

to mistake the happiness derived from children for childhood's happiness.

Still, it is said that children must be happier than men, for the same reason that Burns thought the mouse happier than himself:

"Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!

The present only toucheth thee:

But, och! I backward cast my e'e

On prospects drear!

An' forward, though I canna see,

I guess an' fear."

Children must be happier, it is thought, because they know little or nothing of evil, either by anticipation or reflection; they have no dark forebodings, neither have they heart throes springing from memories of the past. Now the question very naturally arises, would we have been capable of as high a degree of happiness as we are now, supposing that we had never experienced pain from either of these sources? Though anxiety and sorrow are evils when looked at in themselves, abstractly as states of emotion, may they not produce in us, do they not produce in us, a higher capacity of enjoying future good? And if so, may we not reverse the above proposition, and say that children who know nothing of evil either by anticipation or reflection, *cannot, for that very reason*, in ordinary cases, be as happy as those who have known it by both forethought and reflection? The fact, however, is, that Burns and all who countenance the above objection, sin grievously against the Science of the Laws of Thought. They are guilty of the most illogical procedure of inferring the presence of a good simply from the absence of an evil—the possession of happiness from the want of forethought and reflection. If freedom from forethought and reflection constituted happiness, then assuredly children would be intensely happy, and newly-born infants the very embodiment of bliss; while a man of far-seeing sagacity and historic lore, would inevitably be such a wailing grief as poets of all times, from Homer to Tennyson, have loved to depict our race as being.

But, reasoning upon the same principle, a mushroom should be happier than a child, and a china cup happier than either child or mushroom. It is lower in the scale of being, not so near the bursting into thought and conscious life, farther, therefore, from the pale of misery, in other words, nearer to the home of happi-