

earthly pursuits have nothing in them, capable of yielding perfect satisfaction. The desires of man are immortal and unbounded. The most valued things, therefore, of a mere sensible nature, come far short of filling up these desires. The wealthy are not satisfied with treasures of gold. Were a man of ambition to gain universal empire, he would sit down discontented, because he had not more worlds to conquer. The epicure, *whose God is his belly*, is the unhappiest of mortals, amidst all those varieties and refinements of luxury, which are selected for the gratification of a craving and sickly appetite.

If such things did even afford satisfaction, their liability to change would still render them imperfect. *Riches to make themselves wings, and fly away, as an eagle towards heaven. Man being in honour continueth not.* Either his honours are dashed from his brow by some unforeseen accident; or he is separated from them by the messenger of death. In this view, *all the works, that are done under the sun, are vanity and vexation of spirit*; or, at least, all attachments to them, involving an undue estimate of their value.

Let those, who are wedded to this world, as if it could render them perfectly happy, go to the church yard. Let them read the vanity of their hopes on the monuments of the dead. See there the name of some merchant, who once distinguished himself in his profession. Behold the breviat