Yet with my preſent Griefs diſtreſt,
With curious Thoughts of unknown Worlds poſſe
Inflam'd with Thirſt of Liberty,
Long Lov'd, but nere Enjoy'd by me,
Iſſu'd for Leave the fatall Gulf to Paſs:
My Vitall Sand is almoſt run,
And Death (ſaid I) will ſtrike anon,
Then to dull Life I bid along Farewell;
But as the laſt grains fell,
Death faild my credulous Hopes, and *Turn'd the* Glaſs.

The Challenge.

YE *Sages* that pretend
In Science to Tranſcend
The dull illit'rate Crowd,
You that of Ignorance impeach,
(Ere your Pretences be allow'd)
Define that *Prudence* which you Teach;

I fear

I fear 'tis much above your Learning's Reach.
Prudence has no fixt Being, but depends
On Person, Time, and Chance,
And every petty Circumstance:
Actions directed to the Self-same ends,
May prudent th'one, the other peccant be;
For what would prove *Discreet* in *Thee*
Perhaps were wild Extravagance in *Me*.
The *Ants* are *Wise*, that from their Summer Hoard
Supply their Winter Board;
And doubtless full as wise as They
The *Grashoppers* that Play
And Revell all their Harvest Days away;
For 'twere in Them a Senseless Drudgery
To Toil for a Supply
In Winter's Dearth, that must ere Winter, *Die*.