

Thou, rather than thy *Justice* should be stain'd,
 didst stain the *Cross*; and, Work of Wonders, far
 the greatest, that thy Dearest far might bleed.

Bold Thought! Shall I dare speak it? or repress?
 Should Man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the Guilt
 which rous'd such Vengeance? which such Love inflam'd?
 O'er Guilt (how mountainous!) with outstretcht Arms,
 stern *Justice*, and soft-smiling *Love*, embrace,
 supporting, in full Majesty, thy Throne,
 when seem'd its Majesty to need Support,
 or *That*, or *Man*, inevitably lost.
 What, but the *Fathomless* of Thought divine,
 could labour such Expedient from Despair,
 and rescue both? Both rescue! Both exalt!
 O how are both exalted by the *Deed*!
 The wondrous Deed! Or shall I call it *more*?
 A Wonder in Omnipotence itself!
 A Mystery, no less to Gods than Men!

Not, *thus*, our Infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
 a God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
 full-orb'd, in his whole Round of Rays complete:
 They set at Odds Heav'n's jarring Attributes!
 and, with one Excellence, another wound;
 maim Heav'n's Perfection, break its equal Beams,