

On these Heav'n bade the sweets of life depend ;
And crush'd ill fortune when it made a friend.

4. A solitary blessing few can find ;
Our joys with those we love are interwin'd :
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
5. Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmix'd with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight :
These, and a thousand griefs, minute as these,
Corrode our comforts, and destroy our peace. MORE.

SECTION XXIX.

Simplicity.

1. HAIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd :
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.
2. No charm in thy modest allurements they find ;
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind ;
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast,
Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest ?
3. O would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us, with delight at her altar you'd bend,
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embrac'd ;
You'd practice from virtue, and love them from taste.
4. The linnet enchants us the bushes among :
Though cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song ;
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with ecstasy hang on the ravishing notes.
5. Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings :
Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest,
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.
6. From our culture yon garden its ornament finds ;
And we catch at the hint of improving our minds :
To live to some purpose we constantly try ;
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.