

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This copy is a photoreproduction.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE CALLOPEAN



Volume I.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Friday, March 21, 1848:

Number 9

The Tear of Gratitude.

There is no gem more purely bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky;
A liquid pearl that glitters where
No sorrows e'er intrude,
A richer gem than monarchs wear—

But ne'er shall sorrow, love of worth,
Invite this tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of self
Appreciate its worth.
But ye who soothe the widow's woe,
And give the orphan food,
For you this liquid pearl shall flow—
The Tear of Gratitude.

Ye who but slake an infant's thirst
In heavenly Mercy's name,
Or proffer penny a crust,
The sweet reward may claim;
Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flow'rets strowed;
Still may you claim the widow's thanks—
The orphan's gratitude.

THE CARNATION.

For the Callopean.

In passing through this vale of Acher, the Christian will meet with much to distress and annoy him; not only with regard to his own personal and relative trials, but with respect to his fellow beings in general. Often, very often, will the ejaculation of David rise to his lips—"Rivers of water run down mine eyes because they keep not Thy law." The commands of his dearest Friend, his highest Benefactor, are regarded by the majority of mankind as a burden too grievous to be borne; the rule of his life is viewed by them as gloomily severe, and unnecessarily penitential and bitter; and emphatic are the proofs brought home to his heart, that here he has no abiding city; that the world is the same now, even as when his Saviour tabernacled amid its scenes; "that the disciple is not above his master—the servant above his Lord."

Very refreshing is it, when the spirit sinks beneath contemplations like the above, to turn to the precious remembrances locked in memory's cabinet, of those who have exchanged the weary march of earth for the unbreathed bliss of heaven; and the enjoyment is in no small degree enhanced if we are enabled

to remember, in the exercise of all humility and sincerity, that the first impulse which directed their wandering footsteps to the paths of peace and holiness was given by our instrumentality. The warrior may proudly exult in his hard-earned wreath of laurel; the poet as deeply rejoice in his shining lay; the merchant find pleasure in the success of his various schemes; the philosopher in his abstruse researches; but, believe me, young man, the ~~wise~~ ^{wise} man abiding, solid satisfaction in leading the ignorant ~~trump~~ ^{trump} of victory, ~~in the young~~ ^{in the young} to the foot of the Cross, which the bounded wealth, the profoundest discoveries ~~of science~~ ^{of science} are ever ready and un-
erless to supply.

Oh, it is a fearful thought, to remember how carelessly professing Christians view the moral degradation which surrounds them! Beloved friends, suffer the word of exhortation. To us are committed the oracles of God. The world will not peruse their bibles; but most scrutinisingly do they read our conduct; our motives, our daily example. Alas, alas! that they should perceive such distorted exhibitions of christian character; alas, that the unsightly thorn and stunted shrub meets their enquiring gaze, in place of the noble cedar of Lebanon and the stately oak of Carmel. We may endeavor to evade the question of responsibility; we may deceive ourselves as to the extent of our influence and obligations; but the solemn realities of a dying hour will tear away the flimsy covering, and conscience will speak, unasked, the truths we now forbid her to whisper. We talk of heavenly blessedness; of eternal life in the presence of Christ; but shall we, whose hearts are centred on this earth, presume to hope to enjoy the society of the devoted apostle Paul and his compeers—men, who hazarded their lives, and what is even dearer than life to a sensitive mind, their reputation, for the Cross—shall we, I say, who have scarcely lifted a finger to promote the salvation of one fellow immortal; who have wrapped ourselves in a kind of a religious selfishness; shall we be received with equal approbation by the just God? Impossible! And shall we continue such a course; shall it be enough to satisfy our ambition, that we are permitted to creep into heaven, saved as by fire; rescued on a plank from final shipwreck; whilst our garments are deeply stained with the blood of those who have perished so near us, so very near us, as to involve the suspicion that we have been accessory to their ruin?

To those who deem the attempt to reform and evangelise the abandoned of the lower orders as absurd and useless, I dedicate the following story; for surely, never was soil more unpromising—yet, never was fruit more abundant:—

In one of the midland counties of England, there is a town which formerly possessed considerable reputation, but has now sunk into comparative insignificance. It was first built by the Romans, and still bears the name they gave it. At the period my story commences, the moral and spiritual condition of this town was very much degraded.

To this spot it pleased our Heavenly Father to direct the labors of one of His devoted servants. Even here, were a few of that little flock for whom is reserved that kingdom which cannot be moved, though they were scattered as sheep having no shepherd. To gather in these wanderers; to add to their numbers; to lead them to the fountains of salvation, now became the pleasing task of my reverend friend and father. Neither was he permitted to labor in vain. He who "despiseth not the day of small things," gave a rich blessing to his endeavors, and many names were added to the books of that church, who will, I trust, be found on the record of the Book of Life. Many of those who were the terror of the neighborhood, became as lambs, and meekly received the words of redemption; and many, many more, were edified and built up in their most holy faith.

But, to my story. Mary Ann D—, was the daughter of a noted poacher, in the vicinity of this little town. Her father was decidedly the greatest desperado in that part of the country; and his hovel was the resort of the most abandoned characters. The pathway of my beloved parent led close by this hovel, and many were the threats D— uttered against him. Again and again was my father entreated to change his route; but he remained inflexible, and continued his weekly journeys as at the commencement of his pastorate.

One Sabbath morning, as he was passing the miserable cabin, he was accosted by D—, who, in a respectful tone, requested him to walk in and see his daughter, who was very ill. My father entered, uncertain whether it was merely a snare to entrap him, or a scene of real distress he was about to witness. He soon found Mary Anne's illness was not exaggerated—she lay on a low, dirty bedstead, with scarcely bed or bedding. Her mother was bending over her, and conversed kindly with them, for some time; promised them some medicine; prayed with them, and left the house. On his arrival at the town, he mentioned the circumstance to a lady, who was a member of his church. She, with the promptitude of woman's kindness, hastened to send some nourishing things, for her immediate necessities. The next Sabbath morning found my beloved father beside the sick girl's couch, with sundry little delicacies, suited for her weak condition, and the promised medical assistance. During this visit he spoke earnestly to Mary Ann, of the importance of eternal things. He found her extremely ignorant, but docile, and willing to listen to all he advanced. For many Sabbaths he continued his visits; nor were they unavailing. The Eternal Spirit enlightened the understanding of this poor outcast to understand, and opened her heart to receive the precious truths so earnestly, yet simply advanced by my reverend parent.

About this time the typhus fever broke out in the family of D—. One child died, but the rest, with the exception of Mary Ann, recovered; her frame, enfeebled by the previous sickness, never recovered from the prostrating effects of the fever. But, the sun of righteousness had arisen on her pathway, illumining the dark vale of death. The peace which passeth understanding had filled her bosom; she had felt the burden of sin; she threw herself in childlike simplicity on the monument of calvary; and Christ became to her the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, as the covert from the tempest, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall. And truly she needed such a shelter, for the storm of indignation which burst on her head was fierce and terrible. Day after day she lay on her lonely couch, were her ears assailed by her father's horrid blasphemies and cruel upbraidings. Yet she was enabled to hear all with patience and meekness, considering Him who endured contradiction of sinners against Himself. As her case became known, it excited much sympathy, and through the efforts of various friends, she enjoyed many additional comforts, and the cabin was kept in more order.

Spring came, bringing renewed life and beauty to all but poor Mary Ann. On her, death had set his seal, and the warm, genial rays, which called forth the sweet birds and blossoms from their wintry toms, only accelerated her progress to her last resting place. As her strength declined, her courage increased—the fear of man was removed, and she conversed long and earnestly with her father. She extracted a promise from him to attend my father's ministry; and also, that the children should be sent to the Sabbath school. Of my beloved parent's kindness, she retained the liveliest sense; and in her last interview with him, lamented she could make him no return—she had nothing to give, not even a simple flower. "Yet," after some moments of deep thought, she exclaimed, "mother, when I am gone, will you look about the yard and see if that root of Carnation in the old tin pan is dead—if not, take care of it, and when it is fit to be moved, let it be taken to Mrs. W—, perhaps she will accept it and think of Mary Ann D—." My father prayed with her and left the house. It was their last interview.

During the week preceding her death, several members of the church called on her—to all she spoke of my father's kindness; and at length fell asleep in Jesus, expressing a firm, yet humble assurance of eternal life; and invoking richest blessings on him who had led her to the fount of salvation.

But the good ceased not here. The Sabbath after the interment of poor Mary Ann, the whole family appeared at chapel, attired in decent mourning. The father procured honest employment for himself and boys—the mother, from being one of the most untidy women in the vicinity, became neat, clean, and industrious. The plot of ground which had remained uncultivated, was dug up, and a neat garden planted. The old Tin pan containing the Carnation, was found; the root was alive, and was planted in the new garden. Nor was this all. It began to be whispered that D— was learning to read; and soon after came the exclamation, "Behold he prayeth!" Neither was the reformation transitory. D— persevered till he could read but slightly. I have before said he was a resolute character; and now that the strength of his mind had received a right bias, he was equally unbending in good, as he had been in evil. Truly the desert literally blossomed as the rose.

The garden flourished; and we had the satisfaction of receiving half the Carnation root which occupied the last thoughts of poor Mary Ann. It proved to be of a rare double kind, and it flourished in our distant home; nay, for aught I know, it flourishes there still, for the last object I looked on in that sweet sylvan spot was the Carnation of poor Mary Ann.

Reader, do you not perceive a striking resemblance between my type and antitype? Truly, poor Mary Ann departed from earth looking as the Carnation does in the cold, early days of spring—but, when we meet again, she shall be blooming as the rich flower in the bright hours of mid-summer. No worm shall gnaw the root of the delicate blossom; no chilling breeze mar its beauty; for she hath entered that enclosure which is securely hedged from every foe—there may we meet her; where every trace of mortal anxiety shall have passed from each countenance; and where love shall spread his dove-like pinions for ever.

Reader, has my story interested you? Remember the admonition. "Go work to-day in my vineyard." So shall you prove the truth of the promise, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, March 14, 1848.

DIFFICULTIES.—The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.

A SAGE was once asked why God had so highly blessed him in this life? "Because I have performed the smallest duties as carefully as the greatest;" answered he: "therefore has God blessed me."

For the Calliophon.
Early Consecration to Christ.

In an inimitable letter, addressed by JANE TAYLOR to several young ladies and their brothers, she says "I am firmly convinced that, taking the whole of life together, the most pious and devoted persons—such as made an *early* and complete surrender of heart and life to God, have most real prosperity and success in this world, as well as infinitely more enjoyment of earthly good." And the sincerity and correctness of this opinion are proved and elucidated in her spirit and life, her poetry and her correspondence. Her rebuke of the unevangelical Madame De Stael, bespeaks her real character :

Aloft she flew, yet failed to see
Aught but an earthly deity.

Return, my soul, to that retreat
From sin and woe—thy Saviour's feet!
There learn an art she never knew,
The heart's own empire to subdue;—
All to resign that He denies;—
A large, but willing sacrifice.

