



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. I.

When we observe the *Ball*, how to and fro
 The *Gamesters* force it; we may ponder thus:
 That whil'st we live we shall be playd with so,
 And that the *World* will make her *Game* of us.
Adversities, one while our hearts constrain
 To stoope, and knock the Pavements of *Despaire*;
Hope, like a Whirle-wind mounts us up againe,
 Till oft it lose us in the empty ayre.
 Sometimes, above the *Battlements* we looke;
 Sometimes, we quite below the *Line* are tost:
 Another-while, against the *Hazard* strooke,
 We, but a little want, of being lost.
Detraction, *Envie*, *Mischief*, and *Despight*,
 One *Partie* make, and watchfully attend
 To catch us when we rise to any *Height*;
 Lest we above their hatred should ascend.
Good-Fortune, *Praises*, *Hopes*, and *Industries*,
 Doe side-together, and make *Play* to please us;
 But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,
 More great they make our *Fall*, and more disease us.
 Yea, they that seeke our *Losse*, advance our *Gain*;
 And to our *Wishes*, bring us oft the nigher:
 For, we that else upon the *Ground* had laine,
 Are, by their striking of us lifted higher.
 When *Balls* against the *Stones* are hardest throwne,
 Then highest up into the *Aire* they fly;
 So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,
 Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:
 And, when they smite us quite unto the *Ground*,
 Then, up to *Heav'n*, we trust, we shall rebound.

Till