of the multitude.

Amid the cool shades of the overarching boughs of Bethany, they held their last conversation; there were breathed the Redeemer's last words. Oh! can we not imagine the varied, soul-thrilling emotions which stole over each bosom of that sorrowing group?

"And whilst He blessed them, He was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Little flock, weep not hopelessly. List to those words of heavenly consolation breathed by a seraphic messenger: "Ye men of Israel, why gaze ye up into Heaven? This same Jesus shall come again in like manner as he ascended." Blessed assurance!

Beloved reader! it is not given us to wander amid the groves of Bethany, nor on the lofty summit of Mount Olivet; but with Him who constituted the chief attraction of Bethany, we may yet hold converse. Though we may not number Him, in earthly guise, among our household band, yet to our spiritual sense He is ever present. Earthly vicissitudes cannot disturb, or earthly sorrows alloy the secret communion which exists between the real disciple and his ascended Redeemer, even in this mutable and imperfect state. Be it ours then, beloved reader, to love Him as devotedly as Mary and Martha—as faithfully and singly as she of Magdala—as unobtrusively and unflinchingly as the beloved Apostle. Then when he cometh on Mount Olivet, in the clouds of Heaven, we may unshrinkingly hail His presence, and share the beatitude of those with whom we have lingered in spirit in the preceding sketch.

It may be interesting to the young reader, to learn that the castellated residence and tomb of Lazarus still exist. The Empress Helena erected a church, called the 'Chapel of the Ascension,' on what she deemed the precise spot of the Saviour's triumphant departure from the world; but it is expressly stated in Holy Writ that it was from Bethany He re-ascended to His empyrean home. For myself, I am disposed to agree with the pious and intelligent McCheyne, who states it as his confirmed opinion, given after a careful investigation of the localities, that the precise spot, both of the crucifixion and ascension, has been held secret from mortal eyes; and no profane hand has been permitted to disturb by its unhallowed touch this most sacred locality; so that we may say, as it is recorded of one of old, "the place of the sepulchre knoweth no man unto this day."

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, Dec. 14th. 1847.

The Statue of the Vatican Apollo.*

Translated for the Calliopean, from the German of Wilkelman.

THE statue of Apollo is the highest ideal of art among all the works of antiquity which have survived the general destruction. It surpasses every other statue as much as the Apollo of Homer does those which succeeding poets have conceived. His stature towers above the human race, and his attitude is full of conquer-

ing majesty. A perpetual spring, like that of blest Elysium, blends with the charming manliness of the full-crowned year, and plays with soft sweetness around the haughty contour of his limbs.

Send thy spirit into the world of incorporeal beauty—seek to create beings of heavenly essence, and to fill thy soul with images which rise above the thrall of matter. For here is nothing earthly, save what frail mortality required. No veins and sinews heat and move this body—but a heavenly soul, pouring itself into it like a gentle stream, has filled, as it were, the whole outline of his figure. He has pursued the monster Python, against whom he has just discharged his arrows, and his mighty stride has caught and laid him low. From the cyrie of his pride, his lofty glance goes forth beyond his triumph, far as into infinity. Scorn sits on his lips, and the wrath which stirs within him gently inflates his nostrils, and mounts upon his laughing forehead. But the calm of victory rests undisturbed upon his countenance, and his eye is full of sweetness, as when he sports among the Muses. His silken hair plays around his celestial head, like the soft and liquid tendrils of a noble vine, when stirred by the gentle breeze.

I forget every thing else in the contemplation of this miracle of Art, and insensibly assume an elevated situation myself, to view it to advantage. With veneration my bosom seems to dilate, like that before me swelling with the soul of prophecy, and I feel myself transported in imagination to Delos and the Lycian grove; scenes once honoured with Apollo's presence. The figure seems to receive life and animation, like the statue of Pygmalion: how is it possible to paint and describe it? I lay the description which I have given of this image at its feet, like those garlands which the givers could not reach to the head of the god whom they wished to adorn.

CORINNE.

