

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." "Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break." "Melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy." "Society is the happiness of life." "Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent." "If money go before, all ways do lie open." "One may smile and smile and be a villain." "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind." "A man's good fortune may grow out at heels." "All difficulties are but easy when they are known." "Direct not him whose way himself will choose." And to cite but one more, and that one of Shakspeare's best: "Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living."

From Shakspeare might very easily be framed a Philosophy of Life. Few have known better than he how "to suck the sweets of sweet philosophy." Seldom does his observation, "by the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes," deceive him, finding comfort for misfortune even in "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."

Shakspeare's outlook on life in general is the calm outlook of a philosophic mind. He reads the world with an accurate and judicial eye; first noting facts and then connoting the facts with their causes and consequences. The dialogue between Celia and Rosalind, in "As You Like It," is an illustration in point:

Ros. . . . O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart."

The same union of eye-sight and insight that constitutes the sage is seen in Wolsey's pathetic soliloquy:

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, fully surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do."

Something of the moral philosopher is shown in the following profound reflections:

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

"To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters."