

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome Guest :
 So might these Walls, with your fair Presence blest,
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest ;
 Not for a Night, or quick revolving Year,
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
 This peaceful Seat my Poverty secures ;
 War seldom enters but where Wealth allures :
 Nor yet despise it ; for this poor abode
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God ;
 A God Victorious of a Stygian race
 Here laid his sacred Limbs, and sanctified the place.
 This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain ;
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
 And dare not to debase your Soul to Gain.

The silent Stranger stood amaz'd to see
 Contempt of Wealth, and wilful Poverty :
 And, though ill Habits are not soon controul'd,
 A while suspended her desire of Gold.
 But civilly drew in her sharpen'd Paws,
 Not violating hospitable Laws,
 And pacify'd her Tail, and lick'd her frothy Jaws.

The *Hind* did first her Country Cates provide ;
 Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

The THIRD PART.

MUCH Malice mingled with a little Wit,
 Perhaps, may censure this mysterious Writ :
 Because the Muse has peopled *Caledon* [known,
 With *Panthers*, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and Beasts un- }
 As if we were not stock'd with Monsters of our own.
 Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew ;
 And Mother *Hubbard*, in her homely dress,
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*;

That