

harm you in the end. Gains unfairly acquired, are like self-righteousness—the more a man gets the worse he is off. Besides the frittering of public confidence, the wear and tear of conscience, and the loss of conscious integrity, there is a curse that forever follows them. Before you allow yourself to enter upon such a course, *consider the end.*

The indulgence of a passionate temper is perhaps one of the most unhappy of human vices, because there are but few others which so perpetually prey upon the peace and sincerity of the mind. This strong, sturdy enemy to human enjoyment, in the vast majority of cases, is left to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until its ascendancy is complete. It progresses in its dominion step by step; every indulgence adds to its power, and every acquisition of power increases its thirst for indulgence. Yet it cannot be controlled and brought in perfect subjection. He who is not master of himself, no matter what else he is master of, is a *slave*—and whatever efforts can be adduced by the consideration of liberty, peace, happiness, and comparative exemption from a thousand dangers to which passion exposes us in life, should be made to guard ourselves in this particular—Never indulge in passion until you have *considered the end.*

Consider *well* the end in every thing you do—*The end* not the immediate results, the momentary gratification, the apparent gain or advantage for the time, but the end of all your conduct. Look not into the future until you clearly see it—and not imagine the consequences are to terminate in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even an age. *The end*—the *end* is far beyond eternity. Few, indeed, are the faults and follies of men which meet with no retribution here; suffering comes with every vice as its inseparable companion. But the end I repeat, is not now; and it is the *end* I pray you to consider.

“There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is Death!”

FASHION.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck-handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people set up by night, when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning, when they ought to be up and doing.