

354 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part,  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown  
From simple sources; and great streams have dry'd,  
When miracles have by th' greatest been deny'd.  
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises: and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;  
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be pay'd:  
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:  
It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows:  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent,  
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment:  
I am not an impostor that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim;  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The greatest lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What