
TO THE
Reverend Mr. *B. Rowe*.

'Tis Dangerous to follow
the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the Croud our Guide
Thro' Life's uncertain Road,
Mean is the Chase ; and wandering wide
We miss th' Immortal Good.
Men live at random and by Chance,
Bright Reason never leads the Dance ;
Whilst in the broad and beaten Way
O're Hills and Dales from Truth we stray,
To Ruin we descend, to Ruin we advance.

II.

Wisdom retires, she hates the Crowd,
And with a decent Scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy Seat,
Where nor the Grave nor Giddy Feet
Of the Learn'd Vulgar or the Rude
Have e're a Passage worn.

III.

Meer Hazard first began the Track
Where Custom leads her Thousands blind
In willing Chains and strong;
There's not one bold, one noble Mind
Dares tread the fatal Error back,
But Hand in Hand our selves we bind
And drag the Age along.

IV.

Mortals, a Savage Herd, and loud
As Billows on a noisy Flood
In rapid order roll :
Example makes the Mischief good :
With jocund Heel we beat the Road
Unheedful of the Goal.

Me let some Friendly Seraph's Wing
 Snatch from the Crowd, and bear Sublime
 To Wisdom's lofty Tower,
 Thence to survey that wretched Thing
 Mankind ; and in Exalted Rhime
 Bless the delivering Power.

T O

My Sisters S. and M. W

An Epistle.

Dear Sisters,

READ the Love of my Heart in the first Line of
 my Letter, and believe it. I'm much concern'd
 to hear of my Mother's continued Weakness ; we take
 our Share of those painful Disorders of Nature which
 afflict her whom we Honour and Love : I know all
 that your Hurries of Business must be more than dou-
 bled thereby ; but we are daily leaving Care and Si-
 behind us : The past Temptations shall vex us no more
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