
T O

Mr. JOHN SHUTE

O N

Mr. LOCK's Dangerous Sick-
ness sometime after he had re-
tired to study the Scriptures.

June 1704.

I.

AND must the Man of wondrous Mind
(Now his rich Thoughts are just refin'd)
Forfake 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.

II.

Go, Friend, and wait the Prophet's Flight,
 Watch if his Mantle chance to light

And seize it for thy own ;

S H U T E is the Darling of his Years,

Young *S H U T E* his better Likeness bears,

All but his Wrinkles and his Hairs

Are copy'd in his Son.

III.

Thus when our Follies or our Fau'ts

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.