

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to destroy them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty, and activity have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious love.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft, her air is delicate, her attire loose and inviting. Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits temptation. She becometh them with her finger, she woeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoreth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements, stop thine ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, if thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she casteth her arms about thee she bindeth thee in chains forever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution. Thy days shall be few, and these inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.