To Dr. Richard Helſham.

Upon my Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs.

FOR fleeting Life recall'd, for Health reſtor'd,
Be firſt the God of Life and Health ador'd;
Whoſe boundleſs Mercy claims this Tribute due:
And next to Heav'n, I owe my Thanks to You;
To You, who feel the Eaſe your Med'cines give,
And, in reviving Patients, doubly live;
You, who from Nature's Dictates never ſtray,
But wiſely wait, till ſhe points out the Way:
Where e'er ſhe leads, unerring, you purſue
Her mazy Syſtem, op'ning to your View.

IN you reviv'd we RATCLIFF'S Genius ſee,
Heighten'd by Learning and Humanity.

With

With Eaſe all Nature's Secrets you explore,
And to the nobleſt Heights of Science ſoar.
Your Thoughts, unbounded, travel with the Sun,
And ſee attendant Worlds around him run;
Which trace their diſtant Courſes thro' the Sky,
Nor fly his Throne too far, nor preſs too nigh.
The wiſe and wond'rous Laws, you clearly know,
Which rule thoſe Worlds above, and this below.
The World of Life, which we obſcurely ſee,
In all its Wonders is ſurvey'd by thee.
And thou in every Part can'ſt ſomething find,
To praiſe thy Maker, and to bleſs thy Kind.
Quick to diſcern̄, judicious to apply,
Your Judgment clear, and piercing, as your Eye:
Ev'n Med'cines, in your wiſe Preſcriptions, pleaſe,
And are no more the Patient's worſt Diſeaſe.
Goodneſs, and Skill, and Learning, leſs than thine,
Rais'd ÆSCULAPIUS to the Realms divine.