

Now all too late the rash Adventure blame,
 Pale Conquest sigh'd and loath'd her hated Name;
 From the black Tow'rs their solemn Steps return,
 And both the Victors and the Vanquish'd mourn.



The Q U E S T I O N.

Occasion'd by a serious Admonition.

IS Mirth a Crime? Instruct me you that know;
 Or shou'd these Eyes with Tears eternal flow:
 No (let ye Powers) let this Bosom find,
 Life's one grand Comfort a contented Mind:
 Preserve this Heart, and may it find no room
 For pale Despondence or unpleasing Gloom:
 Too well the Mischief and the Pangs we know
 Of doubtful Musing and prophetick Woe.
 But now these Evils for a Moment rest,
 And brighter Visions please the quiet Breast,
 Where sprightly Health its blessed Cordial pours,
 And chearful Thought deceives the gliding Hours:

Then

Then let me smile, and trifle while I may,
 Yet not from Virtue nor from Reason stray :
 From hated Slander I wou'd keep my Tongue ;
 My Heart from Envy, and from Guilt my Song :
 Nature's large Volume with Attention read,
 Its God acknowledge, and believe my Creed :
 Through Weakness, not Impiety, offend ;
 But love my Parent, and esteem my Friend.

If (like the most) my undistinguish'd Days
 Deserve not much of Censure or of Praise :
 If my still Life, like subterraneous Streams,
 Glides unobserv'd, nor tainted by Extremes,
 Nor dreadful Crime has stain'd its early Page,
 To hoard up Terrors for reflecting Age ;
 Let me enjoy the sweet Suspence of Woe,
 When Heav'n strikes me, I shall own the Blow :
 Till then let me indulge one simple Hour,
 Like the pleas'd Infant o'er a painted Flow'r :
 Idly 'tis true : But guiltlessly the Time
 Is spent in trifling with a harmless Rhyme.

Heroick Virtue asks a noble Mind,
 A Judgment strong, and Passions well refin'd :
 But if that Virtue's measur'd by the Will,
 'Tis surely something to abstain from Ill.



The SACRIFICE.

An EPISTLE to CELIA.

IF you, dear *Celia*, cannot bear,
 The low Delights that others share :
 If nothing will your Palate fit
 But Learning, Eloquence, and Wit,
 Why, you may fit alone (I ween)
 'Till you're devour'd with the Spleen :
 But if Variety can please
 With humble Scenes and careless Ease ;
 If Smiles can banish Melancholy,
 Or Whimsy with its Parent Folly ;
 If any Joy in these there be,
 I dare invite you down to me.

You