

In all thy desires let reason go along with thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

CHAP.—JOY AND GRIEF.

Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thy heart. This world affordeth no good so transporting, nor inflicteth no evil so severe, as should raise thee far above or sink thee much beneath the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the house of joy. It is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayest know it by the continual noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all who pass by; she singeth, and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to go in and taste the pleasures of life, which she telleth them are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter thou not into her gate; neither associate thyself with those who frequent her house.

They call themselves the sons of joy, they laugh and seem delighted; but madness and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with mischief hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil. Dangers beset them round about, and the pit of destruction yawneth beneath their feet.