

*THERE is nothing that we can properly call our own but our time, and yet everybody fools us out of it that has a mind to it. If a man borrow a paltry sum of money there must be bonds and securities, and every common civility is presently charged upon account; but he that has my time thinks he owes me nothing for it, though it be a debt that gratitude itself can never repay. I cannot call any man poor that has enough still left, be it never so little. It is good advice yet to those that have the world before them, to play the good husband betimes, for it is too late to spare at the bottom when all is drawn out to the lees.*

SENECA.