Is the reader a daughter, and the daughter of christian parents? I earnestly say to her, that she must make "a large, but willing sacrifice," like Miss Taylor, if she would participate in the personal and relative advantages of *early piety*,—and I say this, not in the tone of an ascetic, but of a friend, who would win her soul to Christ.

That piety is the true wisdom, the settled peace, and the unalloyed happiness recommended in the Scriptures, is not to be doubted; that these must be unpossessed till, with deep relentings and frank confession, we confide our all to the Redeemer, is to be readily conceived—and when he has obtained our full confidence, we are created anew in Christ Jesus, and have our fruit unto holiness, and whatever acquisitions we possess, they are sanctified to His honor, and His only. Then life and health are consecrated to Him who is the fairest among ten thousand; studies are pursued to please Him; nature is contemplated to discover His perfections; history is read to find out His ways; painting is practised that His works may be extolled, made lofty and harmonious by that name; and as life advances, there is a higher application of the powers and attainments of the pious person, in the family, in the church, and, it may be, in the sublimest fields of action for blessing the world.

Hannah, of old, was devoted to Jehovah. Ruth gave the preference, in the language of affection, to a humble people, and to their God, Rebecca served the God of the patriarchs. Anna honored the Saviour. Mary was His pupil. And St. Paul eulogises "Phebe, a servant of the church, and a succourer of many;" "Priscilla and Aquila, his helpers in Christ;" "Mary, who bestowed much labor on them;" "Persis, who labored much in the Lord." These are not merely Scripture names; they are names which the Holy Spirit delights to honor; names which have their excellence, their beauty, their impressiveness, from the fact, that they were all consecrated to the God of wisdom, and of redeeming love; names, illuminated by inspiration.

There are others, which, though not as radiant, have each a halo to render them alluring to us. I will not now bring any from ancient biography, which I know is rich in examples of female piety and usefulness. There is a galaxy of modern christian females—of a Lady Huntington, with her munificence—Mrs. Wesley, with her wisdom—Lady Maxwell, with her spirituality—Mrs. Fletcher, with her facts—Mrs. Harvard, with her love for souls—Mrs. Judson, with her burning charity—Harnet Newell, with her meekness—Hester Ann Rogers, with her exemplary patience—Mrs. Tatham, with her love to God—Mrs. Mortimer, with her spirit of devotion.

My young friend, be persuaded to consecrate yourself to Christ this day; be convinced by His commandments; be led by His Spirit; be attracted by His Cross! Mrs. Hannah More shall address you.—She says, "O, lose no time; do not content yourself with *intending*. Now is the appointed time. Neither fancy it is too late; it is never too late to *begin*, but it is always too late to *delay*."

Do you ask for *motives*? It is your duty. From childhood

to the present—in your helplessness and your dangers—in your waywardness and your vanities—one voice has spoken, at midnight and at mid-day, and it has said again and again "Give me *thine heart!*" God says this to you. Obey Him. Obey now. You are redeemed. Earth, especially to young persons, has its specious professions and its enchanting promises; its blandishments and illusions. You feel it almost impossible to resist these. Look at them from the garden of Gethsemane, and compare them with the hallowed, and affecting, and redeeming allurements of Calvary. Does sin deserve your heart more than Christ? Reply in the fear of God. The Saviour speaks to you. Hear Him! "I have loved thee,—Lovest thou me?" Reply to Him now. "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God." Another motive.—Did you not once *begin* to be a christian? It was, perhaps, in God's house, or your own—in danger—in affliction, or in prospect of death. What will you do with your vow? You may have forgotten it. God remembers it. To-day, to-day give him your heart! Again,—I have supposed you are a daughter of christian parents. Is it so? Then I have more to say. Perhaps they are parents departed, and now in heaven, and their portraits are hanging in the parlor of your home—and there you stand, and gaze, and weep, and weeping say with Cowper—

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From lions enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The child of parents passed into the skies.

But what is that to you, unless you are preparing for the skin? They did consecrate themselves to Christ, and, therefore, are now with Him. Look longer at your father's picture, and be astonished at those eyes which used to be lifted in prayer for you—as yet in vain. Look longer at your mother's picture, and let her lips, which besought you, and prayed for you, subdue you at last. Because you need salvation, and God requires it, and Christ claims you, and your vows are binding, and your parents longed for it, and the Spirit is drawing you, *now* approach the Mercy-seat, and in entire dependance, say to God, "Here

Cobourg, March 6, 1821.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine.

Dependant on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

TASTE FOR READING.—If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading.

For the Calliopean.

Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.

TO THE EDITRESS.—The chief argument which we brought forward in our last communication, that cruelty was more criminal than vanity, and consequently Queen Mary less worthy of admiration than Queen Elizabeth, your correspondent, Ida, has carefully left altogether unnoticed. The principal points, which she attempts to show, are, that "Queen Mary, from her weakness of mind and of body, should have some allowance for having had bad councillors and allowed impolitic measures;" while "the vices of Queen Elizabeth were so much the more inexcusable, from her superiority in intellect and policy."

Though feebleness of intellect will account, satisfactorily, for her choice of *incompetent* ministers, it will not do so for that of *bad ones*. She had witnessed the insatiable cruelty of Gardiner and Bonner, for a long period, during the despotic rule of her father, yet these were the very persons, whom she, on her accession to the throne, delighted to honor; while they—as the cruel are noted for being towards—turned with the tide, and at the bidding of Mary, hurled the same deadly shafts at the protestants, which they had formerly used against the papists under Henry VIII. In the same manner, we conceive that her weakness of mind might afford an excuse for *impolitic*, but not for *cruel* measures.

The sickness with which she was afflicted during a great part of her reign, will not cause us to look with any less repugnance upon the atrocities of her bloody persecution. If compunction ever visits the cruel, it will surely be when they are suffering themselves under the pangs of disease.

