

The Observation.

I.

NO State of Life's from Troubles free,
 Grief mixes with our vital Breath:
 As soon as we begin to be,
 From the first moment of our Birth,
 We have some taste of Misery:
 With Sighs and Tears our Fate we mourn,
 As if our Infant Reason did presage
 Th' approaching Ills of our maturer Age,

And wish'd a quick Return.
 When Souls are first to their close Rooms confin'd,
 Nothing of their Celestial Make is seen,
 Obscuring Earth does interpose between:

Like Tapers hid in Urns they shine.
 The Life of Sense and Growth we only see,
 Which Beasts enjoy as well as we:

But th' active Mind
 Which bears the Image of the Pow'r Divine,
 Cannot exert its Energy:

The streiten'd Intellect immur'd does lie,

Shut up within a narrow place,

Till Nature does enlarge the Space,

And by degrees the Organs fit,

For those great Operations which are wrought
 (by it.

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2. Thus

Thus for some Years we live by Sense,
Happy in nothing but in Innocence:

But when our feebler Age is past,
And we to sprightly Youth arrive,
The Race of Life we run so fast,

As if we thought our Strength would always last;
Hurry'd by Passion, and by Fancy led,
We all the various Paths of Folly tread:
Reason we flight, and her Commands despise,

In vain she calls, in vain advise,
And ev'ry gentle Method tries:

Against her kind Endeavours still we strive,
And run where ever Head-strong Passions drive:
Those Ills we court, which we as Plagues shou'd shun,
And are by ev'ry false Appearance won:
But wiser Thoughts when riper Years inspire,
We at the Follies of our Youth admire;

And wonder how such childish Things as these
Cou'd Minds endu'd with Reason please;
Yet while we proudly our past Actions blame,
We do as foolish Things, tho' not the same;
Our Follies differ only in the Dress and Name.

3.

Self-love so crouds the human Brest,
That there's no Room for any other Guest;
By it inspir'd we all Mankind despise, ^{Wife;}
And think our selves the only Good and ^{Man;}
Fond Thought! a Thought that only can
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That haughty Creature, who puff'd up with
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 And fill'd with airy Notions soars on high,
 And thinks himself the Glory of the Sky,
 Where for a while in Fancy's flatt'ring Light

Th' unkind'd Vapour plays,
 Much pleas'd with its imaginary Rays;
 Till having wasted its small Stock of Flame,
 The heavy Lump, the thing without a Name,
 Falls headlong down from its exalted Height
 Into Oblivion's everlasting Night.

Solitude.

I.

HAPPY are they who when alone
 Can with themselves converse;
 Who to their Thoughts are so familiar grown,
 That with Delight in some obscure Recess,
 They cou'd with silent Joy think all their Hours
 (away,

And still think on, till the confining Clay
 Fall off, and nothing's left behind
 Of drossy Earth, nothing to clog the Mind,
 Or hinder its Ascent to those bright Forms above,
 Those glorious Beings whose exalted Sense
 Transcends the highest Flights of human Wit;
 Who with *Seraphick* Ardor fir'd,
 And with a Passion more intense
 Than Mortal Beauty e'er inspir'd;

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