

76 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Body and Soul, like peevish Man and Wife,  
united jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark Days of Vanity! while Here,  
how Tasteless! and how Terrible, when gone!  
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;  
the Spirit walks of ev'ry Day decess'd,  
and smiles an Angel; or a Fury frowns.  
Nor Death, nor Life, delight us. If Time *past*;  
and Time *possess*, both pain us, what can please?  
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,  
Time *us'd*. The Man who consecrates his Hours  
by vig'rous Effort, and an honest Aim,  
at once he draws the String of Life and Death;  
he *walks with Nature*; and her Paths are Peace.

Our Error's Cause and Cure are seen: See next  
Time's *Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed*;  
and thy great *Gain* from urging his Career. —  
All-sensual Man, because untouch'd, unseen,  
he looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else  
is truly Man's; 'tis Fortune's. — Time's a God.  
*Thou* hast ne'er heard of *Time's* Omnipotence;