

to succour Virtue, when our *Reason* fails;
 if Virtue, kept alive by Care and Toil,
 and, oft, the Mark of Injuries on Earth,
 when labour'd to Maturity (its Bill
 of Disciplines, and Pains, unpaid) must die?
 Why freighted-rich, to dash against a Rock?
 Were Man to perish when most fit to live,
 o how mispent were all these Stratagems,
 by Skill Divine inwoven in our Frame?
 Where are Heav'n's Holiness and Mercy fled?
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *Virtue*, and at *Man*?
 If not, why *That* discourag'd, *This* destroy'd?

Thus far *Ambition*. What says *Avarice*?
 This her chief Maxim, which has long been *Thine*:
 "The Wise and Wealthy are the same," — I grant it
 To store up Treasure, with incessant Toil,
 This is Man's Province, *This* his highest Praise,
 To this great End keen *Instinct* stings him on.
 To guide that Instinct, *Reason*! is thy Charge;
 'Tis Thine to tell us where *true* Treasure lies:
 But, Reason failing to discharge her Trust,
 or to the Deaf discharging it in vain,
 a Blunder follows; and blind *Industry*,
 gall'd by the Spur, but Stranger to the Course,
 (the Course where Stakes of more than Gold are won)