

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
 th

the Months that are gone return not, and the Sorrows that we hourly feel lessen the decreed Number ; every Pulse beats a Moment of Pain away, and thus by Degrees we arrive nearer to the sweet Period of Life and Trouble.

Bear up (my dear Ones) thro' the ruffling Storms
Of a vain vexing World : Tread down the Cares
Those ragged Thorns that lie across the Road,
Nor spend a Tear upon 'em. Trust me, *Sisters*,
The Dew of Eyes will make the Briars grow.
Nor let the distant Phantom of Delight
Too long allure your Gaze, or swell your Hope
To dangerous size : If it approach your Feet
And court your Hand, forbid the Intruding Joy
To sit too near your Heart : Still may our Souls
Claim Kindred with the Skies, nor mix with Dust
Our betterborn Affections : Leave the Globe
A Nest for Worms, and hasten to our Home.

O there are Gardens of th' Immortal Kind
That Crown the Heavenly *Edens* rising Hills
With Beauty and with Sweets ; no Lurking Mischief
Dwells in the Fruit, nor Serpent twines the Boughs :
The

The Branches bend Laden with Life and Blifs
 Ripe for the Taste; but 'tis a steep Ascent:
 Hold fast the * Golden Chain let down from Heaven
 'Twill help your Feet and Wings; I feel its Force
 Draw upward: Fasten'd to the Pearly Gate
 It Guides the Way unerring: Happy Clue
 Thro' this dark Wild! 'Twas Wisdom's Noblest
 Work,
 All joyn'd by Power Divine, and every Link is Love.

Sisters,

*Accept the sudden Rapture kindly. The Muse is
 not awake every Day, if she has a Moments Release
 from the Lethargy, see, 'tis devoted to serve and
 please you——&c.*

June 15. 1704.

* The Gospel.
