

generally all through. Of children, it may be said in general that they never are, but are always to be, blessed. The school-boy thinks when I'm a man, what will I not do? The girl wishes to be a lady, and soon begins to dream of how happy she'll be when she gets a house and husband of her own. In short, if we think that children are happier than up-grown folk, children themselves think that they never will be happy till they are men or women, as the case may be. And could they believe that they were never to be happier than they are, they would surely conclude that the sooner they were out of existence the better.

But let all this pass as nothing if you like. For we have no desire to try and gain our point by a counter exhibition of the pains and penalties incident to this period of our life; we merely sound a note of warning to those who are apt to overlook the existence of such facts.

The first argument that is put forward in favor of the position which we are combating, is, the greater *vivacity* of children. But though we grant the statement, it does not affect the question at issue very materially, we think. Children are more sprightly than adults generally—more sportive—play more, not because they naturally have a greater stock of super-abundant energy about them, which is not the case, but simply because the only channels through which their disposable bodily force flows off are running, leaping, shouting, gesticulation and grimace. Whenever adults, who have not seen the further side of fifty, have little or nothing to do, they become as gay, as mischievous, and full of life as any child. They laugh and sing more frequently. They have all the pleasures which can arise from overflowing spirits, with a thousand other sources from which they can draw deeper draughts of bliss than infant heads can dream of. What is all the enjoyment derived by anyone from his thoughtless games of boyhood, compared with the maddening passions of a Romeo or a Juliet? Why, just listen to them as they sigh and talk together, and imagine their ecstatic happiness, if you do not already know it by experience. "See," says Romeo—

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!"

And when he really gets to touch the cheek, there is no parting