The Requitall.

VIle Infidel, that dar'ſt for Vice declaim,
And take vain pride to Publiſh thy own ſhame!
What can thy Patron *Vice* enough Conferr
On his officious zealous *Oratour*?
Hee'll doubtleſs give his wonted Recompenſe,
And, *Rot the Tongue* that Pleads in his Defence.

To a Deſponding Friend.

REpine not, penſive Friend, to meet
A *Thorn* and *Sting* in ev'ry *Sweet*;
Think it not yours or my hard Fate,
But the fixt Lot of Humane *State*.
Since then this Portion is Aſſign'd,
By the great Patron of Mankind,
(Though nere ſo darkly Underſtood)
We ſhou'd preſume the Method *Good*.

Heav'