

it Life resembles too: Life speeds away  
 from Point to Point, tho' seeming to stand still.  
 The cunning Fugitive is swift by stealth:  
 too subtle is the Movement to be seen;  
 yet soon Man's Hour is up, and we are gone.  
*Warnings* point out our Danger; *Gnomons*, Time:  
 as *these* are useless when the Sun is set;  
 so *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.  
*Reason* should judge in all; in Reason's Eye,  
 that Sedentary Shadow travels hard.  
 But such our Gravitation to the Wrong,  
 so prone our Hearts to whisper what we wish,  
 'tis later with the Wife, than he's aware;  
 a *Wilmington* goes slower than the Sun;  
 and all Mankind mistake their Time of Day;  
 ev'n Age itself. Fresh Hopes are hourly sown  
 in furrow'd Brows. So gentle Life's Descent,  
 we shut our Eyes, and think it is a Plain.  
 We take fair Days in Winter, for the Spring;  
 and turn our Blessings into Bane. Since oft  
 Man must *compute* that Age He cannot *feel*,  
 he scarce believes He's older for his Years.  
 Thus, at Life's latest Eve, we keep in Store  
 one Disappointment sure, to crown the Rest;  
 the Disappointment of a promis'd Hour.