

flatter his self-love ; in four and twenty hours kings have been seen on a throne and behind a charriot, in a few days we have seen the same prince triumph, and led in triumph ; the revolution of the people, or the loss of a battle may ravish his crown from his head, and place his sceptre in the hands of a stranger.

Never pronounce any man happy who depends upon fortune for his happiness ; for nothing can be more preposterous than to place the good of a reasonable creature in unreasonableness ; and the less money the less trouble. It is a common mistake to count those things necessary that are superfluous, and to depend upon fortune for the felicity of life, which arises from religion and virtue. There is no trusting to her smiles ; that which she gives us this hour, she may deprive us of the next ; and he who trusts to her favors, shall either find himself deceived, or if he be not, he will at least be troubled because he may be so. Whatsoever our lot is in this world, we ought to bear it without a murmur ; a good man can never be miserable who cheerfully submits to the will of providence, although he may possess but a small portion of the riches of this life. To be truly happy in this world, a man must be content with his lot, in a cheerful and quiet resignation to the appointments of an impartial God. The joy of a sincere christian stands firm without interruption ; in all places, at all times, and in all conditions his thoughts are cheerful and quiet. Whether necessity or inclination has placed us in a secluded life, let us forbear admiring the labors of men, to contemplate the works of the Great Creator ; let us remove our thoughts from the pride and pomp of a court, and innocently enjoy the delights we find in solitude. The heavens, the sun, the stars, the elements, have they not beauties to satisfy the mind that contemplates them ? The waste of plains, the course of rivers, the meads, the flowers, the rivulets, have they not charms to enchant the eye ? Do we ever want the music of birds in our groves ? We may live contented every where if we change our pleasures with our abode. We find our account in this world in the study of nature ; it directs our thoughts to him who is the great author of it : our senses meet with their delights, and whoever is capable of moderation, will have full enough to content him. The most cruel tyrants can find no dungeon for our souls ; they cannot be masters