Occaſion'd by reading the Memoirs of Anne *of* Auſtria, *written by Madam* de Motteville. *Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Counteſs of* Hertford.

YE heedleſs Fair, who paſs the live-long Day,
In Dreſs and Scandal, Gallantry and Play;
Who thro' new Scenes of Pleaſure hourly run,
Whilſt Life's important Buſineſs is undone;
Look here, when guilty Conqueſts make you vain,
And ſee, how ſad Remorſe ſhuts up the Scene.

IF future Bliſs, or Miſery, muſt flow
From what the Heart delights in here below,
Think how theſe Habits, rooted in the Breaſt,
Will fit you for a Commerce with the Bleſt.

YE Politicians, who, in Courts to ſhine,
Study the Maxims of the * *Florentine*;
Who, void of Virtue, anxious to be great,
Would riſe, tho' on the Ruins of the State;
See how deluſive are Ambition's Dreams,
See Providence defeating all your Schemes:
The Hand divine the well-laid Plot prevents,
And daſhes all with unforeſeen Events.
Yet the ſhort-ſighted Atheiſt dares advance,
Theſe wondrous Changes are the Work of Chance.
Not ſo this pious, penetrating Dame,
Who to the ſacred Fountain trac'd the Stream:
Like lovely *Hertford*, who her Hours employs,
To form her Mind for never-fading Joys.

EXCELLING Fair! whom All ſo juſtly prize;
Who, in a Court, find Leiſure to be wiſe;
Humane and humble, pious and ſincere;
Who walk, untainted, thro' infectious Air;

* Matchiavel.

Thou

Thou Honour to thy Sex! may I purſue
The Paths of Wiſdom, early trod by you!
I, who am deſtin'd to a low Eſtate,
Free from the Vanities that vex the Great;
Bleſt with a Happineſs to Courts unknown;
For I, thank Heav'n, may call my Hours my own:
O may I paſs thoſe Hours in ſuch a Way,
As may prepare me for the laſt, great Day!
That I may, unappall'd, lift up my Head,
When the Arch-Angel calls —— *Ariſe, ye Dead.*
When all the haughty, pompous Sons of Duſt,
Who *here* in fleeting Treaſures plac'd their Truſt;
Who *here*, to their Confuſion, largely quaff'd
Proſperity's intoxicating Draught;
Till, drunk with Bleſſings, they deſpis'd their God,
Arraign'd his Wiſdom, and defy'd his Rod;
Too late ſhall find, that Arm they durſt oppoſe,
Can pour eternal Vengeance on his Foes.

REFLECT, my Soul, that Day is drawing near;
And timely think, what was thy Buſineſs here.
O Thou, whoſe Arm, reach'd down from Heav'n to ſave,
So lately ſnatch'd me from the op'ning Grave;
Who bow'd thine Ear, nor let me ſue in vain,
Reliev'd my Sickneſs, and remov'd my Pain;
In hallow'd Strains, O, teach my Soul to ſoar,
To celebrate the Mercies I adore!
To Thee alone to dedicate my Lays,
Who heard my Vows, and added to my Days!
Watch o'er my Heart, fix ev'ry Duty there,
And make Eternity my only Care.