

noble Presumptions to Mankind's Renown;

ingenuous Trust, and Confidence of Love.

These Claims to Joy (if Mortals Joy might claim)

will cost him many a Sigh; till Time, and Pains,

from the flow Mistress of this School, *Experience*,

and her Assistant, pausing, pale *Distrust*,

purchase a dear-bought Clue to lead his Youth,

thro' serpentine Obliquities of Life,

and the dark Labyrinth of human Hearts.

And happy! if the Clue shall come so cheap;

For, while we learn to fence with Public Guile,

full oft we feel its foul Contagion too,

if less than heav'nly Virtue is our Guard.

Thus, a strange Kind of curst Necessity

brings down the sterling Temper of his Soul,

by base Alloy, to bear the Current Stamp,

*below* call'd Wisdom; sinks him into Safety;

and brands him into Credit with the *World*;

Where specious Titles dignify Disgrace,

and Nature's Injuries are Arts of Life;

Where brighter Reason prompts to bolder Crimes;

and Heav'nly Talents make Infernal Hearts;

That unfurmountable Extreme of Guilt!