

But This, how rare! the public Path of Life
is dirty: — Yet, allow that Dirt its Due,
it makes the Noble Mind more noble still:

The World's no Neuter; it will wound, or save;
our Virtue quench, or Indignation fire.

You say; the World, well known, will make a *Man*: —

The World, well-known, will give our Hearts to Heaven,
or make us *Demons*, long before we Die.

To shew how fair the World, *thy* Mistress, shines,
take *either* Part, sure Ills attend the Choice;

Sure, tho' not equal, Detriment ensues,

Not *Virtue*-self is Deify'd on Earth;

Virtue has her Relapses, Conflicts, Foes:

Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their Hate,

Virtue has her peculiar Set of Pains,

True; Friends to *Virtue*, *last*, and *least*, complain;

But if They Sigh, can Others hope to Smile?

If *Wisdom* has her Miseries to mourn,

how can poor *Folly* lead a happy Life?

And if *Both* suffer, what has Earth to boast,

where he *most* Happy, who the *least* Laments?

where *much*, *much* Patience, the most envy'd State,