

Guard well thy heart nor listen to the tongue,
 That drops the pleasant manna of persuasion.
 Remember thou art made—not for the slave
 Of passions vehement and base, to yield
 To all th' incitements of unlawful love ;
 But for the nearest bosom friend of man,
 His dear companion, to assist him in
 The rugged ways of life, to soothe him with
 Thy tenderness, and recompense his cares
 With all the soft endearments of affection.

O, who is she that wins the heart of man,
 Subdues to love, and reigns within his breast ?
 Lo ! yonder, she in maiden sweetness walks,
 In all the blooming loveliness of youth,
 With innocence the inmate of her bosom,
 And "downcast modesty" upon her cheek.
 At home, her thrifty hand employment finds ;
 Her foot delighteth not to gad abroad :
 Her mantle, neatness, o'er her shoulders throws.
 And temperance, her daily table spreads :
 Humility and meekness, as a crown
 Of glory, circle and adorn her head :
 Her voice is melody, and from her lips
 Drop the mild answers of ingenuous truth :
 Submission and obedience are the lessons
 Of all her actions ;* peace and happiness
 Are her reward . before her, walketh prudence,
 And handmaid virtue, at her right, attends ;
 Her eye, beams softness, gentleness, and love ;
 Discretion, plants her sceptre on her brow ;
 And in her presence, the licentious tongue
 Is mute with reverence, and dumb with awe.
 When busy scandal marks his victim, if
 Goodnatured charity guide not her speech,
 The seal of silence watches on her lip :
 Her breast, the mansion is of goodness, whence
 Her generous heart suspects no ill of others.
 Happy the man, that shall possess thy love !
 Happy the child, to whom thou shalt be mother !
 She rules her house, therefore therein is peace :
 Commands with judgment, and she is obey'd :
 Domestic cares engross her whole attention,
 In which her mind is actively employed ;
 While elegance join'd with frugality,

*Start not, my fair one, woman lovely is,
 But in meek, unpresuming, loveliness.