* The Statue of Apollo, in the Vatican palace, at Rome, otherwise called the Apollo Belvidere, from the apartment in which it is placed, was recovered amid the ruins of Nero's villa, at Antium, about the end of the fifteenth century. It represents the god in the moment after his victory over the serpent Python. It is of the heroic size, with one foot in advance, as if just arresting his progress, and his left arm outstretched, as if holding the bow

The Advent.

BY THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits at the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung—

"O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

"He comes! to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart—
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom;
Again the Bowers of Eden bloom!

"O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh!
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

THOUGHTS.—It is well to prostrate ourselves in the dust, when we have committed a fault; but it is not well to remain there.

There are tears which can be shed by those only who have elevated hearts, as the source of mighty streams is found on mountains which neighbor upon heaven.—*Chateaubriand*.

THE MIND.

For the Calliopean.

WHAT language can express the darkness and infatuation of that mind which can investigate and reflect upon the structure of the human body, and say "no God?" It is a frame work of such exquisite structure, and exhibits such inimitable skill!—What proportions! what variety! what harmony! what elegant polish of beauty! But there is a gem within, infinitely more rich and lovely than the beautiful casket, in which it is enclosed. I have seen it sparkling through its windows. But I will not dwell on those mute, yet *speaking* orbs of mind, fringed by the Great Architect with their embossed encasements, harmoniously blending beauty with utility.

I proceed with my subject—and O, if I had an eye capable of discerning the spirit's essence! Would not its colors be beautiful? To see its mysterious workings—its careful yet unimpeded motions, swifter than the wings of time! And O, that I had an ear to drink in the full-toned harmony of its joys, and the plaintive melody of its sorrows!

How strange that I have thrown away time to look at perishable things. Gold shone on me; I grasped at its beauty, but grasped a shadow. Music played on my ear, but it was deceitful.

True, I am animated with life and joy; yet a thousand animals have lived, and joyed, and died beneath my feet. But I have learned that death is not for me. The earth may perish—the sky may fade, and retire; but I shall live, and range through space forever, unchained. O! had I thought of this, I would not have adored this flesh, nor spoken of its beauty, nor have wept to lay it in the grave.

But enough of soliloquy. Gentle reader, permit me to introduce to your notice *yourself*; there is something noble in the exhibition. A landscape may enchain the eye for hours, but at last you become familiar with it. 'Tis so with all material things. Did not God design by this to prove their inferiority?

Fix your eye upon the soul. Touch its most delicate nerve; that nerve will vibrate while the sands of eternity are wasting. Gaze upon its whole machinery. It is all life—all action. The wires of passion have been struck, and the echo is in the spirit's farthest, deepest ravines. And what is the spirit, the mind, this sublime indescribable? The eye sees it not—we can not touch it; the ear cannot hear its rushing; yet it exists; it moves; it darts like the lightning's flash; anon it rushes like the mountain torrent. I have seen its shadow beneath the infant's eyelid; it was gentle as the breath of a summer evening. Still it was a restless spirit. Sensations, thoughts, emotions, were floating by; it was changing from sensation to emotion, from emotion to thought, like the hero of a dream. Imagination played unhidden, and even genius in boyish freshness stood in the circle.—When the wind whistled without, it was in the wind. When the mother's eye beamed forth in love, it fastened on that eye and was at home. It wrapt itself around the gay plumage of beauty, and even dared to climb upon the throne of hoary sublimity, and play with his awful crown.

I saw it in youth, bright, beautiful, joyous as ever; it was the same spirit, but clothed with a different mantle—impelled by a new energy. It was now a soul impassioned. There was not a chain that could bind it to earth. It leapt upon the wind—it outrode the storm—the lightning's blaze was but its fellow traveller, and the sun-beam only could fly by its side. And yet it was but a soul in its youth, beginning to joy in a deathless existence. How passing wonderful the contrivance that lets the spirit grow! to be always an infant—to be always a youth, or even what our world calls a man! How death-like it would be to the spirit to cease to grow. It would be like binding up the Universe, and stopping all its mighty wheels.

