

After they had past some Time together, in such a Manner that my honest Friend might have thought himself at one of his Silent-Meetings, the Quaker began to be moved by some Spirit or other, probably that of Curiosity; and said, ' Friend, I perceive some sad Disaster hath be- fallen thee; but, pray be of Comfort. Perhaps thou hast lost a Friend. If so, thou must consider we are all mortal. And why shouldst thou grieve, when thou knowest thy Grief will do thy Friend no Good? We are all born to Affliction. I myself have my Sorrows as well as thee, and most probably greater Sorrows. Tho' I have a clear Estate of 100*l.* a Year, which is as much as I want, and I have a Conscience, I thank the Lord, void of Offence. My Constitution is sound and strong, and there is no Man can demand a Debt of me, nor accuse me of an Injury---yet, Friend, I should be concerned to think thee as miserable as myself.'

Here the Quaker ended with a deep Sigh; and Jones presently answered, ' I am very sorry, Sir, for your Unhappiness, whatever is the Occasion of it.' ' Ah! Friend,' replied the Quaker, ' one only Daughter is the Occasion. One who was my greatest Delight upon Earth, and who within this Week is run away from me, and is married against my Consent. I had provided her a proper Match, a sober Man, and one of Substance; but she, forsooth, would chuse for herself, and away she is gone with a young Fellow not worth a Groat. If she had been dead, as I suppose thy Friend is, I should have been happy!' ' That is very strange, Sir,' said Jones. ' Why, would it not be bet-