

or, at the Midnight *Altar's* hallow'd Flame.

It is Religion to proceed: I pause — —

and, enter, aw'd the Temple of my Theme.

Is it his Death-bed? No, it is his Shrine;

behold him, there, just rising to a God.

The Chamber where the Good Man meets his Fate,

* is privileg'd beyond the common Walk

of *virtuous* Life, quite in the Verge of Heav'n.

Fly, ye Profane! If not, draw near with Awe,

receive the Blessing, and adore the Chance,

that threw in this *Bethesda* your Disease;

if unrestor'd by This, despair your Cure.

For, *Here*, resistless Demonstration dwells;

A Death-bed's a Detector of the Heart.

Here tir'd *Disimulation* drops her Masque,

thro' Life's Grimace, that Mistress of the Scene!

Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.

You see the *Man*; you see his Hold on Heav'n;

if sound his Virtue; as *PHILANDER's*, sound.

Heav'n waits not the last Moment; owns her Friends

on

* Zielt auf die Freyheiten des Königl. Vassales und einiger andern Wäke in London, wo niemand Schulden oder anderer Ursachen wegen faun gefänglich eingezogen werden.