

sion of one whom he professes to respect above most, and who searched into Truth with an earnestness from which our modern Faith-makers might take a lesson—I mean Socrates, who sums up in his Apology the experience of his life, in the declaration that Apollo had taught him this one thing, that human wisdom was worth little or nothing. Better than the dream of genius, or the intuitions of pure reason, better than the world without a God, without a conscience, without immortality, is the trust of the veriest babe or suckling, in whom God has perfected praise; nobler than the loftiest dedication of man, grander than that he should be dignified with the most sounding titles, is the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I set up against all philosophers of Mr. Emerson's school, the picture of Cowper's Cottager, and leave you to say whether she or they be the brighter mirror of the Highest Truth:—

"Yon Cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillows and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful, if not gay
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and, at night,
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise, but (though her lot be such,
Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She, never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors his vain heart profess,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers."