

Not only resigned, but happy in their station, with hearts made cheerful rather than dejected by attentive meditation, Henry and his son planned the means of their future support, independent of their kinsman William—nor only of him, but of every person and thing but their own industry.

“While I have health and strength,” cried the old man, and his son’s looks acquiesced in all the father said, “I will not take from any one in affluence what only belongs to the widow, the fatherless, and the infirm; for to such alone, by Christian laws—however custom may subvert them—the overplus of the rich is due.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

By forming an humble scheme for their remaining life, a scheme depending upon their *own* exertions alone, on no light promises of pretended friends, and on no sanguine hopes of certain success, but with prudent apprehension, with fortitude against disappointment, Henry, his son, and Rebecca (now his daughter), found themselves, at the end of one year, in the enjoyment of every comfort which such distinguished minds knew how to taste.

Exempt both from patronage and from controul—healthy—alive to every fruition with which Nature blesses the world; dead to all out of their power to attain, the works of art—susceptible of those passions which endear human creatures one to another, insensible to those which separate man from man—they found themselves the thankful inhabitants of a small house or hut, placed on the borders of the sea.

Each morning wakes the father and the son to

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