

What art thou, love, thou great mysterious thing?
 From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?
 'Tis thou that mov'st the world through ev'ry part,
 And hold'st the vast frame close that nothing start
 From the due place and office first ordained,
 By thee were all things made and are sustained.
 Sometimes we see thee fully and can say
 From hence thou took'st thy rise and went'st that way,
 But oft'ner the short beams of reason's eye
 See only there thou art, not how, nor why.

His lines on love, though overcharged with
 quaint conceits, are often noble and true, and
 end at least with one fine couplet:

Thus dost thou sit (like men e'er sin had framed
 A guilty blush), naked but not ashamed.

I PROMISED in my last to write again before I
 went out of town, and now I'll be as good as my
 word. They are all gone this morning, and have
 left me much more at liberty than I have been
 of late, therefore I believe this will be a long
 letter; perhaps too long, at least if my letters
 are as little entertaining as my company is. I
 was carried yesterday abroad to a dinner that
 was designed for mirth, but it seems one ill-hu-
 moured person in the company is enough to put
 all the rest out of tune; for I never saw people
 perform what they intended worse, and could
 not forbear telling them so: but to excuse them-
 selves and silence my reproaches, they all agreed
 to say that I spoiled their jollity by wearing the
 most unreasonable looks that could be put on for