

haunted by suspicions of their neighbor's honesty and candor, and a dread that they may be circumvented, the child among his playmates, or alone among his playthings, is as happy as a bee among the blooming heather, and free as an oyster from distracting thoughts and corroding jealousies. "The cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches," have never yet disturbed his inward calm, nor cast a darkening shadow across his beaming features. Any little griefs which may arise from disappointed hopes or wishes crossed, may be quelled in a twinkling by the gentle word or tender embrace of a mother, or, at the worst, are soon forgotten amid the numerous objects, alike significant and worthy of attention to the opening mind, which press their claims to observation. For at this time of life, everything is a world of wonder to the eye, from the sheen of stars or swelling ocean down to the hideous mimicry of life exhibited by "piggy-wiggy" picture books, or houses made of mud, or dusty highways; and every tale is listened to with eagerness, no matter what it may set forth—be it the sublimely lowly life of Jesus, the conquests of Alexander or the exploits of Bruce; the wild adventures of Robinson Crusoe or the character and likeness of Gulliver's pigmy Lilliputians and gigantic Brobdignagians; the fun of Æsop's fables or the fate of Cinderella and her magic slippers; the marvellous feats of Jack-the-giant-killer or the happy luck of little Jack Horner. Every story as yet is credible, and comes like music to the ear, and the most common objects awake within us feelings akin to those which Buffon ascribes to "the first man" who was pushing his way through sensations caused by crystal streams, and singing birds, and whispering breezes, and "odorous savors sweet," to an apprehension of the important truth that there was something more in existence than himself—something not himself—something outward, external—a world, in short, intensely interesting, which he did not produce and could not annihilate. For surely it is not a mere poetic fancy, that with the lapse of years, there gradually passes away a glory from the earth.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,—  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east,  
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,