

perhaps, arisen solely from his want of talent, or discretion; yet his selfish heart would wish his country sunk in everlasting degradation, lest his inefficiency for the task should be established by the success of others. A very hateful character, certainly, but, I am sorry to say, by no means rare. *Envy*, always associated with meanness of soul, always detestable, is never so detestable as when it shows itself here.

354. Be it your care, my young friend (and I tender you this as my parting advice), if you find this base and baleful passion, which the poet calls "the eldest born of hell;" if you find it creeping into your heart, be it your care to banish it at once and for ever; for, if once it nestle there, farewell to all the good which nature has enabled you to do, and to your peace into the bargain. It has pleased God to make an unequal distribution of talent, of industry, of perseverance, of a capacity to labour, of all the qualities that give men distinction. We have not been our own makers: it is no fault in you that nature has placed him above you, and, surely, it is no fault in him; and would you *punish* him on account, and only on account, of his pre-eminence! If you have read this book you will startle with horror at the thought: you will, as to public matters, act with zeal and with good humour, though the place you occupy be far removed from the first; you will support with the best of your abilities others, who, from whatever circumstance, may happen to take the lead; you will not suffer even