

and call'd Mankind to Glory, shook off *Pain*,
Mortality shook off, in Æther pure,
 and struck the Stars; *now* feel my Spirits fail;
 they drop me from the Zenith; down I rush,
 like him whom Fable fledge'd with waxen Wings,
 in Sorrow drown'd — but not, in Sorrow, lost.
 How wretched is the Man, who never mourn'd!
 I dive for precious Pearl, in *Sorrow's* Stream:
 Not so the thoughtless Man that *only* grieves;
 takes all the Torment, and rejects the Gain
 (inestimable Gain!) and gives Heav'n Leave
 to make him but more Wretched, not more Wise.

If Wisdom is our Lesson (and what else
 ennobles Man? What else have Angels learnt?)
Grief! more Proficients in thy School are made,
 than *Genius*, or *proud Learning*, e'er cou'd boast.
 Voracious *Learning*, often over-fed,
 digests not into Sense her motley Meal.
 This *Book-case*, with dark Booty almost burst,
 this *Forager* on others Wisdom, leaves
 her Native Farm, her *Reason*, quite untill'd.
 With mixt Manure she surfeits the rank Soil,
 dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to Beggary.