
T O

Mr. *John Lock*

Retired from

The World of Business.

I.

ANGELS are made of Heavenly Things,
And Light and Love our Souls compose,
Their Blifs within their Bosom springs,
Within their Bosom flows.

But narrow Minds still make pretence
To search the Coasts of Flesh and Sence,
And fetch Diviner Pleasures thence.

Men are akin to Ethereal Forms,
But they belye their Nobler Birth,
Debase their Honour down to Earth,
And claim a share with Worms.

II.

He that has Treasures of his own
 May leave the Cottage or the Throne,
 May Quit the Globe, and dwell alone
 Within his spacious Mind.

L O C K hath a Soul wide as the Sea,
 Calm as the Night, bright as the Day,
 There may his vast Idea's play,
 Nor feel a Thought confin'd.