Heav'n do's its tendreſt Care expreſs
Conducting through a *Wilderneſs*,
Leſt *Sluggards* we ſhou'd Take our *Stand*
And ſtop ſhort of the *Promis'd Land.*

Diſſwaſion of an Aged Friend from Leaving his Retirement.

IN Life's unactive Wane your ſhades forſake,
And into th'World a Sally make:
Deluded Friend, what Surfett have you tane
Of Bliſs, that now you long for Pain?
The Favourites of th'auſtere World are Few,
Yet *They* have their diſaſters too.
What therefore muſt your Entertainment be
That have profeſt *Hoſtility*?
You have not learnt to Flatter and Careſs
The *Great*, for *faithleſs Promiſes*;
When *Diſappointed*, *Thankfull* to Appear,
And ſay, *How much Oblig'd you are!*

For Lucre you muſt Practiſe every Wile;
Defraud, and do it with a *Smile*.
*W*orldlings with many *V*ices muſt be fraught,
*W*hich you my Friend were never T*aught*.
*W*ell, you may Roam, but ſoon Return diſtreſt;
Wounded and *Maim'd* to your *Old Neſt*.

Recovering from a Fit of Sickneſs.

I.

WHen late the tyrannous Malady
*W*ith intermitted Rage
Seem'd to preſage,
Or ſuddain Health or Diſſolution nigh;
Falſe *W*orld (ſaid I) that *S*teal'ſt my reall Joyes
*S*huffling in ſtead thy changeling Toys:
Begone! I'le not be brib'd at any Rate
To ſell m'approaching Fate,
And Re-aſſume that Toilſome Task to Live:

I prize