

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?"

JOSEPHINE.

Dundas, 14th Dec., 1847.

HYMN.

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 my 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, Macaulay, 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 for 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 Senate-house; and the theatres, those temples consecrated to vanity, were 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 canting 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 on their watch.' But when twilight deepens into night, the wide, overhanging firmament—that 'majestical roof fretted with golden fires'—in its bright and countless hosts of worlds, overwhelms the wrapt gazer 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.—Knickerbocker.

KINDNESS will often melt what violence cannot break.