

and how they might have born more welcome News.

Their Answers form what Men *Experience* call;

if *Wisdom's* Friend, her best; if not, worst Foe.

O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,

"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;

"the more our Joy, the more we know it vain;

"and by Success are tutor'd to Despair.

Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, tho' Grey, is still a Child.

Loose then from Earth the Grasp of fond Desire,

weigh Anchor, and some happier Clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,

nor give thy Thoughts a Ply to future Scenes?

Since, by *Life's* passing Breath, blown up from Earth,

light, as the Summer's Dust, we take in Air

a Moment's giddy Flight, and fall again;

join the dull Mass, increase the trodden Soil,

and sleep till Earth herself shall be no more;

since *Then* (as Emmets, their small World o'erthrown,)

we, fore-amaz'd, from our Earth's Ruins crawl,

and rise to Fate extreme of Foul or Fair,

as Man's