

parents. Upon a solemn festival, their mother, a priestess of Juno, was obliged to go to the temple; and the oxen not being ready for her chariot, they put themselves in the harness, and drew it thither amidst the blessings of the people. Every mother present congratulated the priestess on the piety of her sons. She, in the transport of her joy and thankfulness, earnestly entreated the goddess to reward her children with the best thing that heaven could give to man. Her prayers were heard; when the service was over, they fell asleep in the temple, and there died in a soft and peaceful slumber.

What, then! exclaimed Cræsus, you do not reckon me in the number of the happy. King of Lydia, replied Solon, true philosophy, considering what an infinite number of vicissitudes and accidents the life of man is liable to, does not allow us to glory in any prosperity we enjoy ourselves, nor to admire happiness in others, which, perhaps, may prove only transient or superficial. No man can be esteemed happy, but he, whom heaven blesses with success to the last. As for those, who are perpetually exposed to dangers, we account their happiness as uncertain, as the crown to a champion, before the combat is determined.

It was not long before Cræsus experienced the truth of what Solon had told him. Being defeated by Cyrus king of Persia, and his capital taken, he was himself taken prisoner; and, by order of the conqueror, laid bound upon a pile