I love to linger with a spirit in its youth, when I can find such an one untarnished—a gushing, joyous, holy spirit. There are not many such on earth. What so pure as a holy spirit? How refreshing to dwell on its beauties! There are some in yonder star. There are millions in yonder beautiful planet. But our world is too dark. A beautiful sun shines indeed upon the body, but darkness encurtains the soul. Gentle reader, I had almost forgotten you. Perhaps we are kindred spirits; then we shall

The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. What angels invested these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between, this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year? Beasts, fire, water, stones, and corn serve him. The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed.

'More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.'

THE following scrap from the French of D'Aguesseau, presents but too truthful a picture of the age in which we live.—Ed.

To think little, to speak of every thing, to dwell on the outside of the soul only, to cultivate the surface of the mind, to express one's self happily; an agreeable imagination, a light and delicate conversation; to have the talent of a prompt conception, and to believe one's self above reflection; to fly from object to object, without searching into any, to gather rapidly all the flowers, and never give the fruit time to arrive at maturity, is what it has pleased our age to honor with the name of mind.

Education of Females.

SINCE there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn *how to grow old gracefully*, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to women. And, it must be confessed; it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober reason of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself and if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increasing force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth. Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity.

Mrs. MORE.

NATURE, unrestrained, bids me love myself and hate all that hurt me.

REASON, uncultivated, bids me love my friends and hate all that envy me.

RELIGION, undefiled, bids me love all, and overcome evil with good.

Editorial Department.

Queen's College.

We have been no less delighted than surprised, by a notice in an English paper, "*The Hereford Times*," of the completion of a College, for the education of females; bearing, "by royal permission," the above title. It was "opened for academical proceedings" last October.

The notice states, that "the most eminent professors have been engaged"—that "its objects are, to place female education upon a proper basis, and to grant diplomas and certificates of their qualifications to governesses, to enable them to produce satisfactory evidence of their merits; and where the less competent can obtain an adequate and orderly preparation for their work."

Of the important events of 1847, we regard this as not the least; nay, even at the risk of many a cold jeer, we hesitate not to place it among the most glorious.

In her untiring efforts to meliorate the condition of the middle and lower classes, and to promote the welfare of all her subjects, our beloved Sovereign could not forget her own sex. Regarding the important position which women occupy in the "social compact," as the educators of youth, and im-

pressed with the principle, that no unskilful hand should ever play upon a harp, whose the tones are left forever in the strings, she has given her sanction to an educational establishment, which, in the development of its progressive influence, will probably do more to render her name illustrious, and to embalm her in the affections of her people, than any other act of her reign. *A College in England for the education of females!* This is beginning in the right quarter.

Had an institution for the education of females in Canada been so named, it would have been thought an infringement of the exclusive rights of the other sex, and would have been scouted with sarcastic contempt, from one extremity of the Province to the other. A College to confer diplomas! How much senseless ridicule have we heard poured upon the idea of giving diplomas to girls. And then, that the "*most eminent professors*" should be engaged to give instruction to females! It must have been discovered in England that women have *minds*, and that it is of some importance that their minds should be cultivated. It is generally thought that any one is competent to teach girls; and this sentiment has been, alas! but too faithfully acted out. Thus, in our own Canada, while men of the first talent and highest literary and scientific attainments, have been thought necessary to secure the efficient training of boys, the instruction of girls has been entrusted to any one who might take it into her head to open a "Boarding School." And, while for the intellectual and moral training of the harder sex, richly endowed Universities, Colleges and Academies have been established, and provided at the public expense with extensive libraries, and costly apparatus, the feeble have been left to the uncovenanted mercies of private charity, or avarice, as the case might be, and to slake their mental thirst at the polluted fountain of the novelist—while they have been taught that globes, needles, scissors and bodkins, are apparatus fully adequate to their mental capacity and wants. And for what is our country at the present time, being agitated, from Cape Rozier to the St. Clair? In the mighty struggle of contending parties, for the appropriation of a magnificent educational endowment, is it proposed to devote any portion exclusively to the education of females? The answer can be readily supplied.

But the morning star of a brighter day has arisen. England, glorious England, the central radiating point of the world's illumination, has become the pioneer; and woman must be elevated to intellectual companionship with man.

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.,

Principal.

Hamilton, November 20, 1847.

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