Of a similar character is her argument, that the faults of Elizabeth were more inexcusable than those of her sister, from her superiority in intellect and policy; for we think that most of her faults arose from vanity, for which great intellectual powers afford no necessary antidote; indeed, as they give some foundation for pride, they tend rather to induce, than to restrain it.

We presume, however, that Ida will not allow, that vanity was the source of most of her culpable actions, for she has given a very dark picture of what she calls Elizabeth's vanity, which she thinks could have been drawn only after reading the prejudiced narration of Agnes Strickland, who is a catholic, and the constant defender of Queen Mary, and enemy of Elizabeth, who had so successfully suppressed the catholic religion. On some of these traits of character, we will give the opinions of Hume, an infidel, who would therefore be impartial; and of Hannah More, who is considered by all, a clear and discerning, and not an impartial judge.

Ida calls her "the most shameless and intriguing of coquettes;" and her coquetry, and these intrigues, were often the result of a feeling; and when such, were frequently restrained and broken off, when the interests of her kingdom required it. Hume says, "the force of the tender passions was great over her; but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments."

Though "the most selfish and sensual of friends, all whose emotions were passions; who required of her favorites nothing less than adulation, for which she bartered most disgustingly in state offices;" yet, Hannah More says, that "in one instance only, her favoritism was prejudicial to the state;" so that her choice must have been placed upon the worthiest individuals, and not been dictated by sensual motives. She is said to have had a "concentrated selfishness, which could endure no rival;" yet, the only "rivalship," of which Hume speaks in his excellent character of Queen Elizabeth, is that of "beauty"—arising from a kind of vanity, certainly, not worthy the name of "concentrated selfishness."

We do not wish, however, to gloss over the faults of Queen Elizabeth; many of the statements of Ida are true; but we are still of opinion, that most of them had their origin in a vanity which does not deserve the name of "vice." We would rather call it the foible, and not the vice of a strong mind (and strong minds have foibles as well as weak ones)—Napoleon took snuff,

and Robert Hall smoked tobacco; but would we call these the vices of their powerful minds? Elizabeth became so vain, when she grew old, that she would not look in the mirror, for fear of seeing her deformities, and thus, on one occasion, got her nose painted red, by her attendants, instead of her cheeks; and shall we call this "the vice of her strong mind?"

After all, we think the more equitable plan is, to take Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth just as they were—without saying anything as to what faults Elizabeth's strength of mind ought to have corrected, (which has nothing to do with the question,) but simply drawing a comparison between their various qualities, as we find them. If excusing, or non-excusing circumstances are to be brought forward at all, there would be found a very large number exculpating the conduct of Elizabeth. Witness the noble manner in which she made everything, even her faults, subservient to the good of her subjects; The more unlimited her control over her family, her court and her people, the more the advantages which she procured for them. However inordinate her attachment to favorites, she lavished no treasures upon them, nor swerved for a moment from that prudent economy, which was one of the most distinguishing virtues of her reign. It is better, however, to take them as history has handed them down to us, and this brings us to our original position, stated in the commencement of this article.

Which, among all the depraved dispositions of the human heart, do we most detest? Cruelty. Who has the worst name in the whole of earth's history? Nero. But, when a woman, she whose crowning virtue and native atmosphere is kindness, drenches herself in blood, like another Nero, what place should we assign to her in the annals of crime? We are filled with horror, when we read the barbarities of a Domitian, but find ourselves at a loss for words to express our feelings, when we see a young Queen, educated in a christian country, commit nearly the same enormities.

That Mary was exceedingly cruel, scarcely needs any proof. In less than four years, two hundred and seventy-seven victims were led to the stake; besides great numbers who suffered by imprisonment, fines, and confiscations. The young and the old, the peasant and the bishop, the blooming maiden and the aged matron, were alike consigned to the flames; but exhibited an unyielding constancy and a heavenly tranquillity, which will be remembered as long as the cruelty which placed them there. One would imagine her agents were inhuman enough, of themselves; but the Queen, "by her letters, exhorted them to pursue the pious work without pity or interruption." The same slaughter was intended to be perpetrated on the fields of the "Emerald Isle," but was prevented by a fortunate accident. Doctor Cole received the royal commission to "lash," as he called it, "all the heretics in Ireland;" but, while he was on his journey, a landlady, fearing for a near relative in Dublin, managed to substitute a pack of cards for the fatal document. He did not perceive the mistake till he reached his destination, and then contrary winds prevented his return for another, until the death of the Queen put an end to the career of bloodshed.

But, if cruelty is the worst trait in the female character, vanity, on the other hand, is the one which is treated with the greatest indulgence, and considered more in the light of a failing than a crime. Even if we supposed Elizabeth to possess the whole catalogue of faults, which Ida has so vividly charged against her, still their criminality would bear no comparison to that of the cruelty which Queen Mary displayed. Catharine De Medici possessed haughtiness, intrigue, coquetry, and selfishness, in a very high degree; yet, these will be forgotten, while her memory will be rendered forever execrable for the part which she took in the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

We cannot forgive Elizabeth for a few foibles, during a glorious reign of forty-five years; but Mary's concentrated wickedness, in hers of only five, is comparatively excusable. We can brand Elizabeth with the epithets of "a haughty virago," "the most shameless and intriguing of coquettes," "the most selfish and sensual of friends," because she sometimes gave vent to "her womanish vanity;" but Mary, because she was feeble in mind and in body, could commit murder by wholesale, and only be said to have "allowed impolitic measures," and "sacri-

ced the interest of her kingdom and her own popularity—as if it had nothing to do with her own feelings. We cannot allow Elizabeth to have some natural weaknesses in her old age, but Mary, in the prime of her life, could perpetrate the most horrible cruelties, without in the least affecting her as a woman. Mary could be “infatuatedly devoted to one man, and sacrifice her kingdom to serve him;” but if Elizabeth, from “the force of the tender passions,” became attached to any individuals, though she did not “serve” them, she must be called “a coquette, an intriguer, and a sensual friend.” Mary could, bigotedly, love one church, and have it as a capital veil, behind which to exercise the most inhuman barbarity; but if Elizabeth, equally attached to one religion, displayed the most praiseworthy toleration towards another, she must get no credit for it.

