IV.

Only a Sweet and Virtuous Mind,
When Nature all in Ruins lies,
When Earth and Heav'n a Period find,
Begins a Life that never dies.

Upon liſt'ning to the Vibrations of a Clock.

INſtructive Sound! I'm now convinc'd by Thee
Time in its Womb may bear Infinity.
How the paſt Moment dies, and throbs no more!
What Worlds of Parts compoſe the rolling Hour!
The leaſt of theſe a ſerious Care demands;
For tho' they're little, yet they're Golden Sands:
By ſome great Deeds diſtinguiſh'd all in Heav'n,
For the ſame End to me by Number giv'n!
Ceaſe, Man, to laviſh Sums thou ne'er haſt told!
Angels, tho' Deathleſs, dare not be ſo bold!

DOOMSDAY. *From* Herbert.

"COME to Judgment, come away!"
(Hark, I hear the Angel ſay,
Summoning the Duſt to riſe)
" Haſte, reſume, and lift your Eyes;
" Hear, ye Sons of Adam, hear,
" Man, before thy GOD appear!"

Come