

ges, in order to the enjoyment of life. In this respect certainly "there is a time for all things"—(i e) for all those changes which are necessary to keep the mind in a state of perfect sanity.

However, there are numbers of mankind, whose minds, either from their natural or artificial constitution, or perhaps from the influence of both nature and art combined, are a region of protracted darkness, where nought exists but disorder and discontentment—in whose countenances is scarcely ever seen the bright rays of cheerfulness and good humour, but on the contrary, the contracted brow of that hateful malady, *Bad Humour*. This state of mind, when it becomes habitual, freezes up all the benevolent springs of our nature—sours the tempers—robs us of happiness—disturbs the passions—makes existence worse than a negation of being—disorganizes the faculties of the mind—while it affects the body with disease, wears out the constitution, and in all probability quickens the advances of death. Could persons of this disposition recollect how disagreeable it is not only to themselves but to every one around them, and even to those who would otherwise hold them in the highest esteem, they would most assuredly make every effort in their power to free themselves from its influence. It is the demon of society—it will enter our own hearts and disgust us with ourselves—it will infringe on the enjoyments of domestic life, and there deprive us of that comfort which the all-wise Creator had intended to cheer us amidst all the miseries of life—it will sever us from the intimacy of our most intelligent friends and our most agreeable acquaintance—there is, in a word, no circle too sacred for it to enter, and it will infest us, when once we permit our minds to become its dupes, in the most agreeable circumstances of life.

Do we turn again and behold the face of nature. Here we find indisputable motives to the constant preservation of *Good Humour*. Every thing necessary

to our comfort and happiness is provided: whole systems administer to our gratification; and every thing is calculated to inspire our hearts with gratitude and benevolence. Nature has not only given us *intelligence*, and gifted us with *moral* powers, but also he hath given us all those qualities of an animal organization, which are necessary to ensure to us the fullest gratification. Then, if the Divine benignity has been so graciously exercised as to prepare every thing in creation to please and gratify, how unnatural, how ungrateful, must we be if we, notwithstanding, entertain a peevish dissatisfied demon, to deprive us of those rich and pleasant entertainments which Providence has so profusely scattered around us?

Though some persons, I admit, may, from their peculiar constitutions, be more predisposed to *bad humour* than others, still it is clearly evident, that through the use of a wholesome regimen, this bane of human happiness may, if not effectually removed, be to a great extent controuled and ameliorated. Neither do I hesitate to admit, that cheerfulness of mind cannot be continually held at a common standard; nor, perhaps, would this befit all times convenient. Stimulants applied in too great quantities, or in too quick succession, will undermine the health as a disease; so that it would not be advisable often to stimulate the mind to a very high degree of humour; for this excitation or elation is, according to the uniform laws of nature, followed by depression of the animal spirits; hence, in characters predisposed to *bad humour*, the spirits may sink from the highest elevation of cheerfulness to the lowest state of *bad humour*.

The best regimen I can recommend is *watchfulness*. Wherever it makes its attacks and begins to be visible, let it be resisted. The greatest art is to know ourselves—the greatest conquest to overcome those evil dispositions which we may have contracted. *Good Humour* arises from a contented mind—