



THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping,
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream,
Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing in his dream
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from Heaven may borrow,
And such was this, a scene so fair,
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one being resting there—
One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams fair child are given,
To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites that soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth,
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth,
Alloys thine hour of dreaming?

Maybe, afar on unseen wings,
Thy silent spirit soars;
Now hears the burst from golden springs,
Where angels are adoring,
And with the pure and angel throng,
Around their Maker praisings,
The joyous hearts may join the song
Ten thousand tongues are raising.

THE REIGN OF REASON.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

We turn to A'ens of old, in the palmiest days
democracy, no sight meets the eye so deeply af-

fecting as that of her greatest moralist. The popular prejudice is surted, the passions of the multitude enlisted against one who had laboured to improve the State, by training her sons to virtue and the right use of reason. He is condemned to die—to pay the forfeit of his life for crimes he had never committed, for opinions which were the honour of his intellect, and for the promulgation of sentiments which were the glory of his heart. It is proposed that in the interval between the record of the judgment and the day of doom—in his case a lengthened period secured by custom and law—that he should save his life by a clandestine escape from his prison. Socrates, ruled to the last by the same perspicacious survey of the wide interests of his own being and of the race at large, refused to secure a brief and ignoble future on the earth, by an act that would certify the postumity of his soul, and the faithlessness of his reason to the principles which he had ever maintained. He remained to die, that humanity might read, even in the movements of its purely heathen elements, how appetite, and passion, and the baser ingredients of our complex frame, may be borne down and held in restraint by the regency of the will, guided by the light of an honest and truth-loving intelligence. His is a figure, that, taken as it ought to be, as standing within the region of practical morals, is well fitted to arrest even the gaze of christian philanthropists in seeking the unimprovement of the many.

For, after all, whether we take humanity as left to the guidance of its natural, self-cultivated powers and capacities, or placed under the clearer light of the christian revelation, this earth is obviously the great battlefield of reason with passion, of conscience with appetite of the interests of the inward with the propensities and inclinations of the outward man. However diversified the terms in which the conflict may be named, and however different the epochs of light, or of natural or supernatural aid under which it is maintained, the conflict lives, and moves, and agitates humanity throughout all time. Whether it takes the phase of the pursuits of art and science, of the adornments of literature, of the embellishments of civilisation, or of the defences of freedom through political ameliorations; or rises into distinct and direct aim at the social advancement of the multitudes through a widening education—the battle of the reason of man with the sensualism of life, through the constant appeal of the material and outward, goes onward from age to age. Multitudes are ever worsted

and destroyed, while here and there arises the man who vindicate the supremacy of the head and heart over the merely sensual, and avouch, in the living signature of their being, that the victory is for him who has the will to be victorious.

But the aspect of this ethico-intellectual contest which especially concerns the individual, is not in the sordid hosts who meet and combat on the high fields of political and social reform. Many a statesman has guided the helm of public affairs, whose reason was not liege to some of the simplest dictates of virtue. Many an eye has wept over the fascinations of poetry, or kindled into rapture in surveying this glorious dwelling-place of man, and yet been lured to evil through the flatteries of sin. Many a tongue has been eloquent, and many a pen dipped in the rainbow tints of dramatic fancy, and all but heaven-born genius, whilst their owners plunged again and again beneath the stream of vicious indulgence. What instance, throughout the whole vista of human thinking, from the first of ages until now, could be named before my Lord of Verulam? Raised above his fellow-thinkers of all times in comprehending, with the sweep of his giant intellect, the relation of man's intelligence to the material universe, and pointing with prophetic vision to the onward career of physical investigation, at the same time that human ambition could scarcely ask a more glorious elevation on which to stand and utter the decisions of a just and judicial wisdom—what do we behold? An instance of the weakness, the frailty, the meanness of the human heart, that has ever been approached with a blush of shame, or attempted to be concealed, out of a pious reverence for the tears of repentant sorrow.

It is not enough, in answering the question—

'Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise?'

to say,—

It is to know how little may be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

Or, after having uttered the accents of wisdom, merely to wish—

'And may ye better reckon the rede,
Than ever did the adviser!'

It is not alone in the apophthegms, the maxims, or the wise sayings which the intellect of man has gathered up and recorded throughout the progress of all time, that