

7. Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields.
How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health!

MORE.

SECTION XXX.

Care and Generosity.

1. OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more.
2. Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded gran'ries groan.
3. In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain :
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
4. Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd ;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free ;
Her name was Generosity.
5. 'Twas her's the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide :
The pilgrim there might safe abide.
6. For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew ;
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed.
7. Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land.
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
8. At length pale penury siez'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came ;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.