

will Toys amuse? — No: Thrones will then be Toys,

and Earth and Skies seem Dust upon the Scale.

Redeem we Time? — its *Loss* we dearly buy.

What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd Sports?

He pleads Time's numerous *Blanks*; he loudly pleads
the straw-like *Trifles* on Life's common Stream.

From whom those *Blanks* and *Trifles*, but from *Thee*?

No *Blank*, no *Trifle*, Nature made, or meant.

Virtue, or *purpos'd* Virtue, still be Thine;

this cancels thy Complaint at once; *This* leaves
in *Act* no Trifle, and no *Blank* in Time.

This greatens, fills, immortalizes All;

this, the blest Art of turning all to Gold;

this, the good Heart's Prerogative to raise
a royal Tribute, from the poorest Hours.

Immense Revenue! ev'ry Moment *Pays*.

If nothing more than *Purpose* in thy Power;

thy Purpose firm, is equal to the Deed:

Who does the best his Circumstance allows,
does well, acts nobly; Angels could no more.

Our *outward* Act, indeed, admits Restraint;

'tis not in Things o'er *Thought* to domineer;

Guard well thy Thought; our Thoughts are heard in Heaven.

On