

Look now on the other side, and behold, in that vale overshadowed with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of sorrow.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation, she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life, and weepeth; the weakness and wickedness of man is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil; every object she seeth is tinged with the gloom of her own mind, and the voice of complaint saddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell; her breath is contagious: she will blast the fruits and wither the flowers that adorn and sweeten the garden of life.

In avoiding the house of joy let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion; but pursue with care the middle path, which shall lead thee by a gentle ascent to the bower of tranquillity.

With her dwelleth peace, with her dwelleth safety and contentment. She is cheerful, but not gay; she is serious, but not grave: she vieweth the joys and sorrows of life with an equal and steady eye.

Hence, as from an eminence, shalt thou behold the folly and misery of those, who, either led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of jollity and riotous mirth; or, infected by gloominess and melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou shalt view them both with pity, and the error of their ways shall keep thy feet from straying.