

74 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

*Time's* Use was doom'd a Pleasure; Waste, a Pain;

that Man might *feel* his Error, if unseen:

and, feeling, fly to Labour for his Cure;

not, blund'ring, split on Idleness, for Ease.

Life's Cares are Comforts! such by Heav'n design'd;

he that has none, must make them, or be wretched.

Cares are Employments; and without Employ

the Soul is on a Rack; the Rack of Rest,

to Souls most adverse; Action all their Joy.

Here, then, the Riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;

Then Time turns Torment, when Man turns a Fool.

We rave, we wrestle with *Great Nature's Plan*;

we thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,

who thwart His Will, shall contradict their own.

Hence our unnatural Quarrel with ourselves;

our Thoughts at Enmity: our Bosom-broil;

We push Time from us, and we wish Him back;

lavish of Lustrums, and yet fond of Life;

*Life* we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and shun;

Body