The last argument that Ida brings forward is, that “Mary’s cruelty, though dreadful to the nation, was not the result of personal animosity; it was not instigated by personal jealousy and revenge.” Is cruelty then more excusable, or more becoming the female character, when, like that of Catharine de Medici, it deliberately sweeps away whole masses, than when it results from personal animosity, and is wreaked upon one or two individuals? True, hers was not the inflamed deed of the assassin—provoked by insult or wrong. No! it was the cold, judicial murder—the subject of calm reflection for years—executed upon hundreds of innocent and unoffending subjects. Often, too, while these cruel scenes were being enacted, she was herself laid upon a bed of pain, but no pitying accents for others, ever escaped from her lips. We wonder, as warrant after warrant came to receive her last signature, that the inanimate pen did not drop from her trembling hands, and refuse to do its bloody office. We must remember also, that Mary was of a morose and passionate temper, which would probably have displayed itself more fully in after life, if vexation and sickness had not brought her to a premature grave. Philip II, her husband, on one occasion, having sent his fair cousin, Christina, to England, Mary, who had learned that he had a partiality for this Princess, received her very ungraciously, and after her departure, cut his portrait in pieces with her own hands.

We have endeavored in our preceding remarks, to compare your attention as much as possible to what related to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, as women; and we think, we may safely say, that the character of the former, as an individual, is far more detestable than that of the latter. CORINNE.

For the Calliopean.

Simplicity Exemplified.—Related by Intelligence.

My parents are Intellect and Curiosity; from them and from an aunt named Discrimination I received my education. I inherit from my father a taste for the cultivation of my mind, and to my mother I am indebted for an ardent desire after knowledge. Hers was by no means that impertinent inquisitiveness which induces persons to pry into their neighbors’ concerns, but a propensity to acquire knowledge for the sake of improvement. If I wished to be assured that a study was worth pursuit, I had recourse to my aunt, whose good sense invariably taught me to distinguish between right and wrong, and whose precepts ever tended to give a proper direction to my naturally inquisitive disposition.

This aunt, a widow of independent fortune, constantly resided in our family; for being my mother’s sister, she felt interested for my mother’s son. Our friends were select, and the most intimate associate of my aunt was a lady, who resided in the vicinity, like herself, a widow. She was of that rank and possessed of that “elegant sufficiency” which ensures a reception in any society. Occupied in the education of two charming daughters, although not quite secluded she lived sufficiently so to afford her leisure for what their dutious conduct rendered indeed a “delightful task.” This lady is the authoress of several works of established reputation, and though many books have been intruded on the public as hers, the peculiar talent of my worthy aunt invariably distinguishes them from the genuine productions of her pen. Her name is Truth; her daughters are

Sincerity and Simplicity: Highly educated they were instructed in all those accomplishments to which their station in life entitled them; but it was not what the world calls accomplishments, that gave them their peculiar polish or constituted their chief attraction. They were stimulated to industry by the advice and example of their excellent mother, and frequently reminded that “all that is worth learning, is worth learning well.”

They possessed considerable talent for music and painting, and gave the greatest possible attention to the lessons they were allowed to receive. Sincerity struck the harp in a superior style, but when the hands of Simplicity swept the strings of the tender lute the chords of sympathy responded to the touch, and the heart of Insensibility might almost have been taught to feel.

They excelled in every feminine acquirement and in some which are cultivated by few. Their talents, however, were never called forth to astonish or entertain a crowd of acquaintances and indifferent persons; but occasionally to amuse a friend or relative, and were chiefly intended as a pleasing resource during those hours of leisure which a well-educated gentleman can deduct from the immediate duties of life. If Truth was desirous that her daughters should excel, it was not with the exclusive thought of obtaining for them a settlement in life, but to render them good and amiable women, so that if it should be their lot to marry, they might become affectionate and domestic wives.

It cannot be supposed that two such young persons should remain long without receiving the homage due to their merit. The mother, by no means desirous of making recluses of them, received and returned the visits of those from whose society any improvement could be derived; for my own part, I became a frequent guest, and had the satisfaction of finding that my visits were not displeasing to any part of the family. My parents and friends were well satisfied with observing this, and my kind aunt one day addressed me thus:—“Your frequent visits to our respected friend, my dear Intelligence, lead me to suppose you have formed a peculiar attachment in her family; may I become the confidant of your feelings? You are entitled to my unreserved confidence dearest aunt I replied, and I hope to have so far benefited by your valuable lessons as not to desire any connexion which your daughter would not have formed. Each daughter of your friend possesses inestimable qualities, and such as would ensure the happiness of any one, who might be fortunate enough to have his affection returned; Sincerity is a delightful person, exceedingly handsome and highly cultivated but in Simplicity there is a charm that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart, a something indescribable in which envy itself can surely find no cause for detraction; her unassuming innocence gives a graceful ease to her manners; she seems endowed with all the good qualities of her sister without being conscious that they are good qualities.”

