And now Heav'n calls, and now fhe is refign'd, And only this dear Pledge is left behind. But oh her Lord! what forrow fwell'd his heart, Too great for numbers, and too high for art! Such grief the Mufe, when deeper colours fail, Muft, like *Apelles*, hide beneath a veil. Not the pale Merchant on ftrange billows toft, His Goods, his Ship, and all his Comfort loft: When unrelenting waves have left no more, Than one fmall plank to bear him fafe to fhore; Half fuch concern in deepeft fadnefs fhows, Nor, tho' undone, can he have half the caufe.

While nothing now remains but fad defpair; Strait on the deareft object of his care He looks, and fees his Mariana there. Then pining grief by flow degrees removes, For Her he ftill enjoys, and ftill he loves. So Troy's great Heroe, when the flaming Town He'd paft, and found his dear Creusa gone; Hettor and Priam he could now forget, And thought this crime enough to charge on fate. And now he turn'd, and was refolv'd to dare The Conqu'ring Foe, and challenge all the War. But when behind his weeping eyes were caft, And faw the Matron in the Child expreft. Now big with hope, H' embrac't the lovely Boy, And fair Afcanius was his double Joy.

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New praile would everload my joyful to gue, Events as the Thome would be the Song.

Dationes, kind Muley oncentors thy Volum And Rieberever crown theowith factors Signs only terrescan paint the table teeps, "Tell the fail Y deplate weep at every line." Tell they the same is doubtful thanks they

When They grown reader, mourn'd the fatal blow,

Tell how concern d the noble Lover fire And Hervin invol de and mey dremorilefs

0 XO N. C. C. C. July 27.

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