

On *This*, or Similar, PHILANDER! Thou
 whose Mind was moral, as the Preacher's Tongue!
 and strong, to wield all Science, worth the Name:
 how often we talk'd down the Summer's Sun,
 and cool'd our Passions by the breezy Stream!
 How often thaw'd, and shorten'd Winter's Eve,
 by Conflict kind, that struck out latent Truth,
 best found, so sought; to the *Recluse* more Coy!
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the Lip;
 clean runs the Thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
 or kept to tie up Nonsense for a Song;
 Song, fashionably fruitless! such as stains
 the *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires;
 chiming her Saints to *Cytherea's* Fane.

Know'st thou, LORENZO! what a Friend contains?
 As Bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragrant Flow'r's,
 so Men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wisdom* and *Delight*;
 Twins ty'd by Nature, if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no Friend to set thy Mind abroad?
Good Sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want Air,
 and spoil, like Bales unopen'd to the Sun.
 Had Thought been All, sweet Speech had been deny'd;

Speech,