

The joy which she promiseth changeth to madness, and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jolity and riot are followed by tedious hours of pain and dejection. She hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest dainties; her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained in the constitution of things for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she that, with graceful steps and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips: joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes, and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise, who begot her own Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions of San Ton Hoe.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their fathers excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mothers refresh them.