“I am very happy that you have learned to discriminate well. Simplicity, I own, is my favorite kind, and attentive to others, her recitade of soul forbids a too-anxious attention to herself. She differs from her sister, and in my estimation, excels her. Sincerity would not, indeed, pass but for what she is, yet I have occasionally observed an apprehension of her appearing what she is not.”

“You are right, dear aunt, Simplicity neither affects virtue nor Truth; her humility and sweetness of disposition render her comparatively inattentive to her own personal comforts; her religion is of that pure spirit which breathes mildness and affability, and her artlessness imparts an irresistible charm to her countenance. With such a companion could I be otherwise than happy?” “As happy as the wisdom of God will allow man to be. Yet this alliance will not exempt you from the calamities of life.”—“but it would infinitely lessen the perception of them” said I. “I have been present,” continued my aunt, “while Truth has been imparting to her children her sublime instructions. At home and in the domestic circle only can the real disposition be known, and there our friends are seen pre-eminent. From Truth each other virtue emanates. Sincerity, valued by the wise and good, is in herself a virtue. Simplicity, attractive to the gentle and the feeling heart, is, surely, “virtue

graces drest." Having given uniform attention to their instructors, these young ladies are exceedingly well informed. Truth has made "the Kingdom of God and his righteousness" the primary object of their pursuit. She bids them be industrious, for time is heavy only to the slothful. She exhorts them to ask a blessing upon every undertaking. "Be patient in difficulties, temperate and moderate in your expectations, and the disappointments you may experience will appear comparatively trifling." The following day I was assured by this excellent parent, that she would accept me as her son-in-law, provided I obtained the free consent of her daughter, "I shall not attempt to bias her judgment" she said, "I know she will never decide unworthily—an alliance with your family will be pleasing to me, and I shall willingly resign my dear and amiable child to one who knows how to appreciate her merits." "You have been her instructress," said I; "and, under the guidance of Truth, Simplicity must be doubly estimable." "I am indifferent" continued she, "to the opinion of the world in general, but by no means insensible to the approbation of those I esteem; therefore I am pleased with yours. To your relative Discrimination I am indebted for the good opinion of many sensible persons. It is possible that I may be partial in my opinion of my daughters, but that opinion would not have been made known to you under other than the present circumstances; Simplicity is an elegant and an amiable child. The seeds of every grace and virtue have been planted in her mind, which, like a fertile garden, gives the fairest tints to the blossoms it produces; from unaffected modesty, that sweetest charm in youth, her merits, like the beauties of an embryo flower, lie half concealed from the eyes of a casual observer—with exquisite sensibility towards the afflicted, she is thankful to her Maker for an ability to relieve them; her pleasures are the refined pleasures of a well regulated mind: and her piety, that which inspires composure of spirits, mildness and benignity. Whenever she "beholds the mote that is in her brother's eye," she remembers "the beam within her own;" by no means anxious to expose the frailties of others, she judges of them according to the principles by which she wishes them to judge of her. She has a resource for every leisure moment, and so well does she estimate the value of time, she engages it in some useful and honorable employment. Her temper, which is naturally even, she regulates by the maxims of Christianity. Possibly you imagine this character too exalted for Simplicity, but it is by no means exaggerated, and though the integrity of her own bosom might render her the dupe of the designing, as like the charity of Scripture "she thinketh no evil," she has by no means that passive tameness of spirit, which would allow her to commit right or wrong at the instigation of another, and the dignity of rectitude is visible in her countenance." "With a skilful hand," said I, "you have trained the plant, and the Sun of Righteousness reveals its rare perfections to the view." Simplicity became my wife, and not a day escapes but I have reason to acknowledge "how much the wife is dearer than the bride." My home is made pleasant to me and delight in being there; my friends are welcomed with hospitality and cheerfulness; no affected display of costliness is observed; no appearance of being inconvenienced by the unexpected entrance of a guest, whom I may think proper to invite; no tales of the ill conduct of servants ever entertain me or my visitors; the knowledge of domestic unpleasantness, not in my power to remedy, is confined within her own bosom; contradiction is never heard, nor a public preference to her opinion given at the expense of my credit; for she is conscious that diffidence is ornamental in a woman, and that nothing makes her appear so contemptible to the discerning eye as usurping authority over her husband, whom, if she loves, she will not wish to make appear ridiculous, which must be the case if she exhibits superiority, for

- Angry, coarse and harsh expression.
- Shows Love to be a mere profession;
- Proves that the heart is none of his,
- Or soon expels him if it is.

In her house: in her dress; at her table; the correctness of her taste is discernible; her furniture is neat and commodious, yet elegant and unostentatious; she dresses well and according

