

When evil fortune works on Folly's side,
 And rash resentment adds a spur to pride ;
 Then life's long troubles from these actions come,
 In which a moment may decide our doom.

And where all this may end forms a saddening tale, particularly as the finest and noblest spirits are most liable to it ; for, saith the proverb,

The finest metals soonest break.

I conclude, by recurring somewhat solemnly to my former advice, to cultivate a spirit of rational and virtuous humility of aim, and soberness of views, as to the future, which will both prevent the heart-burning, so frequently arising from the vain emulations of showy accomplishments. How prettily and wisely old Sir Henry Wotton, the poet, thus moralizes the question of personal humility, and wordly vanity—

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill ;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
 I would be rich, but see *men* too unkind,
 Dig *deepest sorrows* in the *richest mind* ;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free ;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud.

Surely it was of women, untortured by ambition or envy, that the proverb was made, which saith,

A blyth heart maketh a blooming visage ;

and long may the heart of the virtuous female be blyth, and dance in its own lightness ! and long may her lovely visage bloom ! reflecting the calm sunshine of quiet thoughts ; and long may her eyes sparkle with the lightsome joy of Nature's contentment, while they look up upon the bright sun, and abroad over the green earth, which rejoices in her joy, and is made al-