

God hath left nothing for each Age undone,
 From this to that wherein he sent his Son : [done. }
 Then think but well of him, and half your Work is }
 See how his Church, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
 With open Arms, a kind forgiving Face, }
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost Son's embrace. }
 Not more did *Joseph* o'er his Brethren weep,
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
 When in the crowd of Suppliants they were seen,
 And in their Crew his best-beloved *Benjamin*.
 That pious *Joseph* in the Church behold,
 To feed your Famine, and refuse your Gold ; * }
 The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold. }

Thus, while with heav'nly Charity she spoke,
 A streaming Blaze the silent Shadows broke ;
 Shot from the Skies ; A chearful azure Light : }
 The Birds obscene to Forests wing'd their flight,
 And gaping Graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty }
 Spright. }

Such were the pleasing Triumphs of the Sky,
 For *James* his late Nocturnal Victory ;
 The Pledge of his Almighty Patron's Love,
 The Fire-works which his Angels made above.
 † I saw my self the lambent easy Light
 Gild the brown Horror, and dispel the Night :
 The Messenger with speed the Tidings bore ;
 News, which three lab'ring Nations did restore ; }
 But Heav'n's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before. }

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely Cell,
 And Vapours rose, and Dews unwholsom fell.

* The Renunciation of the *Benedictines* to the *Abby Lands*.

† *Poeta loquitur*.