to the prevailing mode, yet always avoiding extremes; our table is plentifully though not profusely supplied; plentifully, because our means will allow it to be so; frugally, because by that means we have more to bestow on the children of Poverty. Simplicity gave birth to a son, whom, in the tenderness of her affection, she named Happiness. What schemes, what plans for his education and for his well doing in the world. But, alas! Death snatched our darling from us, and the mother, heart-broken, became a prey to the most corroding sorrow! No consolation could reach her heart, therefore I resolved to call in the assistance of two amiable relatives—Piety and Resignation, Sisters who, in imitation of the Saviour, "bind up and heal the broken heart," and continually "go about doing good." "You are wrong my love," said Piety, "thus to suffer grief to destroy your health, which it is the duty of every one to preserve, as well for the sake of others as for his own comfort, and to give as little trouble as possible. Had you applied to me sooner, your sufferings would have been alleviated; remember you alone are not the sufferer, your husband feels not less than you this stroke which it has pleased the Almighty to inflict; but you forget his feelings in the indulgence of your own grief, for such a loss is natural—the tribute of tears allowable; and unfeeling must be the heart which could withhold such a tribute to the memory of an object tenderly beloved; but grief, when to excess indulged, becomes criminal, and is like rebelling against the will of Heaven, who has certainly a right to take away the blessings which he gives. If properly considered, these deprivations will prove the means of drawing us nearer to God; for you know that "whom he loveth he chasteneth,"—this is only a trial of thy faith, which has never before been put to so severe a test; of that Faith which should make thee know thy little darling is better provided for than he could have been had he remained on Earth. I am sensible that excess of anguish sometimes prevents our considering these things as we ought, but you have too much affection for your relatives to give them the pain of seeing your health decline, and too just a sense of Religion to murmur against the decrees of Providence. Remember, that, although one blessing is withdrawn many yet remain, for which thou shouldst be thankful, and in thy grief for the departed forget not, thy duty to the living. Adieu, my child, I leave with thee my sister Resignation; her gentle accents will administer comfort to thy drooping spirits, and teach thee, from thy very sorrows, to derive a source of comfort and of trust in God—"our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory." Simplicity, grateful for the consolation of her friend, listened to the voice of Resignation, and though when she imagined herself unobserved, I have seen the tear bedew her eye, and steal down her beautiful cheek; yet, lest she should occasion a moment's uneasiness to others on her account, she never, under any dispensation of Providence, yields to violent grief, to which she now applies the name of Impiety.

Several years have since elapsed and her time is principally employed in superintending the education of three daughters; still, under the guidance of Truth, whom she implicitly obeys, she is in return respected and affectionately beloved by her own children. They know on what authority she grounds her lessons. All the time that I can spare from the duties of my profession I devote to their instruction. From me they receive their knowledge of History, Geography, Botany, and other Sciences, and the salutary influence their mother exercises over them, prevents their being vain of their acquisitions. Their duty to God and the gratification of their parents, are the ends to which all their pursuits are directed; and with them, as it ought to be with other young persons, "nothing is a trifle which the desires of a parent exact." Many a lesson is learned, many a duty, irksome in itself, is performed by them with alacrity, because they know the performance is pleasing to us. To every feeling mind, I am sure the neglect of duty causes more uneasiness than the trouble of doing it. According to the propensities which we observed in the disposition of our girls, we have named them, good-humour, wit, sensibility. The defects of temper have been carefully studied and as carefully eradicated; and their different agreements so ingeniously blended by their excellent mother, that the character of the one is now almost a facsimile of the other. In good-humour little alteration was re-

quired, but I have cautioned Simplicity against the peculiarities of Wit; she has so playfully and so kindly admonished the little girl, that her natural vivacity serves only to give more animation to her discourse, and she never, even in jest, exercises her native talent to excite a painful feeling in the breast of another. Sensibility is a child whose acute feelings require great delicacy of management; she weeps at a tale of real or imagined distress, and her affection for her family is carried to an almost romantic height. On this we build our hopes, for if she loves us she will endeavor to please us by correcting her defects. Her mother was apprehensive that her extreme susceptibility might degenerate into affectation, that resource of a mind dissatisfied with its natural endowments, and which frequently, under the name of Sensibility, refuses consolation to the mourner, lest the shock of beholding misery, should be too much for her delicate feelings to endure,—this is, correctly speaking, affectation; for no really sensible mind ever withholds the assistance it is able to afford, though, by affording it, it should itself receive a wound. Our Sensibility is ready now

—“Ere want can speak,
“To wipe the tear from pale affliction's cheek.”

We are happy to observe that the sprightliness of Wit has done much towards correcting the failings of Sensibility, who begins herself to imagine that she grieves too much for trifles; and the amiability of good-humour prevents disputes between all parties. Our drawing-room is frequented by persons of celebrity and virtue:—first,

—“Truth of simple mien
“In all her native charms is seen.”

Truth, our revered parent! Sincerity and her husband, Good Sense, are our associates; my own dear relatives join our circle, Piety is never absent from our assemblies; and the lessons she imparts are impressed upon our memories, and, I trust, we seldom deviate from her maxims. Though serious and contemplative, yet she is always cheerful; and we consider her a delightful companion. Resignation is a private guest, and seldom visits but to console the afflicted. We are intimately acquainted with the “placid nymph,”—Content, and Patience, her meek sister, accompanies her, on certain occasions, to our house. Health, Temperance, and Love, give their united influence. Sweet hope affords us a bright prospect of futurity, while faith confirms to us the promise of Immortality.

Thus with our friends and our children we pass our time; and if it be the will of Heaven to extend our existence to old age, we may look forward to as much happiness as it is the lot of mortals to enjoy; our fire-side, is enlivened by Good-humour, Wit and Sensibility; Domestic comfort is the comfort we aspire to; Domestic virtues are the virtues which we cultivate. We commiserate abroad the sorrows of our fellow creatures and relieve them according to their necessity and our own ability; but home is the centre of our joys and we seek not Happiness elsewhere, and if we do

—“Plain sense at last will find.”
“Tis only seeking what we leave behind.”
“If individual good engage our hope,”
“Domestic virtues give the largest scope,”
“If plans of public emulence we trace,”
“Domestic virtues are its surest base.”

J. B.

Beachville, March 1818.

“God Geometrizes.”

The following eloquent extract is from the *Democratic Review*, by Mr. Arrington of Texas. To a mathematician the reasoning in favor of an intelligent First Cause is simple and conclusive; and similar evidence may be drawn from almost every object in nature:

“The construction of the following argument, in my mind originated in the necessity of my nature. Some years ago I had the misfortune to meet with the fallacies of Hume on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently left that infinite restlessness craving for some point of fixed repose, which atheism not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms.

One beautiful evening in May; I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato, I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distance west arose with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an off-shoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I went to think it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, “God geometrizes.” “Vain revery!” I exclaimed as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number, its great calyx had five parts, its delicate coral base five, parting with rays expanding like rays of the Texas star. This combination of five in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates, was ringing in my ears—“God geometrizes.” There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light—I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of reason, to perceive number. I found that there was one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty five. I cast my eyes around the forest: the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dews.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass, where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossoms, bedewing them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called to the little birds on the green boughs, thrilling their cheery farewells to departing day—“Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have a God.”

Charity like the Breeze

NIGHT kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shone and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost broken-hearted, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now, the gentle breeze, who had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—carrion-tripping along on the errands of mercy and love; and finally bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away when her generous deed was performed; yet not without regard, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart and went away singing through the trees.

Thus true charity, like the breeze, which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

CHARITY.

Oh, sweeter than the scented thorn!
And brighter than the star of morn,
Alone, left smiling on the dawn—
Kind Charity?

Oh, still more placid than the beam
The silver moon flings o'er the stream,
Sweetly she soothes life's anxious dream—
Kind Charity!

No headstrong passions wear her mind;
But ever gentle, ever kind—
Thankful for good—to all resigned—
Is Charity.

Simplicity and candour shine
Upon her countenance divine;
And all her thoughts to peace incline—
In Charity.

Her accents formed the soul to move;
With unaffected sweetness prove
Th' harmonious influence of love
And Charity.

Angelic power her tongue employs;
For nothing bids the heart rejoice
Like the dear, sympathetic voice
Of Charity.

Rest then, my harp, unbrace thy strings,
And listen while the cherub sings—
Soft o'er the scene the music rings—
Of Charity.

From thy bosom banish pride,
Scorning all the world beside—
Consider beauty, riches, sense,
Each as the gift of Providence.
Let not malice hope that you
Will circulate her tales, tho' true:
But ah! some painful truths suspend;
Yet making Truth thy constant friend.
Another's welfare, envy not;
Reflect, when tempted to repine,
On Him, who gave His life for thine.
Engrave his precepts on thy mind—
To every one be just and kind—
For on the charitable tongue
Ungrateful words are never hung.
Lib'rally do thou dispense
The gifts of Heaven's munificence.
At others' merit ne'er repine;
But let their conduct model thine.
Take not offence, where none is meant;
But strike all discord to prevent.
And be to thine the tender part,
To bind and heal the broken heart.
Should misfortune be her lot—
Let Charity repine not;
And when by sorrow most oppress,
Still bethink all things for the best,
Harsh words and looks may give her pain,
"Yet she revileth not again."
Although possess'd of zeal to rise;
To threaten and to punish vice;
She dwells with all in peace and love,
And rears her better hopes above.
Above, there dwells a Power, oh man!
Whose eye thine inmost thoughts doth scan;
Whose wisdom will exact at last,
A history of thine actions past;
And if thou tell an honest tale
Be sure his justice will not fail,
In mercy, to accord to thee
The sovereign meed of Charity.—J.B.—Beachville.

and many others have not only brought the most extensive research to bear upon these subjects, but have also rendered them attractive by the beauty of their style and the brilliancy of their thoughts. The Revd. James Hamilton, Minister of the National Scotch Church, in London, has lately published some works, which have at once ranked him among these illustrious names. He has a clearness and originality of thought, a purity and playfulness of style, which leave an indelible impression of the subject on the mind of the reader. His comparisons are often exceedingly beautiful and ingenious. The following of a "busy idler" to a swallow is a good sample of these—

"We this instant imagined a man retaining all his consciousness transformed into a zoophyte. Let us imagine another similar transformation; fancy that instead of a polypus you were changed into a swallow. Tarry you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, for ever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight as tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him, zigzagging over the clover field, skimming the limpid lake, whirling round the steeple, or dancing gaily in the sky. Behold him in high spirits, striking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of birdlike agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after five minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle. And now he is gone upon his travels, gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform some more *recherché* pilgrimage to Spain or to the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad;—charming climate,—highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on Hymettus;—locusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but upon the whole much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits. Now, dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To sit about from house to house; to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes and nimble movements and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one, on the miseries of his hotel or his chateau; you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country, and the abundance of the game; and your rival eloquent on the self same things. Oh! it is a thought, not ridiculous, but appalling. If the earthly history of some of our brethren were written down; if a faithful record were kept of the way they spend their time; if all the hours of idle vacancy or idler occupancy were put together, and the very small amount of useful diligence deducted, the life of a bird or quadruped would be a nobler one; more worthy of its powers and more equal to its Creator's end in forming it."

We beg to remind some of our Subscribers, whose names were sent in at the commencement of the Volume, but from whom remittances have not been received, that our Terms being strictly in advance, a special favor will be conferred by early attention to this matter.

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER SESSION, consisting of FIFTEEN WEEKS, will commence on THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH day of MAY, 1848.

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.,
Hamilton, March 9, 1848. Principal.

Editorial Department.

"Life in Earnest"—Six Lectures on Christian Activity and Ardor. By the Rev. James Hamilton.

It is not one of the least indications of the advancement of the present age, that it has produced a large number of religious writers, whose talents have thrown a charm around the all-important subjects, connected with religion, even to the most indifferent reader.—Chalmers, Dick, Bickersteth, Harris,

The Calliopean is published on the 9th and 24th of each month, by PETER RETTNER, James Street, Hamilton.

TERMS—One Dollar a year; in all cases payable in advance. Six copies will be sent for Five Dollars; or any one forwarding the names of five subscribers, with the money, free of postage, will receive a copy gratis.

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.