TO

Mr. JOHN SHUTE

ON

Mr. LOCK's Dangerous Sickness sometime after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June 1704.

AND must the Man of wondrous Mind
(Now his rich Thoughts are just resin'd)
Forfacke our Longing Eyes?
Reason at length submits to wear
The Wings of Faith, and Lo they rear
Her Chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the Skies.
Go, Friend, and wait the Prophet's Flight,
Watch if his Mantle chance to light
And seize it for thy own;
SHUTE is the Darling of his Years,
Young SHUTE his better Likeness bears,
All but his Wrinkles and his Hairs
Are copy'd in his Son.

Thus when our Follies or our Faults
Call for the Pity of thy Thoughts,
Thy Pen shall make us wise:
The Sallies of whose Youthful Wit
Could pierce the British Fogs with Light,
Place our true Interest in our Sight,
And open half our Eyes.