

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Can anything more be urged with reason in favor of the popular opinion? We believe we have said as much in its defence as its most strenuous upholders would be inclined to say—at least as much as any one who wishes to represent things simply as they are, could say. And yet, with all that has been said, we cannot help thinking the belief erroneous, and we wonder why the gentle, stuttering Charles Lamb did not rank it among his "Popular Fallacies" and expose it by another charming essay. Certainly it would have been a more fertile subject for thought than some of those common proverbs which he has selected for an effusion of his genial pleasantry—more worthy of attack than the position that "Home is home, though it is never so homely." But we forget that Lamb himself, poor fellow, as might almost be expected of one who passed through many trials, seemingly was one of those who, clinging to a delusion, sighed for the return of childhood's years. On looking to his works again, we find him saying in his lines on childhood :

"In my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child."

These are touching lines to one who knows something of the life of him who wrote them. We can sympathise with their author in his reverie, and with every one who feels as he did, and almost shed tears along with them. And that he is not the only one who has been in such a mood, and felt and sung such things, is only too well known, and is fully attested by the following mournful wail of verses. They are from the pen of a lady, Emilia Lawson. The tender sweetness of the verses will be our apology for making such a long quotation. They will amply repay perusal :

Life's open book before me lies,
And as I turn its leaves back faintly,
The pictures of the past arise,
Strange forms go by—appareled quaintly;
Sweet voices whisper, and dear eyes
Shine as of old—divine and saintly.